THE LITERARY DIGEST

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PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
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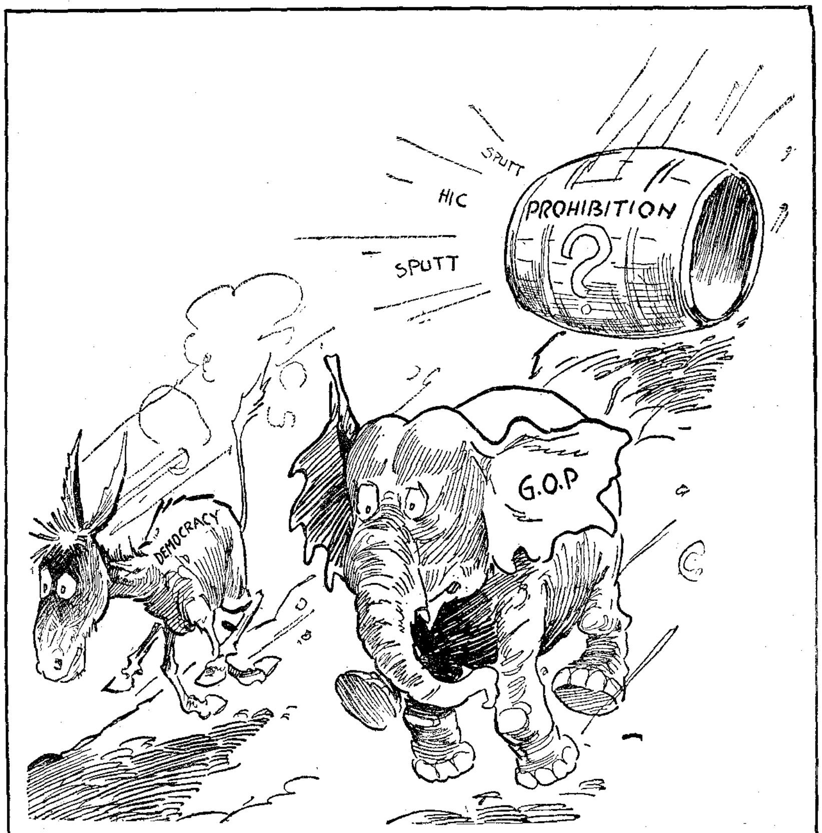
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

WILL THE DEMOCRATS MAKE PROHIBITION THE ISSUE?

KILL A SNAKE AT NOON, and its tail will go on squirming until sundown, runs a popular tradition. If it is true, remarks Morris D. Ervin in a Washington dispatch to the Republican Cincinnati *Times-Star*, then Prohibition seems to be the snake in the Democratic zoo of national issues. And he goes on to explain his metaphor as follows: "Practically every Democratic leader has, within the past year or so, dealt Prohibition, as an issue, what he thought was a death-blow. But still its tail is wiggling in a most lively manner; and some of the more pessimistic members of the party are about convinced that it is going to keep on wiggling until the Democratic sun goes down." For, while it is probably true that Republican voters are at least as much divided on the question of Prohibition as the Democratic voters, up to the present Republican leaders, with the conspicuous exception of President Nicholas Murray Butler, have seemed less inclined than their Democratic opponents to make it a paramount issue in next year's Presidential campaign. In fact, alleges one prominent Democratic dry, former United States Senator Robert L. Owen, it is the "Republican publicity machine," more than any other agency, that is responsible for keeping the issue alive in the Democratic party. Said this Oklahoma statesman recently to an interviewer in New York City: "They are attempting to use it as a means of splitting our party. They are trying to attract to their own party the Democratic drys by plausible lip-service, and they are doing nothing to interfere with the man who wants his drink." But as the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer* sees the political future, "the campaign will not be fought on a Prohibition issue, because neither party, if it mentions the subject at all, will do more than promise to enforce the laws."



"WE CHOOSE TO RUN IN 1928"

—Foley in the Minneapolis *Star*.

In the Democratic camp, however, the situation is complicated by the fact that the wets look upon Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, who is at the moment the most widely discust Democratic Presidential possibility, as peculiarly their champion; and by the avowed purpose of William Gibbs McAdoo, despite his own withdrawal from the race, to fight with all his energy to bring about the nomination of a dry candidate. It is further complicated by the fact that some wet and some dry Democratic leaders agree with Mr. McAdoo that Prohibition must be an outstanding issue of the campaign, while other wet and other dry Democratic leaders insist that it must not be allowed to emerge as an issue at all.

Mr. McAdoo asks his party to insert as a plank in its 1928 platform "an outright declaration for retention of the Eighteenth Amendment, a pledge of its sincere and effective enforcement." In an interview with Robert Barry, copyrighted and syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Mr. McAdoo comments as follows on the suggestion that the wet and dry differences within the party be submerged in compromise:

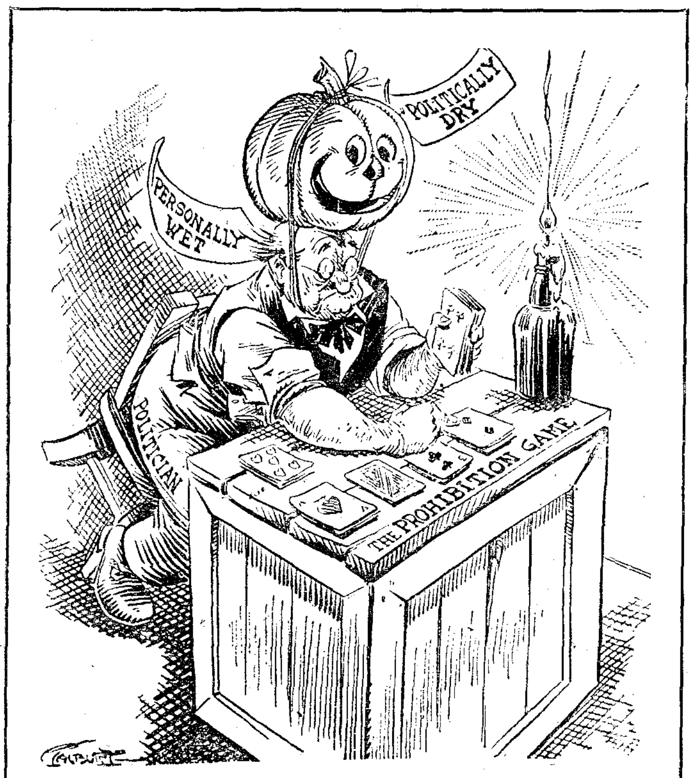
"To attempt to evade the Prohibition question would not be to evade it; it would be to go over bag and baggage to the wets.

"If this is not an issue, is there anything which can be called an issue in American life to-day?

"If free government means anything it means precisely that issues of this kind must form the basis of party contests and popular decisions.

"If party government means anything—if political parties are to be more than a badge or label to entrap and confuse the unwary voter—then this is the kind of question upon which parties that appeal for votes should have a policy, and above all, declare a policy."

No wet Democratic Presidential candidate can be elected in 1928, declares Edwin T. Meredith, of Iowa, who was President Wilson's Secretary of Agriculture, and who is discust as the possible heir to the dry candidacy renounced by Mr. McAdoo. In the Philadelphia *Record* Mr. Meredith is quoted as saying:



ARE TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE?
—Talburt in the Washington *News*.

"To win in 1928 the Democratic party needs the West. No wet can win the West. The West is not the seat of any fanatical dry sentiment based on moral grounds. Prohibition has been found good not only for the fireside, but for the factory and for the farm. The proof of the Prohibition pudding, as the West has experienced it, is in the economic eating. Any Democrat who does not stand four-square for Prohibition—not only for law enforcement—must abandon hope of capturing those States in the Mississippi Valley and beyond, without which our cause next year will be hopeless."

These two statements reveal the point of view of those Democratic drys who urge their party not to evade the Prohibition issue. But equally eager to have the issue met frankly in the approaching campaign are such wet Democratic leaders as former Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama and Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland. Their views, and those of other Democratic leaders on this subject, are made available in the series of copyrighted interviews by Robert Barry, from one of which we have already quoted. Says Mr. Underwood:

"A Democratic nominee in 1928, standing four-square and honestly for a Constitutional amendment to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, will rally the liberal forces of this country to his banner, and he will be elected. The nominee of the Democratic convention will carry the South. There are many people in the South who recognize the evils of this thing, many others who do not favor constitutional Prohibition, and then there are those who are regular in their party allegiance."

Says Governor Ritchie, who is in the list of Democratic Presidential possibilities:

"What purpose do we serve when we say Prohibition shall not be a political issue, when it is the thing about which the American people are thinking and talking more than any other topic?

"Frankly, I can not see how we can evade it. Here is something in which the American people are concerned above any or all political questions you might mention. Why do we have political parties, except to advance issues which affect the primary interests of the people? We can not ever hope to solve the problems of our highly complex civilization unless we tackle them. I see no other purpose for party Government."

But more numerous, apparently, and certainly no less emphatic in their expressions of opinion, are those Democratic leaders who see no place for the Prohibition issue in the approaching campaign. Among these are such eminent drys as Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy under Woodrow Wilson; and also that outstanding opponent of Volsteadism, Senator James A. Reed of Missouri. Senator Walsh is dry and a Roman Catholic. He is said to be regarded favorably as a Presidential possibility by both the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. But he does not believe that Prohibition will be an issue in the Presidential campaign. A wet plank in the party platform he dismisses as out of the question, because the nation, as he sees it, is "overwhelmingly dry"; and a dry plank he considers superfluous. The issues on which the Democrat's will make their fight, he says, are: "the tariff; farm-relief; political corruption; and the growing exactions of trusts and monopolies."

"The only way Prohibition can be made an issue is for a man to run as a wet," says Senator Carter Glass, as reported by Mr. Barry. Continues the Virginia Senator:

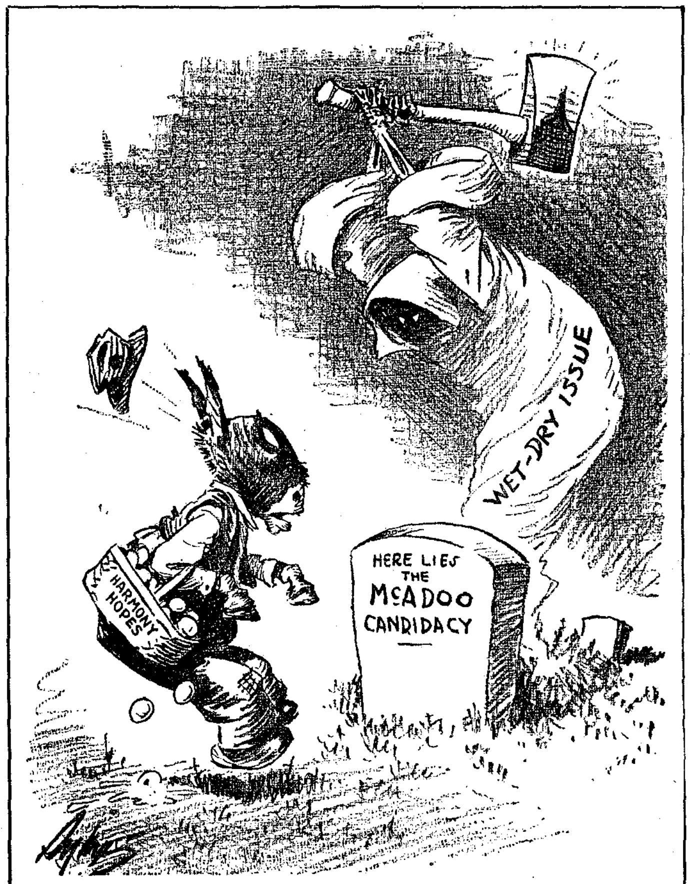
"Then it would be a wet-and-dry fight, and not a Democratic-Republican contest, and the wet would be overwhelmed in the South and West and some other places. Nor do I see where it is likely to become a partizan issue through any promises of greater enforcement.

"We will have effective Prohibition in time. We will have it through gradual, steady education of the people, rather than through false prophets and fake political issues."

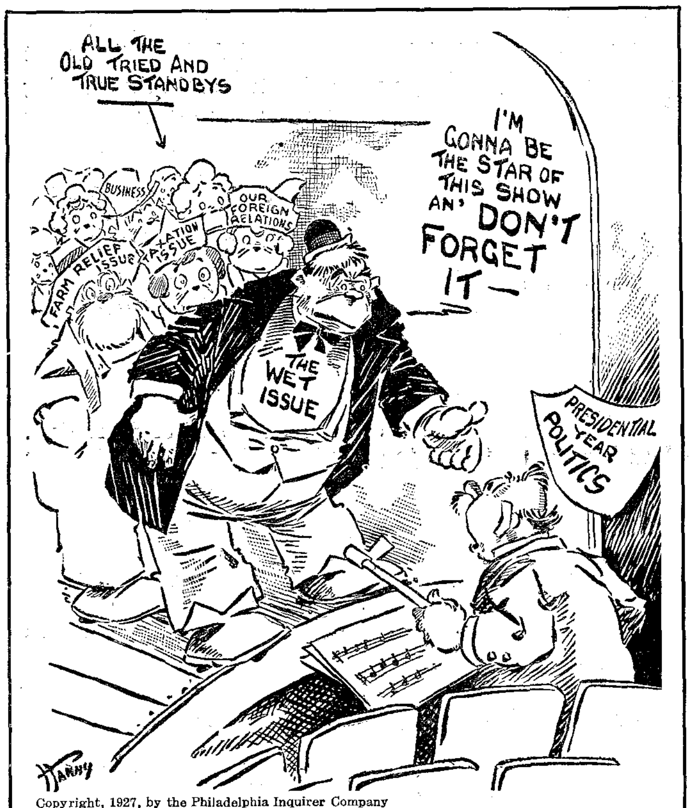
Representative William A. Oldfield, of Arkansas, Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, points out to Mr. Barry that Prohibition need not be a Presidential issue, since the President can not do more or less than enforce the law as it is. To quote the interview in part:

"'And differences among Democrats over Prohibition are reconcilable, in your opinion?'

"'It is difficult to see how Prohibition can well become an issue between the parties,' Mr. Oldfield replied. 'It never has been a party question, and with both parties divided among


WET-DRY ISSUE
HERE LIES THE McADOO CANDIDACY
HARMONY HOPES

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.


ALL THE OLD TRIED AND TRUE STANDBYS
BUSINESS
OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS
FARM RELIEF ISSUE
TAXATION ISSUE
I'M GONNA BE THE STAR OF THIS SHOW AN' DON'T FORGET IT—
THE WET ISSUE
PRESIDENTIAL YEAR POLITICS
HANNY

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HOGGING THE SHOW

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

themselves upon Prohibition, it is difficult to see how either could make it an issue if it wished to do so.

"'In some States the majority of one party is wet and in others it is dry. Prohibition is in the Constitution. It will stay there until two-thirds of the members of both Houses of Congress and three-fourths of the States vote it out.'

"'You don't believe, then, that the personal views of a nominee would be the issue?'

"'It is members of the House and Senate who, if any one, will vote on any proposal to repeal the dry amendment. The President has nothing whatever to do with Prohibition, except to see that the law is enforced.'"

"The Democratic party can not win if a faction that wants a glass of beer or a faction that doesn't want a glass of beer gets in control of the convention," declared Mr. Daniels, immediately after a conference in Washington with Mr. McAdoo. Dollar diplomacy, he told Mr. Carter Field of the New York *Herald Tribune*, will be the paramount issue:

"I believe the Democrats should center their attack on the houses of Morgan and Mellon, who control the international and taxing policies of the Government respectively. Our 'dollar diplomacy' policy has resulted in the United States being disliked and distrusted by every nation of the world, including China."

Turning from this usually militant dry to an even more militant wet, we find Senator Reed of Missouri declaring that Prohibition will not be an outstanding issue in the Presidential campaign because the Democrats "have too many more important things to think about." As quoted by Mr. Barry in the New York *Evening World*, he says:

"I do not think the Prohibition issue ought to control in the Convention. The question is important, but it is largely a moral one. In my humble judgment, it is not nearly as important as other great national issues.

"I do not believe the Democratic party will split over such an issue as Prohibition.

"There are about as many Republican Prohibitionists as there are Democrats of that faith. I am very sure the Republican party will not permit itself to be split on such an issue, and I see no reason why the Democrats should make it paramount."

Judge George W. Olvany, the Tammany leader, is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune* as declaring that if Governor Smith is elected President of the United States, he certainly will enforce the Volstead Law as well as all other laws:

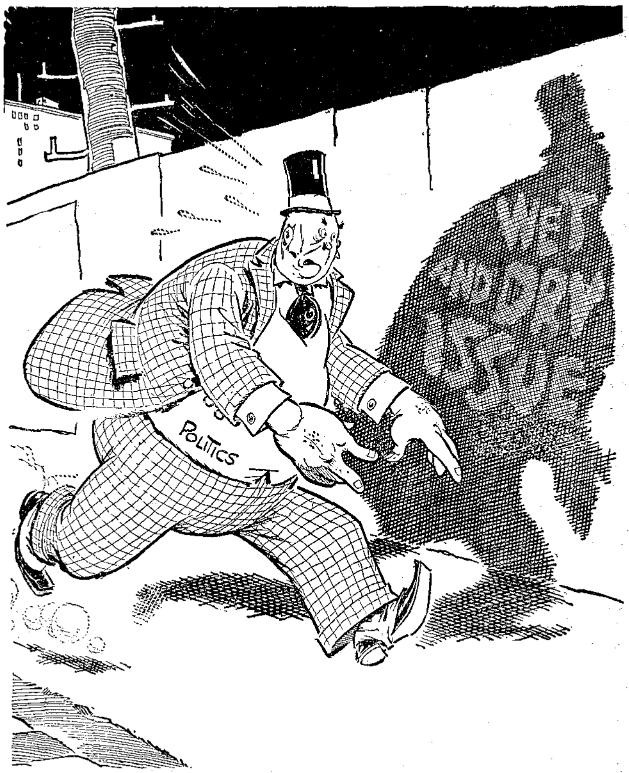
"Governor Smith always has respected his oath of office and enforced the laws. If called upon to serve his country in a still higher position than that of Governor, he would continue to respect his oath of office and enforce the laws. He could not do less."

The same point is strest by another New York Democrat, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in answer to a letter from Mrs. Jessie W. Nicholson, President of the National Woman's Democratic Law Enforcement League. Mrs. Nicholson had enclosed a copy of *The Woman Voter*, the organ of the League, containing an article by her opposing the nomination of Governor Smith for the Presidency. Said Mr. Roosevelt in part:

"I hope that you will not intimate that Governor Smith is opposed to law enforcement. There has been a lot of nonsense written about 'nullification.' It goes almost without saying that Governor Smith is just as much opposed to 'nullification' as you or I are.

"Finally, may I ask if it has ever occurred to you that, if Governor Smith should happen to be the next President of the United States, his record as administrator of the laws of the State of New York gives every indication that as President he would far more effectively enforce the existing Volstead Law (estimating it to be the law of the land) than the present Republican Administration, under which bootleggers thrive as never before?"

"Prohibition is unlikely to be even a factor in next year's Presidential campaign," declares the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which predicts that both parties will ignore it in their platforms. But more than one paper suggests that if the two great national parties persist in evading an issue of such vital importance to the people, two new parties may be formed to settle the matter. As the Republican and dry Tacoma *Ledger* puts it: "The political parties may ignore the Prohibition issue until a Prohibition party arises and ignores them."



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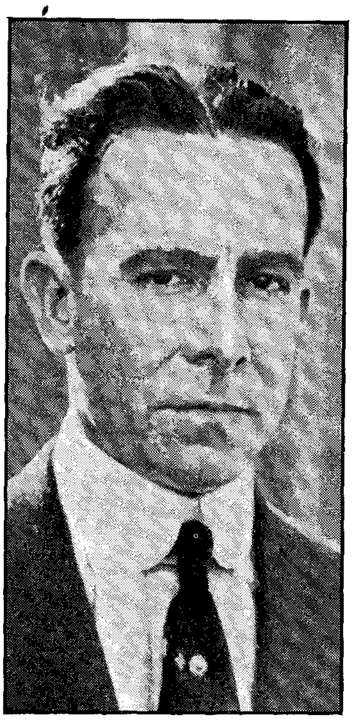
THE UNARTFUL DODGER

—Smith in the New York *American*.

MEXICO'S GUNPOWDER PRIMARY

EVER SINCE THE TIME OF JUAREZ, "a Presidential election in Mexico has been either a farce or a revolution," remarks one of our papers, while another comments that the present revolt south of the Rio Grande "is in essence nothing more than a nominating campaign for the Presidency; the rival candidates find that in a little shooting and mutiny lie their best opportunity for demonstrating political strength or weakness." In other words, continues the New York *Evening Post*, the dispatch telling of a revolt in Mexico City might have begun this way:

> "Mexico, October 4.—Mexico's Presidential primary elections opened in this city yesterday, with a light vote cast and surprizingly little disorder at the polls."



GEN. FRANCISCO SERRANO

Whose candidacy for the Mexican Presidency was ended by a firing squad on October 4.

With three generals running for President, several American editors have predicted shooting before the end of the campaign, and now at last, observes the New York *Evening World*, the typically Mexican campaign is "on in deadly earnest":

> "The opponents of President Calles's candidate for the Presidency opened their campaigns, not with key-notes but with armed risings, and the President has promptly met all arguments by standing one of these candidates up against a wall and shooting him, along with a number of his supporters. As soon as the other candidate is caught he will be answered likewise. The great political debates in Mexico are sharp, short, and very elemental."

It all happened rather swiftly. There had been rumors of sporadic uprisings, and then suddenly there came from Mexico City the news that within twenty-four hours a part of the city's garrison had mutinied; that loyal troops were pursuing these and other revolting soldiers; and that Francisco Serrano, one of the three generals running for President, had been executed with a dozen followers on the charge of instigating the revolt. The other anti-government candidate, General Arnulfo Gomez, was reported to be surrounded, or at least closely pursued, by government troops and to be in imminent peril of death either on the field or at the hands of a firing squad. The next day the chief Administration general declared the revolt practically quelled, altho the press dispatches said that fighting was going on in as many as ten of the twenty-eight States of the Republic. General Obregon, formerly President, and a close ally of the present Executive, Plutarco Calles, is now the only official Presidential candidate left in the field. President Calles asserts that his government gave candidates Gomez and Serrano no excuse for attempting an armed uprising:

> "In various conferences which I had with them, I indicated and advised them to follow the road of their duty and of patriotism, trying to show them they should enter the struggle guided by popular conscience.
>
> "I guaranteed them that the popular vote would be respected regardless of the outcome of it. I knew perfectly that Generals Gomez and Serrano could never justly charge the Federal Executive's office with partiality in the political struggle, nor even the slightest participation in it."

The promptitude with which President Calles suppress the first acts of rebellion, leads an Associated Press correspondent in Mexico City to say:

> "Calles is being called everywhere—even by those who differ sharply with some of his policies—the strongest man Mexico has produced since the days of Porfirio Diaz, who so ruthlessly dealt with disturbers. The activities of the courts-martial and the firing squads throughout the republic, wherever rebel leaders have been captured, attest to the thoroughness of the Calles method.
>
> "And throughout the capital the people are saying, in effect: 'Calles is boss. Whether you like it or not, he is boss. No revolution in Mexico has been dealt with so quickly and effectively as this one.'"

But it has been suggested in some quarters that the reason the revolution was suppress "so quickly and effectively" was that it was practically invented by the crafty President himself. In quarters opposed to Calles and Obregon, we read in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, "the opinion is held that the uprising may be nothing more than what it described as

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the page indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is known as the Second American Expeditionary Force? (p. 21).
2. Who is the "Girl in Red"? (p. 68).
3. What was the loss of life in the recent St. Louis tornado? (p. 14).
4. What German diplomat persuaded the Kaiser to abdicate his throne? (p. 58).
5. What did the Mississippi flood of 1927 cost the railways? (p. 23).
6. Do we sell more goods to France than France sells to us? (p. 12).
7. What English bishop denies that the theory of man's "fall" is sound theological doctrine? (p. 33).
8. What was a lawyer's clerk called in France? (p. 28).
9. What war-born European nation now ranks as a great Power? (p. 18).
10. Where did some one say: "Don't cheer, boys. Half a million men died here"? (p. 38).
11. What United States Senator recently advocated tea-parties as a solution of the question of Philippine independence? (p. 13).
12. Has St. Louis ever suffered from a tornado prior to that of September 29? (p. 14).
13. What would be left of us if every part of the body not absolutely necessary to life were surgically removed? (p. 81).
14. Where is Quentin Roosevelt's grave? (p. 44).
15. Who was Honoré Daumier? (p. 29).
16. In what century occurred the "criminal partitions of Poland"? (p. 18).
17. What, besides "a drink of the gods," is nectar? (p. 25).
18. What percentage of the vice record of Los Angeles is contributed by Hollywood? (p. 34).
19. What is the largest bank in the country, outside of New York? (p. 64).
20. How many grams of radium may be bought for $250,000? (p. 80).
21. What Chinese general, retired, was virtually dictator of South China for one year? (p. 20).
22. Name H. G. Wells's last novel. (p. 30).
23. What percentage of the industrial wealth of the United States is based, directly or indirectly, on patent rights? (p. 76).
24. Are the "line-storms" actual or a myth? (p. 26).
25. With what banking organization was the American Ambassador to Mexico formerly associated? (p. 22).

a 'government plot' to get rid of Gen. Francisco Serrano and Gen. Arnulfo Gomez." And the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* thinks there is some ground for the impression that these "election days" were appointed, "not by Serrano and Gomez, but by their two opponents":

"The revolutionary acts were so badly planned and so swiftly aborted, as Calles tells it, that the whole story hath a fishy smell. The 'execution' sounds far too prompt and well justified."

Similarly, to the New York *Herald Tribune*, the official story of the revolt and the execution of Serrano "seems a rather ingenious variation of the former method of shooting a troublesome rival and then announcing that he, while a prisoner, had tried to escape."

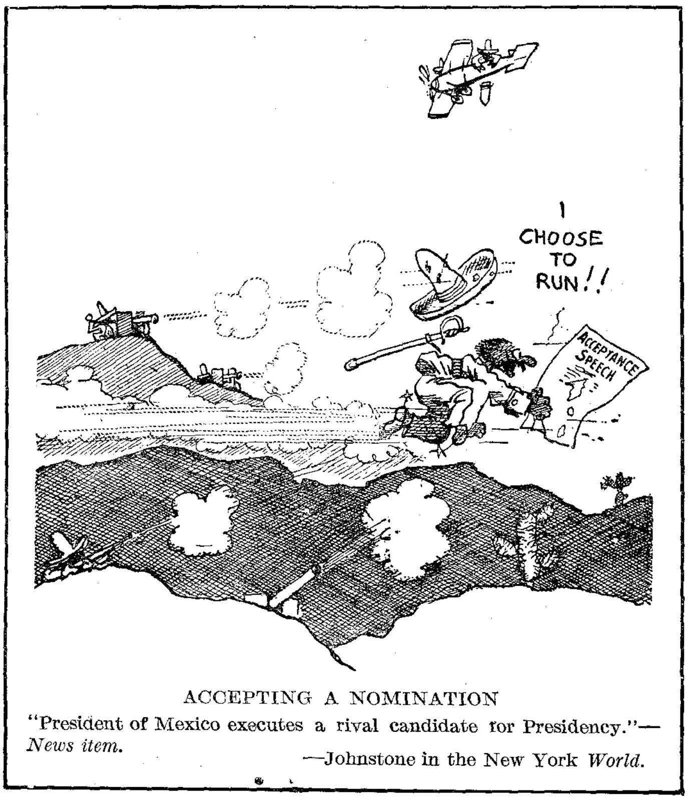
The main lines in the political situation leading up to this "gunpowder primary" are simple, notes the Baltimore *Sun:*

"On the face of things, Generals Gomez and Serrano were running on similar platforms, the chief plank being the contention that General Obregon, the third candidate, was in violation of the Constitution, in that it forbade the reelection of a President, and he had been President before Calles. Obregon's reply was that the inhibition ran only against reelection for a consecutive term, and not against reelection after an interval of one or more terms. To make his position the safer, his friends sought to amend the Constitution expressly to meet his case. The opposition, however, was unreconciled. It was argued that Obregon sought to violate the spirit of the Constitution, and that he and Calles between them had set up the dictatorship that the Constitutional provision was intended to prevent. They were, it was alleged, in effect alternating in the Presidency.

"Such a situation, intolerable in any country, if true, is intolerable even if suspected in a country where politics remains so inflammable as in Mexico."

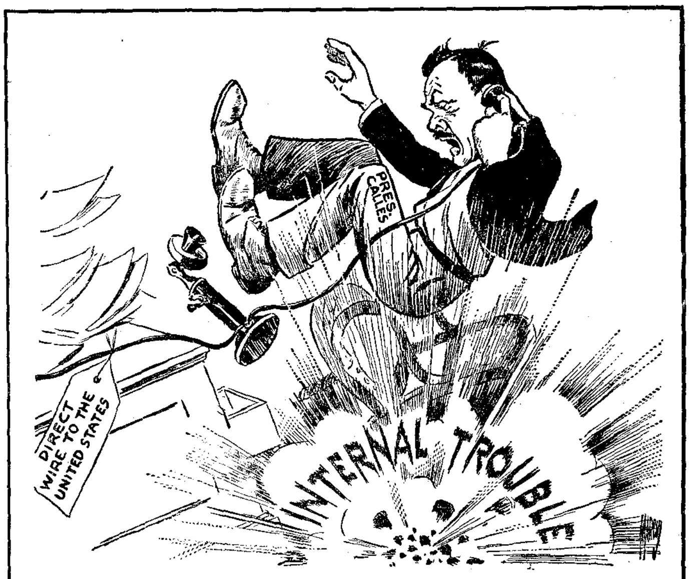
What has happened is more or less inevitable, concludes the New York *Sun*, "for whoever controls the Army in Mexico controls the country and the national elections":

"It has been so since the days of Porfirio Diaz, who won over the Army from Lerdo de Tejada, established himself as dictator, and then, with the aid of the Army, elected himself President. When Diaz, long afterward, lost control of the Army to Madero, he was forced to step down and out. General Huerta took the Army away from Madero, and it was in turn taken away from him by Carranza. Alvaro Obregon, Carranza's Minister of War, took the Army away from Carranza and elected himself President.



ACCEPTING A NOMINATION
"President of Mexico executes a rival candidate for Presidency."—*News item.*
—Johnstone in the New York *World.*

"When Diaz became President, the Constitution of 1857 was in force. It contained clauses limiting the incumbent of the Presidency to a single term. Diaz filled that term and then, with the Army under his thumb, elected Gonzales as his successor. During Gonzales's term Diaz, still in control of the Army, had the Constitution amended so that the President was made eligible to succeed himself. Then at the next election Diaz went back into the Presidency, where he remained for some twenty-seven years.


PRES. CALLES
DIRECT WIRE TO THE UNITED STATES
INTERNAL TROUBLE

Uncle Sam Speaking: "Now let's settle our differences nice and quietly."
—Marcus in the New York *Times.*

"When Obregon became President the Constitution of 1917 was in force, and in it was the provision which Diaz had eliminated from the old Constitution. Following the example of Diaz, Obregon used the Army to elect his aid, Calles, to the Presidency and then had the Constitution amended again in the Diaz way, making himself eligible for reelection. Now Obregon, through Calles, still controls the Army. Rival candidates, knowing that election is impossible so long as this power remains in Obregon's hands, are seeking to seduce rank and file from Obregon and Calles. If they are successful, Obregon's power will vanish. But the effort carries risks and penalties that can not be avoided when failure is the result.

"Serrano has paid the price. Gomez is next on the list."

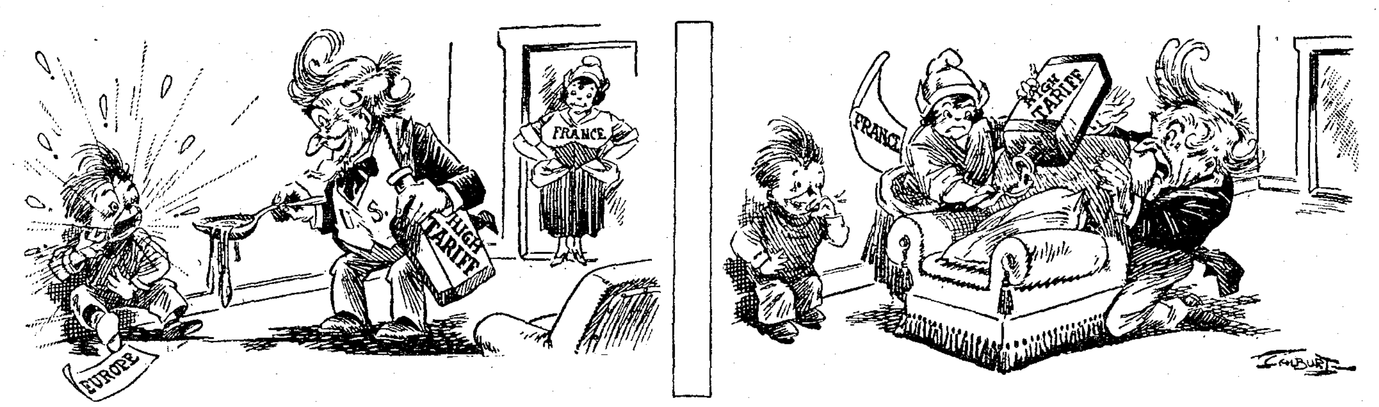
In Mexico "the ballot is not secret," we are reminded by the New York *World*, and "by the census of 1921, 62.29 per cent. of the adult population is illiterate." So—

"In the circumstances a general election is decided by the people who conduct it. An election campaign is at best a matter of bargaining for the support and cooperation of a sufficient number of feudal chieftains; at its worst it is civil war.

"If decisions are to be made by count of votes, there must be a population literate enough to vote. Mexico has not yet educated her population to that degree. There must be, too, a firmly entrenched tradition among the governing classes that, first, the majority will be fairly counted and allowed to take power; and, second, that the majority when in power will respect the interests of the minority, and especially its right to oppose the government and appeal to the voters.

"Mexico, which is just emerging from centuries of despotic rule, has no such tradition. There is no rooted belief that opinions can be exprest through votes; that votes will be fairly counted; that those in power will peaceably surrender their authority. The habit of revolution is sustained by these circumstances.

"Altho no special sympathy need be expended on the rebels, the episode is none the less disheartening to the friends of Mexico. For what Mexico needs above all other things is to find a way of transferring power without violence. She will never begin to find that way until the government in power succeeds in demonstrating to the Mexican people that the government can be changed without being overthrown."



A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE

—Talburt in the Washington *News*.

THE FIGHTING TARIFFS IN THE RING

AFTER WEEKS OF VERBAL TILTING, our tariff war with France has started. No matter how the matter may be smoothed over eventually by the diplomats, we have met the application of maximum duties on American exports to France by hoisting up in equal measure the duties on corresponding goods sent from France to America. And so the war is on, with some correspondents abroad looking for a general European attack on American protective tariffs, and with press writers in this country predicting that the row with France will be reechoed in Congress by the Democrats and low-tariff advocates. One thing is found absolutely certain by a Consolidated Press correspondent in Washington—"the tariff will be strenuously injected into the coming Presidential campaign." J. F. Essary of the Baltimore *Sun* agrees that our high-tariff policy is being directly challenged at home, and he quotes Representative Cordell Hull (Dem. of Tenn.), who assails our tariff system as one which "short-sightedly leads the nations of the world in the adoption of prohibitive duties, surrounded by a network of discriminations, restrictions, embargoes, retaliations, and boycotts." Coming back to the international angle we find Mr. Edwin L. James of the New York *Times* writing from Paris that "there is not a country in Europe which is not following closely the French effort to pierce a hole in the American tariff wall."

Naturally, our Government's position finds strong defenders. The New York *American* calls upon the President to use to the full the powers of retaliation conferred by the existing tariff law. "France struck first," declares the Washington *Star;* "America is justified in resort to defensive measures." The New Haven *Register* speaks for a number of our dailies in asserting that the French levy of maximum tariffs against Americans goods, while the Germans, by virtue of a special trade treaty, receive the minimum rates, "is discrimination plain and simple."

But others think that France is just giving us a taste of our own medicine. America, says the Kansas City *Star*, "can not expect to raise a high-tariff wall without provoking retaliatory measures abroad." The strange logic of the official American insistence on uniform tariff rates, as the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* sees it, is that—

> "The highest tariff in American history, designed to exclude European industry from the American market, is in virtue of its uniform application to all countries made the basis of a demand for the lowest foreign duties on American products—even where such duties, as in the case of German imports into France, and vice versa, are granted in return for special concessions which our own Government would absolutely decline to make."

Looking closely, editors find the dispute over the tariff with France involves certain deep essential differences. It is, in essence, writes Henry Kittredge Norton in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "a conflict between two antagonistic theories in regard to the use of tariffs." And the New York *World* offers a careful explanation of the two protective-tariff systems:

> "France has a bargaining tariff, with two scales of duties—a maximum and a minimum. The maximum, or general, rates are imposed on the products of countries with which France has no reciprocal trade agreements. The minimum rates are granted in return for tariff favors by other countries. Thus, in the recent Franco-German reciprocity treaty, France gave Germany the benefit of low rates on machinery, electrical supplies, and chemicals, and Germany reciprocated by granting France special rates on wines, soaps, perfumes, and textiles.
>
> "The present American tariff law makes no provision for such reciprocity. It sets up a uniform schedule of rates for all countries and prescribes penalties when a country attempts dumping or unfair discrimination against American trade. It is not a bargaining but a fighting tariff. Now, France has applied her maximum schedule of duties to American imports because we have no trade treaty with her, as Germany has, and our Government has taken the position that the giving of lower rates to Germany than to the United States is unfair discrimination. France has replied that we can get the same sort of favors given to Germany if we are willing to pay for them.
>
> "That is the nub of the controversy. The whole trouble lies in the difference between a bargaining and a fighting tariff."

The status of the Franco-American controversy, as shown by the exchange of recently published notes, is set forth as follows by Albert W. Fox in the Washington *Post:*

> "France demanded assurance from the United States that duties on certain French imports would be lowered if France gave America minimum rates on products affected by the Franco-German pact. America replied, expressing surprize that France should ask a price for refusing to accord most-favored-nation treatment and indirectly threatening retaliation if France continued to discriminate against American goods.
>
> "France now in her latest note suggests an investigation under Section 315 of the American tariff law to ascertain whether or not rates on French goods should be lowered, and expresses readiness, by way of compromise, to consider negotiating a treaty if America 'will not refuse, as it has hitherto done, to examine within the limits of its own legislation the just claims of French exporters.'
>
> "The investigation under Section 315 would determine whether in the eyes of the American Tariff Commission the duties imposed on French goods strike a proper balance between cost of production at home and abroad."

It was also intimated in the French note that the United States might receive some valuable tariff *quid pro quo* if it would modify certain objectionable regulations, reference being made, in the opinion of the press, to investigation of costs in foreign countries, and the embargoes on certain plants. Two days after the publication of the last French note and before any official reply from Washington, the United States Treasury took a hand in the debate by announcing that collectors had been instructed to impose on a list of French imports increases in duty equal to the increases fixt by France on similar American products on September 6. This action, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, did not involve Section 317 of the Tariff Act, which provides for retaliatory duties in case of tariff discrimination against the United States, but was taken under specific provisions of the tariff schedules themselves."

SENATOR BINGHAM HITS NORDIC SNOBBERY

NOT ONLY IS United States Senator Hiram W. Bingham of Connecticut able to see the under dog's point of view—others have done that before him—but he is also willing to fly in the face of tradition and precedent by taking up the cudgels in defense of that much-abused animal. At a dinner given recently in his honor in Honolulu, his native city, by Gov. Wallace F. Farrington, of Hawaii, he fired this sensational broadside at his astonished fellow guests, as reported by the New York *Evening Post:* "I want to tell you right now that if a half-dozen of the prominent white people of Manila were to invite a few of the cultured and prominent Filipinos to be their guests at a tea, the agitation for Philippine independence would die right then and there!"

The world-wide social discrimination, not to say ostracism, that our Oriental brethren have so long patiently endured at the hands of the so-called superior race has been observed and accepted as a matter of course by generations of whites, the great majority of them men of kindly heart and decent feeling. But this has by no means been the case with Senator Bingham. With sorrow not unmixed with wrath he has seen the cynical attitude of superiority adopted by Caucasians of all classes toward the teeming millions of the Orient more or less directly under their control. To this openly exprest contempt of the white man for his brown and yellow contemporaries, camouflaged tho it may be here and there by a show of affable condescension, he attributes much of the anti-American feeling to be found to-day in our island possessions, as well as the general dislike and distrust of the dominant race manifested in China and, in fact, throughout Asia. From long dwelling upon these, to him, highly dangerous conditions, the Senator was finally moved to speech, and we are told that his remarkably frank comments upon "white snobbery" roused his audience to enthusiastic approval.

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"I AM SORRY, GENTLEMEN"

Said Senator Bingham when invited to a Club dinner at Manila, from which Filipinos were excluded, "but I shall not be able to accept your invitation"

"At the beginning of his talk," says the New York *Evening Post*, "which blazed with indignation over the insolence of the Nordic toward those he looks upon as his inferiors, Senator Bingham made the statement: 'I am, I believe, the only American representative of government who has ever refused to enter the doors of the Army and Navy club in Manila!'" He then informed his hearers that during a recent visit to the Philippine capital he had been invited to be the guest of honor at this club, but had declined the invitation when, in reply to his query whether prominent Filipinos were to be present to meet him, it was explained to him "that no Filipinos were permitted to enter the sacred portals" of that exclusive institution.

"Senator Bingham's talk was made," *The Evening Post* tells us, "before a group of men including territorial government officials, representatives of the municipal government, and men prominent in the business, industrial, and social life of Hawaii. It is safe to say they heard truths that few persons in Hawaii have ever dared to utter publicly." The article goes on to say that the Senator "prefaced his remarks with the statement that he had some things to say that might hurt, but he believed they ought to be said. And then he opened up and said them." He spared nobody, paying his respects alike to those who are openly after the almighty dollar, those "who use religion as a cloak" for their selfishness and greed, and "those supercilious whites who have the effrontery to go to the lands of the colored races and treat their native inhabitants with snobbish arrogance." *The Evening Post* then quotes an experience of the Senator's in Shanghai, which he cited to illustrate "the snobbery of the white man in his contacts with the Oriental." He had called upon a wealthy and highly respected Chinaman in that city, a graduate of Yale, who happened to be an old friend. This man's wife had been educated, as had her daughters, in a first-rate girls' school in America, and the two sons of the family had also graduated from Yale. "The Chinese desired to cash a check for some $1,800 to meet his pay-roll for the week. Bingham accompanied him to the bank of the International Banking Corporation. The Chinese went to the paying teller's window and presented the check to the white cashier for payment.

"'What the h—— do you mean coming in here?' snarled the gentlemanly Nordic. 'Get the h—— out of here, you d—— Chinaman, and go down to the other end of the building with the rest of the Chinamen!' The Chinese made no reply, but quietly withdrew."

Later on in his address the Senator described a visit he paid to the parks of Shanghai—"parks on Chinese soil in a city where Chinese pay 60 per cent. of the taxes." In these parks he found himself confronted with signs reading: "No Chinamen or dogs allowed." He went on to tell of a conversation he had in Tientsin with another cultured Chinaman, also a graduate of Yale. He asked this man what was the real reason for the antiforeign feeling in China.

"The eyes of the Chinese blazed, he said, when he replied that it was the insolence, the snobbery, and assumption of superiority of the white man, his insulting treatment of the Chinese on their own soil. 'Never,' the Chinese said, 'can there be friendship as long as the white race send men to China, whether missionaries or business men, who treat the Chinese like dogs.'"

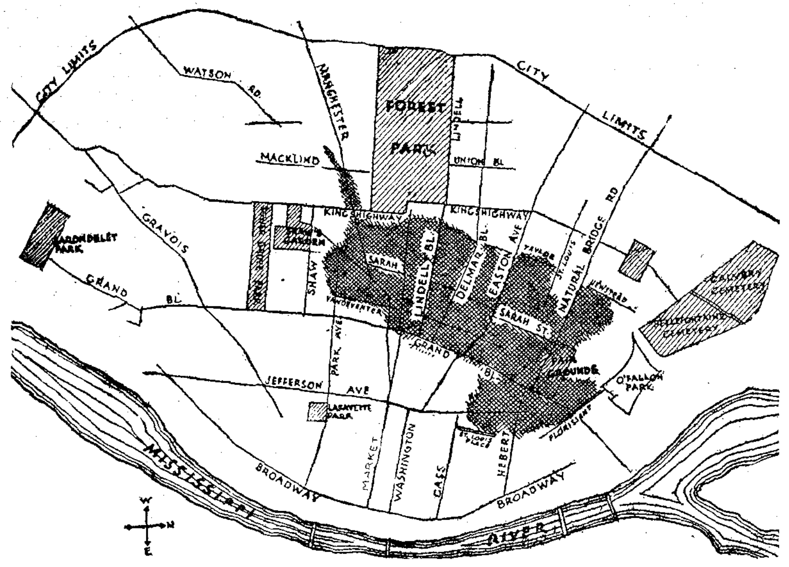
"Turning then from the Orient," says *The Evening Post*, "to Hawaii, where he was born and raised, and whose people are his own people, Senator Bingham uttered the warning: 'There's beginning to be too much of that kind of thing right here!'"

Much has been said, and justly, about "the white man's burden," but what about the brown man's cross thus feelingly portrayed by Senator Bingham? Is not the alien brother stretched upon it largely because of the superiority complex engendered in us Nordics through the administration of far-flung empires? That the press of the country is sympathetic to this point of view may be gathered from current comment. For example, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* remarks:

> "The Senator has said something which should sink deep into the consciousness of those who are responsible forthe kind of men who are sent to the Orient, whether as missionaries or business men, and turn out to be inveterate snobs. That the practise on the part of the white men of treating their brown brethren with studied disdain leads inevitably to strained and bitter relations can not for a moment be questioned. We trust the Senator's observations will receive the widest possible circulation and comment. They find their support and origin in the gospel of good manners."

THE ST. LOUIS TORNADO

FOR FIVE FRIGHTFUL MINUTES on the afternoon of September 29, a tornado of amazing violence tore its way through the heart of St. Louis, as a reaper mows a swath through a field of standing grain. Before the sweep of that titanic sickle a large section of a prosperous residential district fell instantly in ruins, carrying eighty-five victims down with it to death, injuring more than 1,300, and causing a property damage variously estimated at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. "This destruction," says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "was accomplished instantaneously, in the twinkling of an eye. The storm is said to have had a duration of about five minutes, but that covered its entire progress. At any one point the time between its arrival and its departure was a matter of a few seconds. Nor did it give any warning. Suddenly and with a roar it struck furiously and was gone, leaving the uninjured in its path dazed by its violence." Not so long afterwards we are told, the sun was shining peacefully once more on the twisted wreckage that marked the course of the storm.



From the St. Louis *Star*

PATH OF THE TORNADO THROUGH ST. LOUIS

The shaded area shows where the storm, coming from the south, hit the central portion of the city and spread to the east, then passing out to the north.

St. Louis has met disaster in many forms in the course of its history. Wind, fire, and flood have all done their worst against it. Once before, in 1896, a tornado wrecked a large number of buildings, caused damage to the extent of $10,000,000, and killed 138 persons. Following so closely upon the greatest flood ever known in the Mississippi Valley, the hurricane of a few days ago brought heavy additional loss to a city whose business had already suffered severely. But the people, as ever, have met the disaster manfully, and are already organizing for the heavy task of clearing away the débris and building more securely for the future. The forces of the Red Cross and the Army are cooperating in the work of relief and reconstruction, and the country at large suffers and sympathizes with the stricken city. Victor J. Miller, Mayor of St. Louis, in a paid advertisement appearing in the New York papers, thus voices the indomitable spirit of his city: "St. Louis has again shown its stability by its remarkable recovery from the effects of the tornado which visited a section of our residential district last Thursday. Public utilities are rapidly restoring normal service. Stores and industrial plants are carrying on as usual. . . . There is plenty of work at good wages for every man at present in St. Louis, and the city is amply able to finance its own complete restoration in record time." Mr. Bert H. Lang, Chairman of the Red Cross Committee, says in the same advertisement that the people of St. Louis "will raise all necessary funds within the city without soliciting outside aid which has so generously been offered, altho gifts are gratefully received. Our citizens are responding magnificently."

"It was many minutes," says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "before the city generally began to realize that a great disaster had occurred, and it was hours before the vast extent of its destruction was appreciated." A graphic picture of that destruction is drawn for us by the St. Louis *Star*, which tells of—

"Houses broken, twisted, distorted. Roofs at crazy angles like a futuristic picture. Men and women running about, searching frantically for a lost loved one or some missing valuable. An ambulance clanging its way through the traffic with a load of injured. Policemen bawling orders.

"On one street a row of single-storied cottages, homes of persons of modest means, showed the cruel touch of the giant hand that dropt out of the oily black clouds. The tops of these dwellings were neatly sliced off as tho by the single swipe of a huge carving-knife. In front of them stood the owners, surveying the ruin—some casually, others with the tragedy of the disaster written upon their faces.

"A little farther on the telegraph poles, tipped by the mighty gale, leaned over the street and formed a threatening arch festooned with hanging wires. The sidewalks and the streets were plastered with roofing paper, posters, clothing, and whatnot. Houses and stores, their windows gone, stared upon the scene like toothless old women. . . .

"Along the curbs were hundreds of broken and battered automobiles, twisted into hopeless heaps and doomed to the scrap-heap. . . . Rows of standing street-cars, powerless and deserted, some of them smashed by falling trees. At many places the trolley wires, bereft of their support, sagged waist high in the street, and men were propping them up with boards taken from the ruined houses."

A St. Louis correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* adds the following details to the picture:

"Before the twister struck, the air was heavy and portentous with storm. The continuous low rumbling of thunder was punctuated with lightning. The oppressiveness was dispelled by a rising wind and suddenly the telltale black clouds appeared in the sky.

"In a twinkling the crashing of glass and the singing of the wind in the trees announced the coming of the tornado. Chimneys crashed, houses heaved and fell, while the air was dark with dust and flying missiles. Witnesses telling their stories later spoke of sheets of flame, their origin a mystery, that swept past and dissipated themselves by striking a building or a tree.

"Automobiles moved crazily about, overturning and wrecking themselves like playthings of children. Everywhere the thud of falling walls and chimneys, and the tearing sound of piazzas being wrenched from their foundations filled the air."

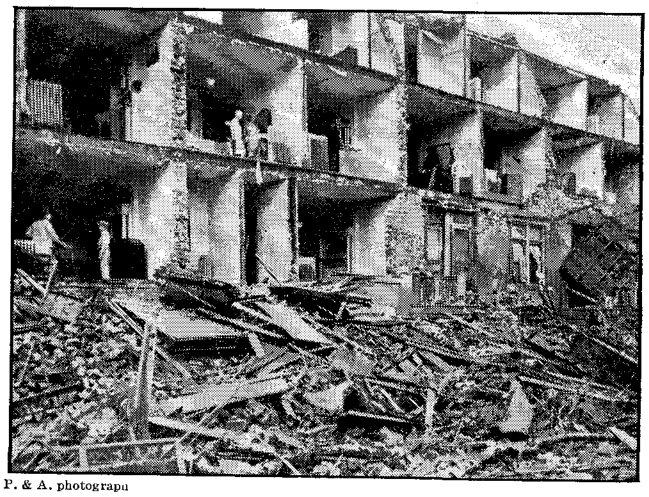
The New York *Telegram* thus describes conditions during and after the tornado:

"The storm lasted only five minutes in St. Louis, then jumped across the river to continue its destruction in a cluster of Illinois towns, Granite City, Madison, and Venice, where at least three were killed.

"But during that brief time the howling eighty-mile gale, which appears to have originated in Arkansas, swept through the residential district in a crazy path around the down-town area, tearing sections from solidly constructed brick buildings and leveling less substantial structures. . . . Telephone communication was almost entirely stopt, and news of the storm was broadcast by radio to sections of the city which had escaped.

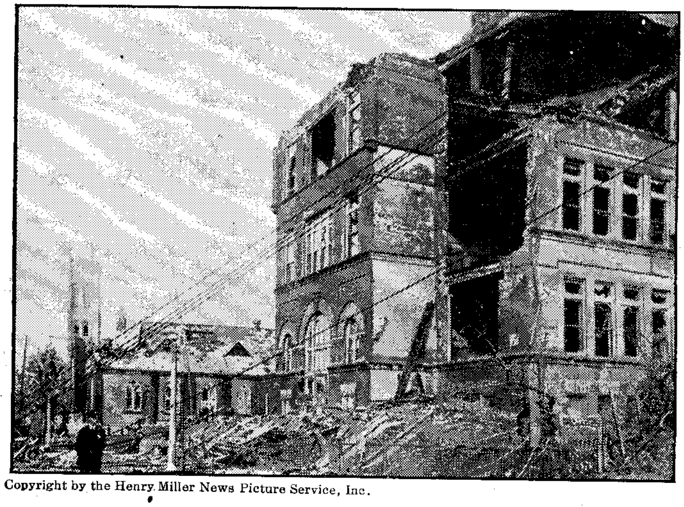
"Factories and business houses in the southwest section of the city were wrecked, and it was here that the greatest financial loss was suffered.

"One residential street, noted for its stately elms, had the appearance to-day of a carelessly lumbered forest. The trees had been snapt off and torn apart by the wind."



P. & A. photograph

FRONT OF APARTMENT-HOUSE BLOWN OUT BY PRESSURE FROM WITHIN, LEAVING THE OCCUPANTS UNHARMED



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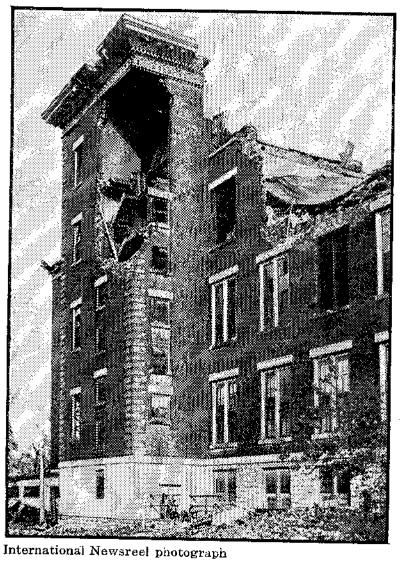
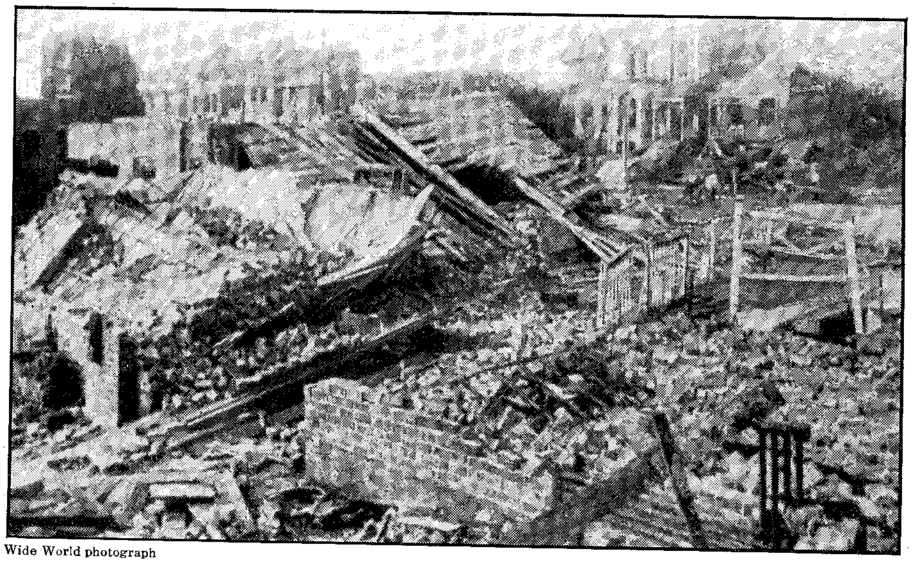
SCHOOL PARTLY WRECKED WHILE IN SESSION, FROM WHICH ALL THE CHILDREN WERE LED IN SAFETY



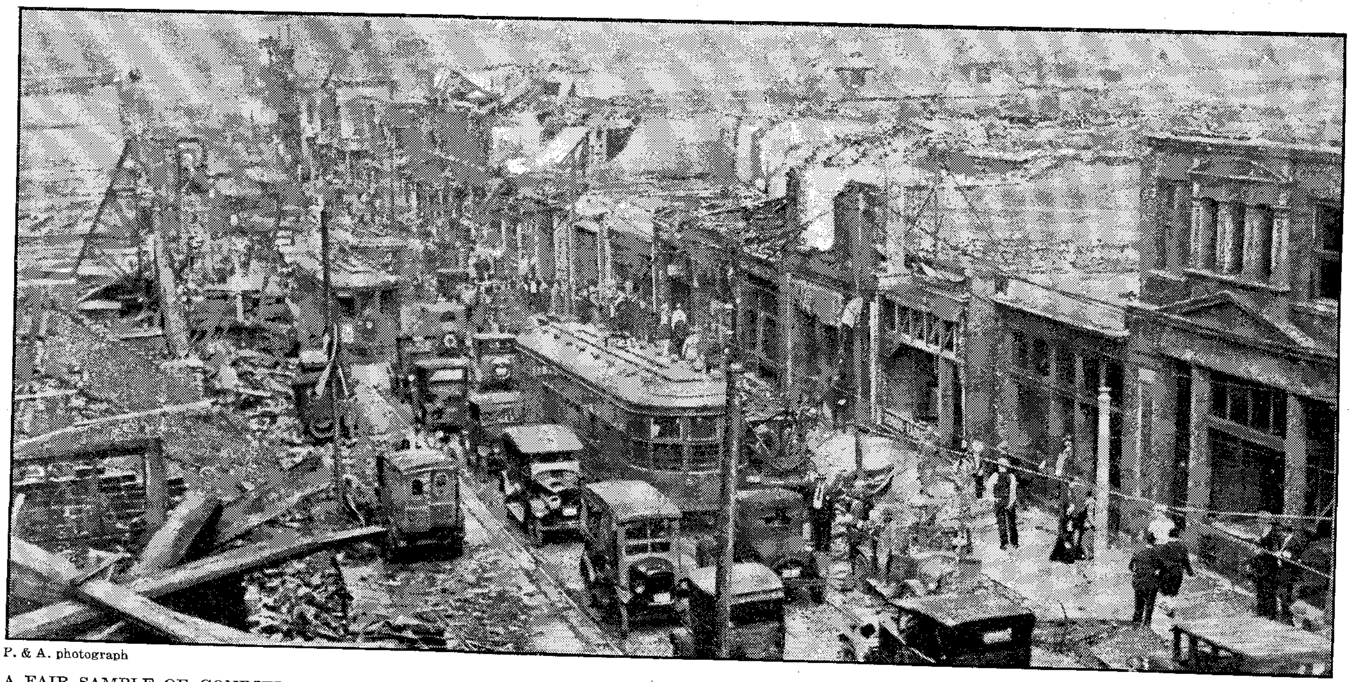
International Newsreel photograph

DAMAGED HOSPITAL, NONE OF WHOSE SIXTY-THREE PATIENTS WAS HURT



Wide World photograph

RUINS OF GARAGE AND BAKERY, FROM BENEATH WHICH A YOUNG GIRL WAS TAKEN UNSCRATCHED AFTER HAVING BEEN BLOWN THROUGH A WALL



P. & A. photograph

A FAIR SAMPLE OF CONDITIONS IN THE WRECKED DISTRICT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON OLIVE STREET SHORTLY AFTER THE STORM WENT BY, AND JUST AS STREET-CARS AND AUTOS BEGAN TO VENTURE ABOUT ONCE MORE

A FEW GLIMPSES OF WHAT THE TWISTER DID IN ST. LOUIS

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY VS. FASCISM

SOMETHING LIKE A HEAD-ON COLLISION between Fascism and American democracy seems to some observers to be approaching. Here is our Department of Labor being asked to exclude Count Di Revel, President of the Fascist League of North America, on the ground that his swearing to the Fascist oath makes him an undesirable alien; and a naturalization official in Baltimore is asserting that the Fascist oath is sufficient ground for refusal of citizenship. All this is likely to be thrashed out in Congress in the coming session, the New York *World* hears. In the meanwhile there comes from an unexpected source the assertion that the very existence of Mussolini's government is a direct challenge to American democracy.

The vigor and efficiency of Italy under Mussolini have so often been praised by American business men that it is rather startling to find one of the most representative among them suddenly firing a broadside into the political theories upon which Fascism rests. Nevertheless, Julius H. Barnes, former head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, does that very thing in *The Nation's Business.* The Italian Premier, it will be recalled, recently challenged any country to show so favorable a development as Italy has done under the Fascist régime. Mr. Barnes accepts the challenge. He maintains that the United States has made more progress in material efficiency, under what we sometimes think is a blundering scheme of government, than Italy has made under a dictatorship. True, the American business man admits that Italy has made considerable headway under Fascism, but one gathers from his article that he believes the price paid by the people of Italy has been too great. "Only time will show," says Mr. Barnes, "whether in the compelling force of an imposed autocracy there has been taken from a great people something of the individual character and individual conviction which make a firmer foundation for a modern State." In his opinion:

"The real trial in social and political theory in the world to-day is between the American theory of a free government and a free people, based on the universal vote—a theory justified by each year of superior progress in America—and the new autocracy of Mussolini.

"America can meet, point for point, in the realm of material achievement, this challenge of Mussolini, by comparison not only with Italy under that régime, but as well with any other people in the world.

"The test of stability in any government is its effectiveness in furthering the welfare of its people. So we may measure the service of America to its people, with its theory of universal citizenship, against the claims of accomplishment by Fascist dictatorship.

"With Mussolini, government is itself the arbiter and director of private enterprise, even tho he recognizes that the driving power of individual initiative must in some way be enlisted. He prescribes the rules of labor. He directs the practises of employers. He leaves little or nothing to individual judgment, and he has no belief whatever in that faulty but aspiring human judgment which learns by its own failures and strengthens itself thus for new endeavor. His theories challenge as well our whole conception of the opportunities and responsibilities of modern business.

"If there is to be a period of trial and the demonstration of experience, then the business community of America should understand the challenge that exists to-day between these two systems, and resolve to justify the theories of freedom on which the American republic has rested for its century and a half. American business believes that the highest type of citizenship and the most lasting form of government develop under the right to make its own mistakes, to repent, to correct, and to rise from each successive failure to ultimate achievement."

"This reply to Mussolini's challenge is well timed," thinks the Washington *News.* Mr. Barnes, explains the New York *Herald Tribune*, believes the American system is as satisfactory, as efficient, and more desirable than the Italian. But—

"What is rather strange is that the Fascist experiment has been given so little study for what it is—a novel form of State organization as much opposed to our own as that of Russia, and one which, if it should permanently succeed, would pose before the rest of the world problems of social organization almost as grave as those advanced by the Communists."

In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

"Such an answer to Fascism as that of Mr. Barnes strips it of its pretensions and leaves it exposed in all its ugliness. If the sacrifice of political and economic freedom does not bring even material progress comparable to that enjoyed under our system of individual liberty and responsible government, what excuse has it for existence? It may have served to carry Italy past a crisis, but what of the crisis it is creating for Italy by its inexorable stifling of private effort and the natural craving for freedom?

"An illuminating example of the limited magic of Fascism was displayed not long ago in the attempt to force the lira back to par. Mussolini announced that he was going to revolutionize the exchanges. The lira began to rise—and stopt. All the Fascist horses and all the Fascist men couldn't put it where it was before the war. Then a second announcement was made, not by Mussolini, but on behalf of the Minister of Finance. This announcement stated that the Minister had abandoned the idea and that the Government would endeavor to keep the exchange rate at about the existing level. Fascism had run up against economic law."

According to the Springfield *Union*, this "battle of the lira" is causing considerable restiveness and economic distress in Italy. It seems that, under the Mussolini régime:

"Bankers are obliged to lose the money of their depositors to help industrial enterprises that the Government has injured by its monetary policy. Industrialists are obliged to keep their factories open, tho they are losing money by it. Shopkeepers and landlords are obliged to reduce prices and rents. The farmers must pay very heavy taxes and sell certain products at undercost prices. Mussolini threatens the common people with 'domicilio coatto' (forced residence), and the bankers and industrialists with 'nationalization of the production,' that is to say, nationalization of industries as in Russia, unless they obey him.

"Of the entire population of Italy, the only persons who can possibly have benefited from the revalorization of the lira are the small savers and State bondholders. But they can not have benefited much because of the extremely high cost of living. One can buy in Brussels with 119 gold francs as much food and goods as in Milan with 150 gold francs.

"Economic experts believe that this industrial and commercial crisis will become graver during the fall and winter, with perhaps an outbreak of public opinion against the régime occurring in the spring."

On the other hand, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* is imprest with the reports of an eminent American economist, H. Parker Willis, who has been in Italy studying conditions:

"To Mr. Willis, Fascism seems to be permanently established. It was a crucial experiment which substituted a despotic authority for an inefficient form of parliamentary government in which some twenty warring groups made government impossible. It faces great problems, economic and political, and unrest is increasing. But its critics have nothing constructive to offer; and it has made such undeniably great improvement in conditions since the time when the structure of Italian society was crumbling into anarchy."

As for the Barnes question: "Is it not better to blunder now and then, so long as the blunder be made by free people, than to escape by the edict of government?" the Providence *News* has this to say:

"Are we really any freer in this country than are the Italians under Mussolini? We like to think we are, of course, and it may be that we are. But take the steel workers of western Pennsylvania, for instance. Are they freer than they would be if the Steel Trust were compelled by law to negotiate all disputes with its workers? At times it is very difficult to define freedom, but we are all agreed that a great people should have the sort of government it wants. Italy evidently wants the Fascist régime, and, by all accounts, wants it because the Mussolini method has brought the people of the country prosperity, freedom from grafting bureaucrats and an amazing vision of their own future."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Modern woman's garb has more latitude than longitude.—*Toledo Blade.*

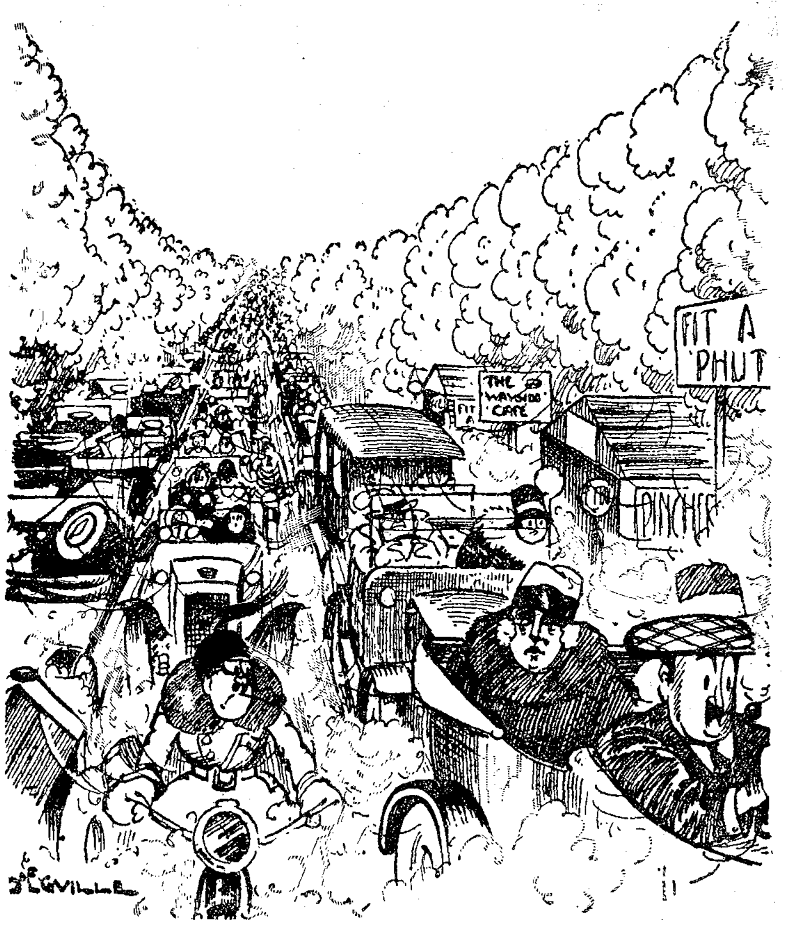
Some of Indiana's politics is even worse than some of its poetry.—*Beloit Daily News.*

Mexico doubtless is waiting to see what the Morrow will bring forth.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Some pedestrians who do not choose to run get their names in the papers, too.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

Physicians say insane are happier than the sane. Don't have to worry over doctor bills.—*Dallas News.*

"Farm relief still an issue." And when it ceases to be an issue it will be a relief.—*Detroit News.*



THE JOYS OF THE OPEN ROAD

From *The Passing Show* (London).

The Navy has been frequently reminded that in time of peace it must prepare for magazine articles.—*Washington Star.*

A true radical is a man who thinks you are against him if you can't get as excited as he does. —*St. Joseph News-Press.*

The little countries that yell for self-government might ease their pain by studying Indiana a while.—*Albany (Ore.) Herald.*

What goes up also comes down, but the cost of living seems to have remarkable resistance to the pull of gravitation.—*Asheville Times.*

Eskimos find fish-hooks useful as money. Perhaps they thus find it easier to land a sucker in driving a hard bargain.—*Manchester Union.*

The millennium will be here soon after nations become as horrified by their own sins as they are by the other fellow's. —*Lincoln Star.*

At the Rock River Methodist conference a living wage was discust. Preachers are always talking about something with which they have had no experience.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

Some of the Presidential "possibilities" can be considered so only in the sense of Napoleon's remark that "nothing is impossible."—*Beloit Daily News.*

Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and Miss Mei Ling Soong are to be married. It looks as if the war in China will never end.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

We trust it will not interfere with the success of our new Ambassador to Mexico that his name in the language of that country is mañana.—*New York Times.*

A gasoline shortage is predicted for the year 2000, but by that time the cars will be so thick they can't move anyhow, so it doesn't matter.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Defeated by the Northerners, Chiang Kai-shek has resigned from the Southern Army. In the Coolidge phrase, he does not choose to keep on running.—*San Diego Union.*

Be they ever so humble, there's nobody stays home.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Well, the experts who said Dempsey was his old self called the adjective.—*Detroit News.*

Too many women expect their husbands to bring home the bacon and then fry it.—*Toledo Blade.*

Tunney got a million and Lindbergh got $25,000. Make your own comment.—*Marshall County Banner.*

The elephant lives to be two hundred. But us Democrats will testify senility sets in early.—*Dallas News.*

There are still 70,000 blacksmiths in the United States. And no sign of a new model horse! — *Border Cities Star.*

Nations aren't likely to beat their swords into plowshares while beating their rivals into oil-fields. —*Altoona Tribune.*

When the doughboys return from France they will be plain boys, having left the dough over there.—*Louisville Times.*

The prediction that everybody will soon learn to fly appears to offer the one ray of hope for the jay-walker. — *Manchester Union.*

The United States, Great Britain, and Japan might get together and hire a professional navy to work for all of them. —*Indianapolis News.*

Scientists say the next big war will be with insects. It will begin when the enemy refuses to accept picnics as a peace-offering. — *Boston Post.*

Within two years all British infantry regiments will have resumed the famous red tunic. Looks as tho peace is here to stay. — *Border Cities Star.*

The center of industry is now in Chicago, says a government report. And that's the first time we ever heard it called an industry.—*New York Evening Post.*

Gene Tunney reposed on the canvas for fourteen seconds, but surely a man is entitled to a little rest while earning a million dollars!—*Border Cities Star.*

There are people who believe that Florida will go Republican in the next Presidential election. Well, ice-fields have just been found in Africa.—*American Lumberman.*

It is reported that the hookworm disease has been practically eradicated by the Rockefeller foundation. It's the oily bird that gets the hookworm, you see.—*San Diego Union.*

Beauty surgeons say the matter of lifting a face is comparatively simple. Probably the hardest part is keeping the face lifted when the bill comes in.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Another thing we have noticed in our journey through this old vale of tears, etc., is that anything that has to be protected against being laughed at deserves to be.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

Publishers Photo Service

THE NEW POLAND

A village street in Suprasl near Bialystok.

POLAND AS A GREAT POWER IN EUROPE

IT COMES AS A SHOCK to those accustomed to the order of things as it existed before the war, it is said, to realize that Poland is well on the way of becoming a great Power in Europe. No settlement can be made in Eastern Europe over the head of Poland or against the wish of Poland, and we are told that the political situation in the country is more stable now than it has been since the reemergence of Poland as an important European nation. A high political authority on European affairs, known as "Augur," in *The Fortnightly Review* (London), reminds us that ten years ago Poland did not figure at all in the diplomatic list, but now she takes her seat in the councils of Europe among the great Powers, and one sees that the only thing she lacks is the "consecration of her rank in the eyes of the general public." But, it is claimed that:

"This is a defect which swiftly becomes less with each year that goes by. It was a mistake, therefore, when during the last meeting of the Council of the League, for a reason which is not quite clear, the Polish delegate was not invited to be present at the private conversations which took place between the principal delegates, and in which the question of relations with Moscow was passed under review. Poland is the guardian of the Eastern marches of Europe, and the absence of her representative made these conversations unreal.

"The fact that Poland is a great Power establishes the foundation (1) for the attitude of Europe as a whole toward Poland, (2) for the relations between Germany and Poland, and (3) for the attitude of the Poles themselves toward international affairs. It is a well-understood tho unwritten law of practical politics that a great Power can not be dictated to, and that in every question in which it has a direct or indirect interest its wishes have to be consulted. This means that the time is past when Europe could present Poland with a cut-and-dried decision. Poland is emerging into the consciousness of Europe as a Power to be considered. To this remarkable change nothing has contributed more than the dignified attitude of the Polish Government toward the mad outcries of Moscow after the murder of Voikoff, the Soviet representative in Warsaw. This unfortunate affair seems to have been the touchstone on which the Polish national status was tried and found to be satisfactory. The contrast between the Bolshevik hysteria and the coolness of Poland was generally remarked and favorably commented."

The fact that Poland is a great Power places her on a parity with Germany according to this informant, who adds that therefore relations between the two countries can be conducted only on the plane of absolute equality, which means that, if there are any questions pending between the two countries, the proper way of discussing them is by a direct approach of one party to the other. We read then:

"Germany has a grievance in the question of the Polish Corridor. Well and good. The way for airing that grievance is by approaching the Polish Government. Here a remark is apposite. There are questions between States which not only can not be solved, but even can not be discust as long as relations have not been established on the basis of friendship. Germany must recognize the status of Poland as a great Power, and she must give up all hope of coercing Poland by the direct application of force or by trying to enlist the sympathies of other States. As far as Great Britain is concerned the policy of the Government toward Poland will inevitably be inspired by the principle: 'Poland is a great Power.'"

This contributor to *The Fortnightly Review* goes on to say that the Corridor was given to Poland as the only outlet to the open sea of a State of nearly 30,000,000 inhabitants, but it has also great international importance because its existence protects the trade of the whole of Central Europe and a large part of Russia from becoming the victim of a German rail monopoly. It is further related that:

"The geographical continuity of the Reich has been destroyed in the process, and the province of Eastern Prussia has again become, what it was before the criminal partitions of Poland in the eighteenth century, a separate German island. But its economic ties with Germany have not been interfered with, and are protected by special provisions in the treaties. Naturally, a Corridor always carries with it a measure of unfairness for one party, and the best thing would have been if by an exchange of territory and populations it could have been done away with altogether. But the substitution of a German Corridor for the present Polish one would not help matters in the least, and the resulting damage to Poland would be infinitely greater than the disadvantages laid at present upon Eastern Prussia. The latter is the citadel of the small but powerful group of Agrarian Junkers, who retain a great deal of their old influence in Nationalist circles. This explains but does not improve the persistent German demand for the return of the Corridor."

"Poland as a great Power" has a fine sound and inspires a proud feeling, we are told, but "pride must be tempered by a strong sense of duty." A great Power can not stand aloof from international affairs, it is noted, and therefore has international responsibilities which it is expected to accept and to carry out, and we read further:

"This means that its policy can not be guided solely by its own interests; it is obliged to take into consideration the interests of the group of Powers to which it belongs. *Noblesse oblige*, and a great Power, especially a great Power in Europe, can not refuse to bear its share of responsibility for the common weal, as laid down in the Covenant of the League. The peculiar thing about the status of a great Power is that it can not be refused. A nation does not become a great Power simply by declaring its desire to be one, and a nation which is *de facto* a great Power can not decline the privileges and duties attached to the title. The great Powers welcome Poland into their midst; at heart they are glad that a new member has come to share the burden of an onerous duty. Germany, at the time of her own entry into the League, made a great and, we consider, an ill-advised effort to mark the subordinate position of Poland. The result was contrary to expectations: public opinion became better acquainted with and more favorable to the Polish claim. For nothing can defeat in the end the pressure of real facts."

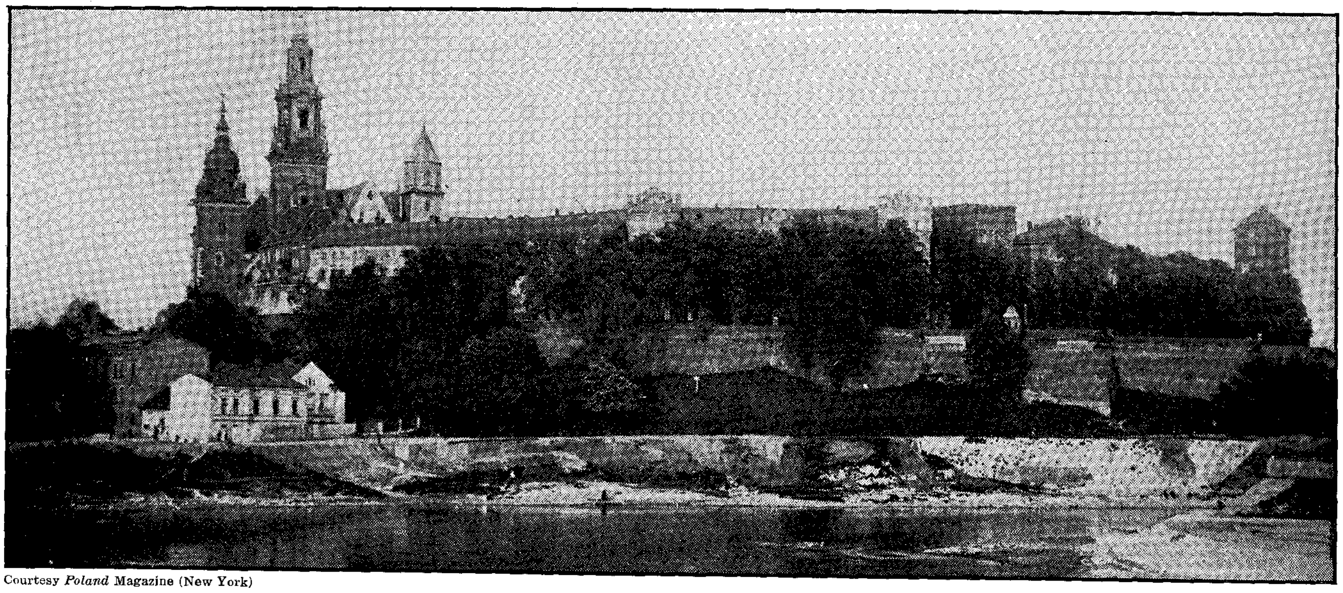
Poland has undoubtedly enjoyed greater prosperity since the rise to power of Marshal Pilsudski, we are assured by the London *Statist*, which adds that the canons of orthodox finance continue to be scrupulously respected and obeyed, while economic activity, freed from the recurring convulsions of political troubles, has been allowed better scope for development than it had enjoyed before. Nevertheless, this weekly tells us:

"The present economic situation, tho its financial basis is sound, can not yet afford justification for unbounded optimism. The harvest, on which the balance of trade is almost completely dependent, promises to be slightly below average, and its shortage may necessitate moderate importation of grain in the winter and spring. Industry has to a certain extent felt the effect of the resumption of work in the English coal-fields, but, nevertheless, maintains its general activity at a satisfactory level. Unemployment is still falling, the June figures were 190,500; they showed a reduction of 17,000 on those for May and of 114,000 on those for June, 1926. The credit situation, tho it has shown improvement lately—as indicated by the reduction from 8½ to 8 per cent. in the Bank of Poland's discount rate last May—is still comparatively stringent. There is a lack of floating and long-term capital which can only be made good by the inflow of foreign funds. The country has ample resources of coal, iron, and zinc ores, petroleum, salt, potassium, and timber. It has an active and virile population of nearly 30 million. It is governed by a strong and undoubtedly popular personality. There is thus both need and justification for the greater employment of foreign capital in the development of Poland's economic possibilities. The impending loan in New York, on the security of which a short-term advance has already been made by American bankers, will probably mark the inception of a considerable flow of foreign investment into Poland. The rates of interest at present commanded by capital invested in that country will not be obtainable for long, and it is to be hoped that, in spite of the many calls upon its savings, Great Britain will find it possible to share with America the opportunities for new and profitable investment in Poland."

Turning to Poland's financial condition *The Statist* reminds us that the first attempt at monetary reform in the country came after a severe spell of monetary inflation. It was a courageous but palpably ill-prepared and ill-conceived plan, and this weekly continues:

"Inflation had bitten deep into the accumulated savings of the population, and had, for a time at least, abolished the habit of saving. The dearth of capital was not remedied by a recourse to foreign capital markets, if we except a comparatively unimportant loan from Italy. An even more important defect was the omission to invoke the help of outside experience in the formulation of new central bank statutes, and of new machinery for the adequate control of credit, tho the benefit of foreign advice from Mr. Hilton-Young in the matter of State finances was asked and keenly appreciated. The faults inherent in the reconstruction were not long in making themselves felt, especially as the economic structure of the country was subjected to a wholly exceptional strain in 1925 as a result of the failure of the grain crop and the fall in the world prices of sugar and coal—two important Polish exports. An unfortunate tariff war with Germany further helped to dislocate Poland's international balance of payments, and in the absence of an Exchange reserve sufficiently large to cushion effectively this abnormal strain on the zloty Exchange the rate started to depreciate in August, 1925, below the parity of the gold franc, to which it had been fixt.

"The Government met the confidence crisis which then ensued with commendable skill and decision, and, after about twelve months of fluctuating Exchange rates, the zloty was again stabilized in terms of gold at a new and lower parity."



Courtesy *Poland* Magazine (New York)

HOME OF ANCIENT POLISH KINGS

The Wawel Castle, at Cracow, consisting of a palace, a fortress, a museum, and a cathedral, in the crypt of which lie Poland's illustrious dead.

A SHANGHAI CLOSE-UP REVEALS THE "REAL" CHIANG KAI-SHEK

VIRTUALLY DICTATOR OF SOUTH CHINA for the short period of a year, Gen. Chiang Kai-shek played an important rôle in the affairs of the Kuomintang, but after that, we are told, he took himself out of political life and retired to a temple outside of Ningpo, where, say some severe adverse critics, he can think of "the greatness he might have achieved had he not sacrificed every political principle to achieve greatness." Meanwhile, Shanghai dispatches advise us that a new phase in General Chiang's career is his proposed marriage to Miss Mei Ling Soong, a graduate of Wellesley College and a sister-in-law of the late Dr Sun Yat Sen, and it is further reported that their honeymoon will be spent largely in the United States. The associate editor of *The Far Eastern Review* (Shanghai), George E. Sokolsky, charges General Chiang with responsibility for split after split in the Kuomintang, so that by a process of elimination he might rise to the chief position in the party, and it is further alleged that:

GEN. CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Virtually the dictator of South China for a year, "found himself in the impossible position of a leader without a following."

"It was Chiang Kai-shek who brought Borodin back to Canton in May, 1926, so that he might have arms and munitions for his northern expedition. It was Chiang Kai-shek who elevated the Marxian Teng Jan-da to a controlling position in the machinery of the party so that he could utilize the propaganda agencies of the Communists in his interests. It was Chiang Kai-shek who overthrew the Communists and attacked the very men who made his military successes possible, when they impeded his Napoleonic ambitions.

"Foreigners in China, obsessed with the mania that there is no hope in this country except in a strong man, favor Chiang Kai-shek as they have in the past stupidly favored Yuan Shih-kai and Tuan Chi-jui.

"They seem to have learned nothing from Chinese history. They seem not to be able to realize that these so-called strong men in China invariably fail because they are not strong; they are tricky; they are masters of intrigue, but they have no fundamental strength. Chiang Kai-shek came closer to having a popular following than any of the other militarists, but his popularity was almost entirely created by the Communist propagandists when they were his supporters, and he lost it when they ceased to boost him. He went to Ningpo ten days before this article was written, and already his name is but occasionally mentioned, even in Chinese political circles, and then only in a reminiscent mood. He may return to public life, he may even some day lead an army to conquest—but he will never again play the rôle of an overshadowing leader in the Nationalist movement."

The strength of the Kuomintang, according to this informant, lies in its ability to absorb and withstand the shock of catastrophic failures, and he relates that Dr. Sun Yat Sen used to boast that he failed thirteen times and yet continued his work. Many times, it is said, he was driven out of his base at Canton by the very men he had elevated to high position, but he always returned, we are told, while they are in oblivion and their names are hardly known to the rising generation. The vitality of the Kuomintang movement depends upon its capacity to survive failures, and Mr. Sokolsky adds:

"Feudalism in China is different. The feudal lord does not expect to survive failure. When he fails, he retires to some foreign concession or foreign country to enjoy the riches which he garnered in the days of power. Where are the great Tuchuns of 1924? It would perhaps be a better question to ask, who were they? Forgotten, lost to memory and history, they sit in Tientsin and Dairen and Shanghai playing small politics listlessly, and hoping some day to get back into some position, but never quite being able to make the grade, because younger men and other times have written their obituaries. The only exception to this general rule is Marshal Wu Pei-fu, who in a way represents something more than mere feudalism: he represents the ancient Chinese code of chivalric morals and ethics as lost to China as the glories of Don Quixote were lost to Europe of another age.

"But the Kuomintang is in a different position. It may be incompetent. It may be radical, it may suggest tax programs which are ruinous to the country. It may associate itself at times with the Communists. Its faults lead to calamities; its incompetence leads to confusion. But to the average Chinese mind, it is the beginnings of a Chinese nation. It is often as unattractive as all beginnings, ugly efforts at big things by puny men. But whatever it is, it is Chinese and appeals to Chinese psychology. It represents to the Chinese mind a hope for the future. It lacks coherence because it depends upon the populace, and the populace is of a divided mind. It lacks perfection of organization because its leaders have devoted their life experience to revolution rather than to administration. It lacks discipline because it must go back to the party locals for authority. In a word, it is the meeting-house days of democracy carrying through a feudal-military period, functioning over a tremendous area of a revolution-torn country. Yet, it somehow carries on. No calculations of the future of China can be made without it. No assumptions as to political activities in China can be made except on the basis that the Kuomintang will continue to make itself felt, openly or secretly, somewhere in China."

General Chiang was more suited to Northern feudalism than to the Kuomintang, we are then advised, because he could not submit to party discipline and he "found the talkey-talk of the meetings irksome." He wanted to dictate, to control, to dominate, it is charged, and the party resisted him until he found himself in the impossible position of a leader without a following, and it is further stated that:

"Somewhere in the mass organization of the Kuomintang is there this resistance to individualism. Somewhere in all the weakness of the moment is there a hidden strength which keeps out the tyrant. Sooner or later, he must go as so many so-called powerful political figures have been forced to go in the Kuomintang. The passing of Chiang Kai-shek and Michael Borodin are characteristic of the same trend: no dictatorship by an individual. The party had rather suffer defeat and remain democratic than enjoy victories under a dictatorship.

"Some foreigners in China, new and inexperienced, fresh to conditions here, have sought to make a mythical figure of Chiang Kai-shek. They have sought to develop him as a grandiose personality, who eats foreign food with a knife and fork instead of with chop-sticks, who mysteriously moves hidden forces beneath the surface, like some detective-story account of a Chinese highbinder. All that is the childish trivialities of sensation seekers who see in China only a few outstanding personalities whose names they can remember, but who fail to fathom the stronger currents of mass movements.

"Chiang Kai-shek's career commenced in 1923 when he was invited to become principal of the Whampoa Military Academy, by Dr. Sun Yat Sen. He did not rise to even noticeable importance until after Dr. Sun's death in 1925. He has not been a factor long enough to leave a permanent impress upon the country. His military campaigns were won when the Russians advised him. His political victories were won when he was a big pea in a small pod in the city of Canton. His military failures began when the Russians left him; his political failures commenced when he attempted to operate in the whole territory of China south of the Yangtze. His collapse came when the older and historically more important men in the party sought a union of forces to which he was an impediment. The unification movement passed over him as a tank passes over dead stumps."

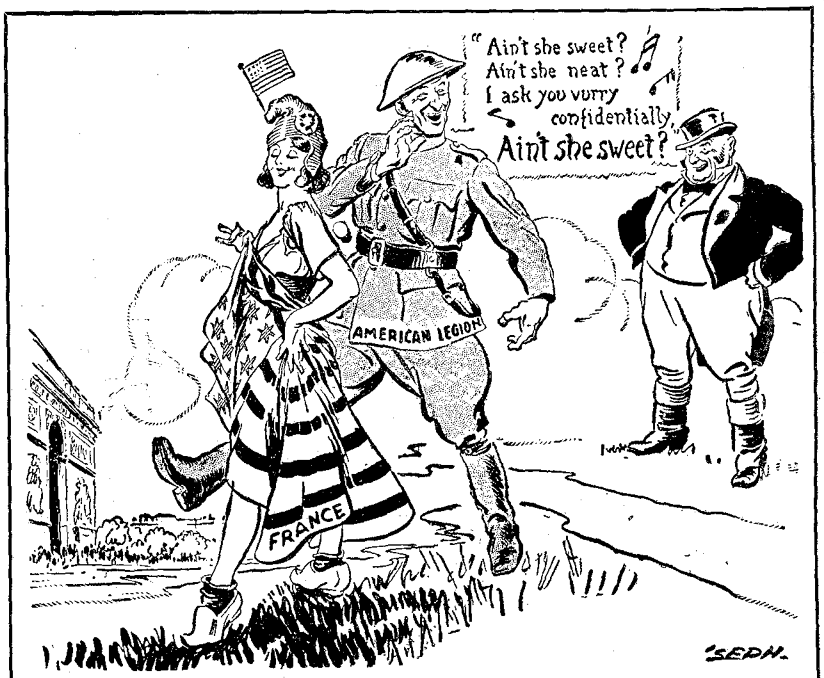
OVERSEA GLANCES AT OUR LEGIONNAIRES

AMERICA IS REDISCOVERED by France in the visit of the American Legion, say some French editors, who welcomed this body as the symbol of the "sincere, great, and free American nation." Of course, writes Maurice Prax in the *Petit Parisien*, in the ten years that have passed since the war there have been some bitter words between the two nations, but at the sight of the marching American Legionnaires, he adds, "these true and valiant friends, we can think only of the friendship that must always last between Americans and Frenchmen despite all misunderstandings, all difficulties and all statistics." In the Paris *Figaro*, Henri Vonoven recalls that the Americans helped France to save everything that her "barbarous foe" would have destroyed, and at the same time this journalist points out that the Americans do not forget that France helped them to gain the independence of their country. In extending a cordial greeting to the Americans, A. Albert Petit hails them in the Paris *Journal des Débats* as messengers of concord and confraternity, and he adds:

> "They carry on direct diplomacy, namely, that of the heart. We know very well that this diplomacy is not all-sufficient, and is not competent for all purposes. So be it. But at least it answers one purpose that is very strong and very noble, and without which there could not be that understanding which is based not on signatures, but on trust and faith in the same ideal."

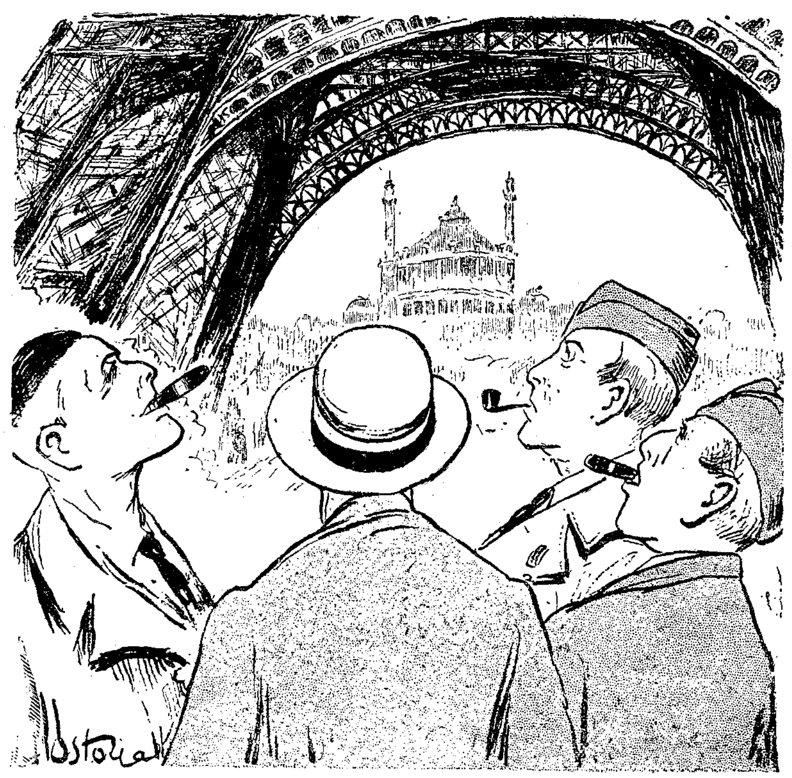
In England *The New Statesman* (London) speaks of the "invasion" of France accomplished by a Second American Expeditionary Force as the most astonishing enterprise of the kind that was ever undertaken. This weekly goes on to say that the American Legion is a great deal more powerful than any organization of European ex-soldiers outside of Italy, and—

> "Between this huge and rigorously controlled mass and the relatively quiet associations of our own veterans, for example, there could be no comparison at all. It is true, of course, that during a general election in England parliamentary candidates are frequently made aware that the ex-soldiers comprise a definite section of the community, holding a definite collective opinion upon certain matters. But no one in this country has ever supposed, or had reason to fear, that the British Legion might reach a dominating position in the public life, still less that it might come to exercise dictatorial powers. That, however, is the fact with regard to the American Legion. Created in the peculiar atmosphere of 1918–19, and captured with singular success by the reactionary-patriotic force of temporary officers, the American Legion has been engaged mainly in doing two things: keeping alive the war-time national sentiment, and claiming the right to impose a censorship upon education and public discussion—a right that is constantly asserted in the downright Fascist manner. In the great metropolitan cities of the United States the Legion can not be said to count for very much. Its repressive activities at any rate are not very serious. But it is another matter altogether in the lesser cities, in the small towns, and the college centers. There, in probably the majority of the forty-eight States, the Legion is regularly at work: keeping watch upon educational and social institutions, upon churches and editorial offices, and sharply intervening whenever the 100 per cent. patriotic somnolence of any district is broken into by a discussion upon dangerous topics, such as internationalism, or by the appearance of a suspected evangelist of radical doctrines."



AN INTERNATIONAL SONG HIT

—*The Daily Chronicle* (London).



FRENCH PLEASANTRY

THE LEGIONNAIRES: "It's a wonder the French wouldn't tackle the housing problem by converting this Eiffel Tower into seventy-five stories of apartments."

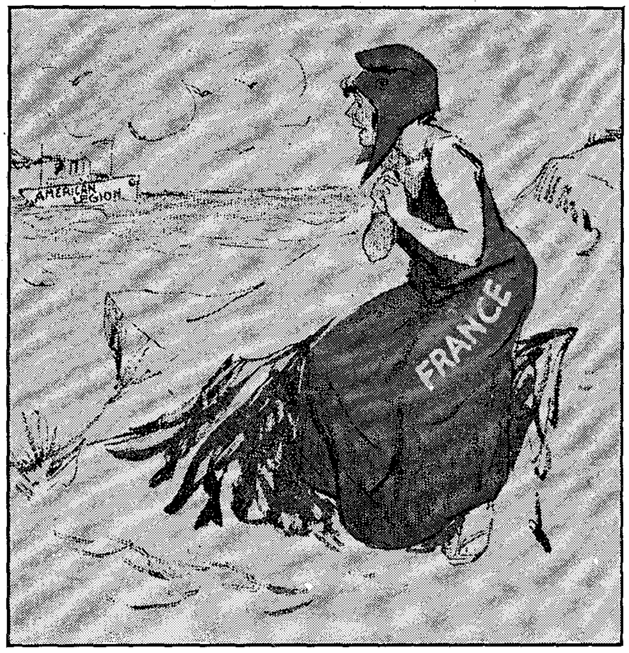
—*Le Cri de Paris.*

The American Legion and its state of mind, this British weekly continues, are only to be understood by recalling the difference of the war experience of European peoples and that of America. The European soldier in the war commonly played his part as it fell to him, with the sense of a grim and horrible job, we are told, but the American soldier saw himself as a crusader. In an extraordinary degree he seems to have accepted the propaganda version of the affair, it is declared, which at the time was natural enough, and we read:

> "The fact of an American Army's fighting in Europe was so incredible that it could only be made real by the laborious process of clothing it in romance. Peace was attained while the

greater portion of the vast new American Army was still outside the fighting zone, and two results, among many others, followed. First, the manhood of America came out of the War without the profound disgust and satiety which was the universal feeling of war-stricken Europe; and second, the American 'doughboy' went home by the hundred thousand, with his war-time illusions intact—see, for instance, 'The Big Parade.'"

Meanwhile, this British weekly presents its view of the American soldier as he saw France for the first time and then for the second. Ten years ago, it is said, France was a legendary land, and Paris, if anything at all, was the "metropolis of evil," and there is some unconscious humor in what we read further on this point:



A FRENCH REMINDER

France: "If only the Americans would bring a cancelation of the debt."

—*D'Artagnan* (Paris).

"There is evidence enough to show that when the American Army went home it still, on the whole, held to the native puritanism of its judgment. But, after their intoxicating taste of the freedoms of Europe, the soldiers of Uncle Sam went back to a country that was to a large extent being reorganized as a prison. They noted that the position of the Statue of Liberty was symbolic; her back was toward the land. In Europe the American soldier learned that the older civilizations are not run upon ice-water and soft drinks. He returned to find that national Prohibition had been enacted while he was saving Democracy and Liberty across the seas, and that the Dry Law was only the most conspicuous illustration of that vast system of social compulsion that is otherwise known as 'the land of the Free and the home of the Brave.' Falling into step, as he naturally would, the demobilized American soldier joined the Legion and went happily to work, once more a salesman in a country of salesmanship. 'Shades of the prison-house began to close,' as Wordsworth appropriately observed, about the simple legionary and Rotarian. America, humming with prosperity, had moved far away from the commonplaces of social freedom as understood and enjoyed in Europe. Fundamentalism, the Ku Klux Klan, the 100-percenters, the 'Nordic' assault upon all humane European traditions, Dayton trials, the myriad tyranny of Main Street—these and countless other tyrannies oppress the American scene. Outwardly the good average American accepted it all, and even applauded. America, he was reminded, is the land of liberty—the liberty to keep step. If he had not been in Europe he knew, maybe, no other practical definition of freedom. But if he were one of those who ten years ago had been drafted for the Big Parade, he could not help recalling, even as he chanted his Rotarian anthems, that the effete nations of the Old World were acquainted with, and were contentedly following, quite other ways of life."

MEXICAN VIEWS OF OUR NEW AMBASSADOR

MANY MEXICAN EDITORS are surprized at the storm of criticism raised in some sections of the press of the United States against the appointment of Dwight Morrow, as American Ambassador to Mexico, because, they say with some irony, as Washington is always intent on protecting American capital abroad, it is but natural that a banker should be chosen as Ambassador. What is more, in the case of Mr. Morrow, they welcome his cooperation in the arduous labor of straightening our American-Mexican relations which are still in the quandary created by the oil and property laws of Mexico. The day is approaching when the center of world affairs will move from Europe to America, remarks the Mexico City *Excelsior*, and the fact that New York has taken the place of London, Berlin, and Paris in the financial world, lends an increased importance to Mexican affairs. This newspaper adds:

"As far as we are concerned, we can only state that the all-powerful influence exercised by the United States Government in our internal affairs is an open secret. To belittle the importance of the American Ambassador would be plain nonsense, and should we desire to avoid disagreeable surprizes, we must face the facts, to avoid missteps and complications.

"We are informed that Ambassador Morrow is absolutely trusted by Mr. Coolidge, and that their trend of mind is the same. The fact that for several years he was a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company identifies him as a man well acquainted with business problems.

"We are told that Mr. Morrow is fully prepared to handle his task with distinction, and that he has been selected because the United States is interested in gaining the friendship of Mexico, and to insure her happiness and well-being.

"If such is the case, let us welcome the new Ambassador, and let us also hope that he may succeed in the difficult task of making two friends of two former foes, and of establishing a strong and enduring friendship between peoples made neighbors by nature herself."

A different tone is that of the Mexico City *Universal Grafico*, which rather sarcastically considers Mr. Morrow as an economic specialist, called in to cure Mexico's permanent financial crisis, and observes:

"Mr. Morrow's achievements, according to many American press dispatches, are of a strictly business nature. Not another word needs to be uttered! Mr. Morrow is an expert in financial matters. Welcome. From now on there will be two men in Mexico who know something about big business. One will be Mr. Morrow and the other, the American Ambassador."

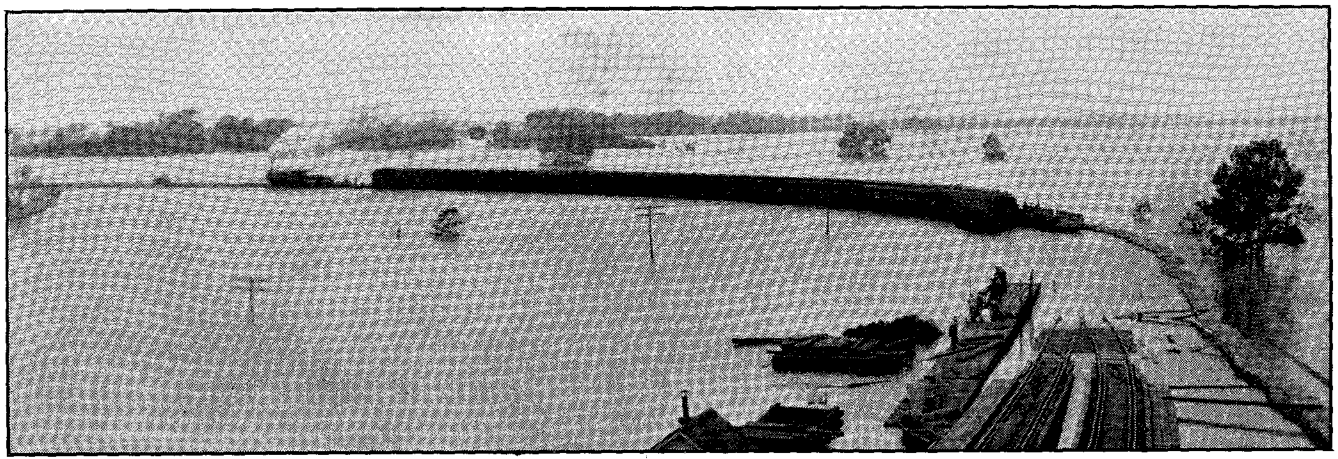
A severe critic of American diplomacy in Mexico is the Mexico City *Universal*, which remarks sharply:

"We notice, for example, that with one or two exceptions all the American papers refer to Mr. Morrow as the representative of American interests, not as the representative of the Government and the people of the United States. The whole matter is considered as if Mr. Morrow came as representative of a banking concern, and not as the representative of a neighboring and friendly country. A better understanding of our mutual situation and interests has been sadly lacking. The diplomats appointed to our country treat us as customers of the large manufacturers of the United States. The feeling of international sympathy and solidarity between the masses of the people of the United States and the masses of Mexico does not count at all.

"The continental diplomacy of the United States has, unfortunately, been always the same. Whatever his profession might be, a representative of the United States must be a champion of the financiers and bankers of the United States. Mexico will therefore refrain from opposing the appointment of a partner of the house of Morgan as Ambassador, since it may really be beneficial to deal directly with the men who direct the international policies of their country.

"Mexico's main demand is that the new Ambassador should know how to modify the selfish requirements of the most powerful capitalistic group on earth. In modern intercourse it can not be denied that economic factors rule all relations, and financiers are the real statesmen."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



Photographs with this article by courtesy of the American Railway Engineering Association, Chicago

"BUSINESS GOING ON AS USUAL"

A passenger-train of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, running through twenty-four inches of water at Delta Point, Louisiana.

WHAT THE FLOOD DID TO THE RAILWAYS

THIS HEADING IS USED by *The Railway Age* (New York, September 17), for an illustrated article abstracting a bulletin issued by the Railway Engineering Association, in which information is given about flood damage, protective measures and traffic interruptions. It might equally well have been entitled "What the Railways Did to the Flood," for it was an even fight most of the time, and on the whole the railways may be said to have won out. Moreover, besides protecting their property, in some cases actually rebuilding it as fast as it was being destroyed, and maintaining train service through several feet of water and over temporary tracks and bridges, they did yeoman service in warning and protecting the victims, rushing supplies to refugees and hurrying them by trainloads to safety. Says *The Age:*

"The Mississippi flood of 1927 cost the railways $10,000,000, according to an estimate made by a committee of the American Railway Engineering Association. Operation was suspended for 10 to 120 days on 3,000 miles of railways, the longer period applying principally to branch lines. Thirteen railroads were either seriously damaged or put to heavy expense to maintain such service as was possible. The actual physical damage to the railroads, including the cost of protective measures, is approximately $10,000,000. This figure, however, does not include the increased cost of maintenance of repaired tracks which will follow the restoration of service. It is impossible even to estimate the damage which has resulted through delay and loss of traffic, the cost of trains for rescue and relief service and detouring, or the ultimate effect upon railroad business through loss of crops and general interruption to business.

"The river, when in flood, is a constant menace. When the levee breaks the water rushes across the country like a tidal wave, sweeping everything before it. The people who live in the territory subject to inundation have learned to look to the railroads not only for assistance in protecting the land from floods, but for means of escape after the levees have broken. In almost every fight to save the levees the railroad forces have been found doing their part, and in many cases bearing the brunt of the battle, as the majority of those who are employed on the railroads of the valley are veteran flood fighters with years of experience gained in battling the forces of the river. The people residing adjacent to the levee usually find refuge on the unbroken portion to wait for boats, while those farther removed from the levee hurry to the railroad, with the knowledge that rescue trains will come to their relief.

"As soon as news of breaks in levees is received, special trains are rushed to the flooded territory for rescue work, many of them operating under hazardous conditions. The comparatively small loss of human life this year was due in no small part to the prompt rescue work of the railroads.

"Some idea of the extent of the relief work may be gained from the fact that the Illinois Central alone spent $387,000 in such work. The railways operated more than 400 relief trains; some 5,000 carloads of provisions, boats and other supplies were transported, practically all free of charge, and more than 4,000 box cars were supplied as living-quarters for refugees, many of which were occupied over long periods, in some cases more than sixty days.

"The railways were also active in sanitation and disease prevention, turning their hospital staffs over to this work. They supplied pure drinking-water in large quantities, using tank cars for this purpose. In addition, nearly 2,000,000 sacks, and the services of thousands of employees were furnished for levee protection.

"It was apparent early in April that railroads adjacent to the Mississippi and its tributaries were faced with the probability of severe flood conditions, and precautions were taken to protect their property.

"From the standpoint of railroad operation, combating high water is divided into three general phases:

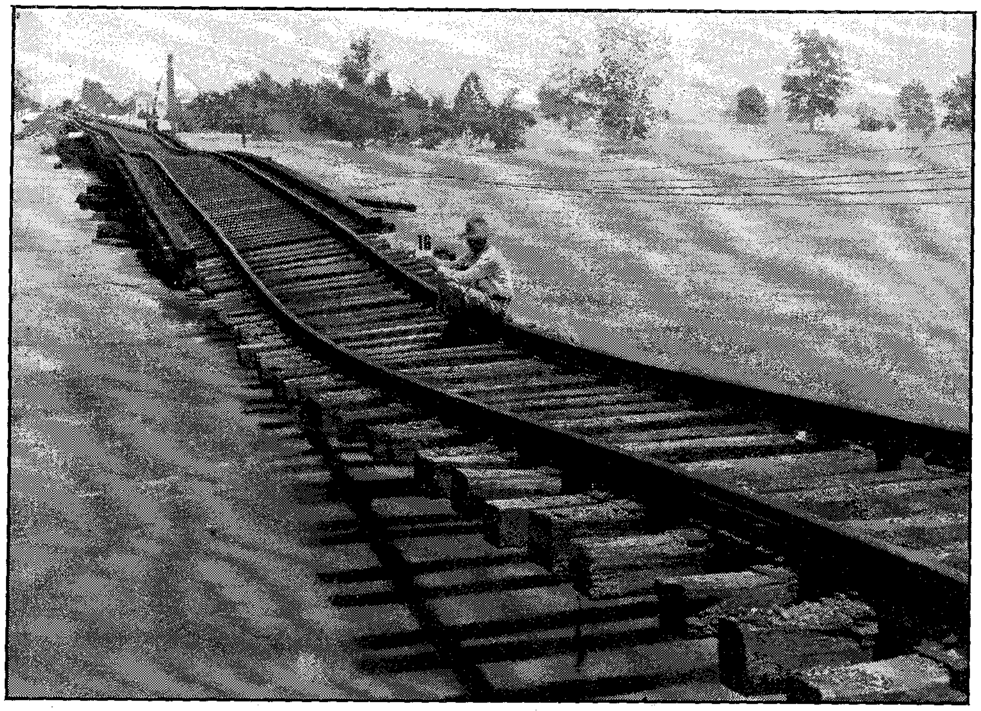
"1. Precautions to prevent overflow and to minimize the damage of tracks and structures when such overflow occurs.

"2. Efforts directed to remove inhabitants and their personal property and live stock from the overflow area.

"3. Restoring track and bridges to service and reestablishing and opening the lines to traffic in the shortest possible time."

Where there was a probability that the territory would be overflowed, all material possible was removed from the overflow area and stored on high ground. Track gangs were recruited to full strength and additional gangs held in readiness to move to the inundated area. Cinders, gravel and other ballast and filling materials were assembled in readiness for use. Large quantities of sand-bags were purchased, and in addition to those applied at once for protecting the ends of bridges, topping levees and protecting railroad embankment from wash, filled bags were stored in convenient locations. Track and bridge decks were anchored wherever possible to prevent them from being washed out of line. To quote further:

"A total of more than 618,000 bags was used at Vicksburg alone in keeping the water out. In order to take care of the



WHAT THE FLOOD DID TO THE RAILROADS

A bridge and embankment in Mississippi, washed out by the flood. The water is fifty feet deep under this bridge. This indicates the kind of reconstruction work the railroads have had to do.

enormous amount of storm water and water from sand boils, abandoned sewers, etc., it was necessary to maintain a total of twenty-three pumping units, with capacities ranging from 250 to 10,000 gallons per minute.

"One of the largest flood-prevention works ever undertaken by a railroad was carried out at Baton Rouge. The levee was elevated by railroad forces to a maximum of 10 feet in places, with an average raise of more than five feet. At this point the double-track main line of the Illinois Central occupies the levee. The track elevation was done entirely with cementing bank-run gravel and without interruption to traffic. The work required nearly half a million bags, 45,000 feet of lumber and 1,925 cars of gravel.

"At Grenada, Louisiana, railroad forces working under the direction of government engineers, and in conjunction with the levee board forces, saved the levee after waves had washed away about two-thirds of it. Due very largely to this work no breaks occurred in the levees on the east bank south of Baton Rouge.

"On the Vicksburg division the water was from three to four feet deep over the track and accompanied by a heavy current. It was necessary to crib four miles of track, most of which was done under water, and fourteen miles of track was reballasted, relined and resurfaced. In many cases the track was washing out as the work was carried on. In one place the heavy current and rising water made it necessary to drive piling across the opening and before the bridge was made safe for traffic it had been driven three times.

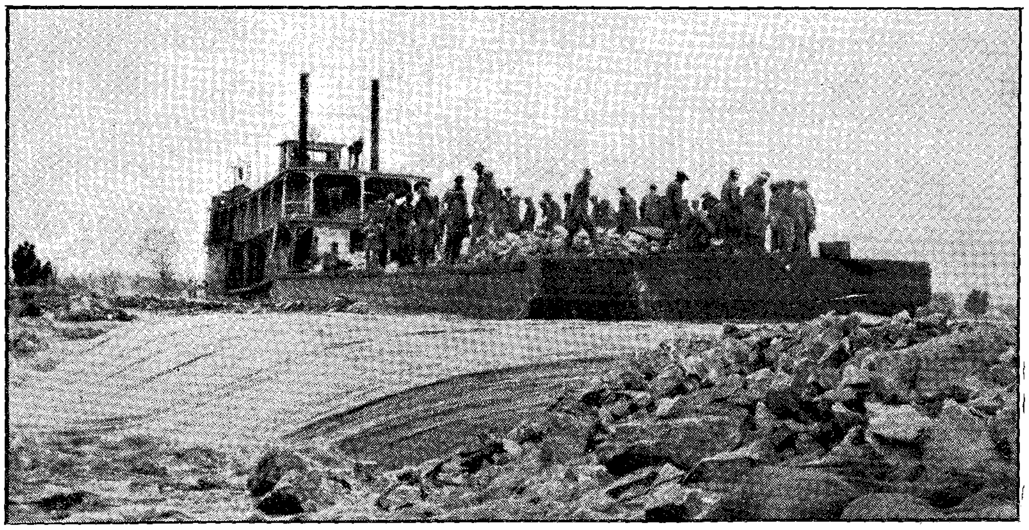
"In repairing track under water, derrick cars were used for unloading material, which was rafted ahead and placed by men working in the water, often waist deep. In the reconstruction of the track through Grassie Lake swamp, where nearly five miles of track was repaired under water, two 12 by 12 inch timbers, 30 feet long, were drifted together with ties and floated into position ahead of the track.

"Boats equipped with outboard motors were used for towing the material. This facilitated the work, as it was sometimes necessary to tow piling, stringers and ties for half a mile or more.

"The work was carried on day and night. In order to provide illumination, portable electric-lighting systems were installed on rafts and flat cars.

"On the Missouri Pacific, precautions to prevent overflow and to minimize damage were begun early in April in Illinois above Cairo, and were continued as the flood moved down the river during April and May. In Missouri, special train service was provided to carry sand-bags to the levees in Mississippi County, and to transport national guardsmen between the levees north of Dorena crevasse. Stone rip-rap and bags filled with sand or gravel were placed on the down-stream side of embankments, and the track was anchored by means of stakes and wire for many miles through bottom land.

"The Gulf Coast Lines took over the entire maintenance and protection of about thirty miles of levees on both sides of the Atchafalaya River, as well as a considerable section of the Mississippi River levee in the vicinity of the railway's incline and crossing at Anchorage, Louisiana. For this work the railway organized special levee gangs, establishing tent camps at some distance from the railway, arranging the necessary motor transportation for the movement of commissary supplies and material, and the furnishing of tools, levee sacks and other materials needed for the protection, topping and maintenance of the levees placed in the care of the railway. On the Southern Pacific, on the right bank of the Atchafalaya Channel, 7.6 miles of track was raised 16 to 24 inches on stringers and ties in advance of the flood crest. Between Morgan City and Schriever, two and one-half miles of track was blanketed with gravel without raising, and was protected on the down-stream slope with sand-bags. This work was performed without interruption of traffic at a time when the line was carrying the traffic of all roads entering New Orleans from the West. With these precautions all of this traffic was handled during the flood period without interruptions and with no unusual delay."

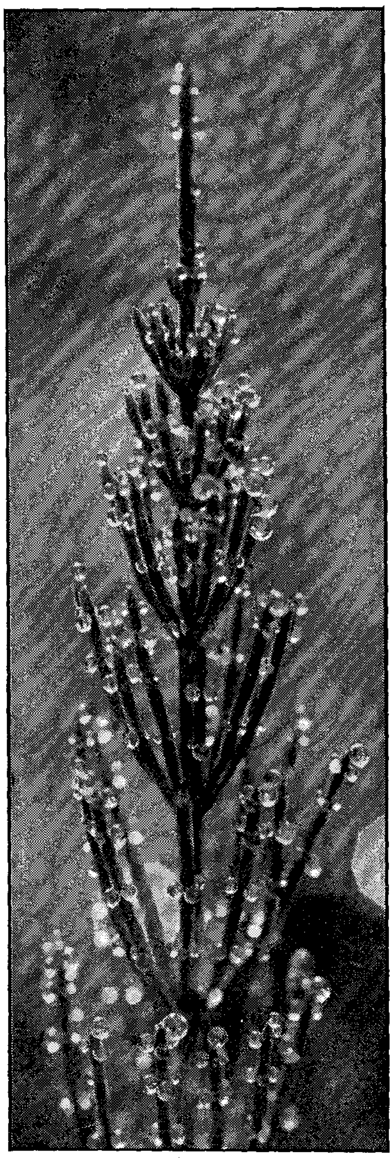


—AND WHAT THE RAILROADS DID TO THE FLOOD

Here are railroad flood fighters of the Missouri Pacific closing a break in the Mississippi River levee with rip-rap. An enormous amount of work like this was done to protect railroad-tracks and embankments.

NECTAR FROM PLANTS

THE TERM NECTAR is used everywhere, yet it is doubtful if it conveys the same idea to every one, says Prof. J. K. Wilson, of Cornell, in an article contributed to *Gleanings in Bee Culture* and reproduced in *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Conn.). It has been variously defined as the beverage of the gods, or as a fluid always sapid, usually sweet, often odorous, which is elaborated in any part of a plant, remaining where formed or making its way to some other part, its reason for existence being the necessity for the removal of some useless or injurious substance, or for some provision to attract nectar-loving animals to the plant for some definite purpose. Somewhere between these two rather extreme definitions, says Prof. Wilson, lies the ordinary conception of the word, and when it is used one immediately associates it with a flower that is filled with a sweet liquid. He goes on:



Courtesy of "Gleanings in Bee Culture," Medina, Ohio

NOT DEW, BUT NECTAR

Which exudes from the surface of some plants and collects in large drops.

"If the latter definition is accepted, it will include all plant secretions and excretions, whether from nectaries or otherwise, that may be collected by insects for the sugars they contain. While perhaps most nectar is secreted by special organs—nectar-glands—there are also excretions from modified stomata which may be collected with avidity by ants and bees, and which should perhaps be classed as nectar or at least as 'plant honeydew.'

"Many plants have their nectar-glands within the flower only. White clover is an illustration of this. Others have them only on parts other than the flowers, as is the case with cassia, while still others, for example, cotton, may have them in both places. Thus they may occur as modifications or appendages of any floral organ. Nectaries may be found on the calyx, or ordinary bracts, or involucre, or peduncle, or leaf. This variability in situation has possibly added to the confusion that already existed as to what should be included in the term nectar.

"The excretion from modified stomata may also be a nectarlike liquid, and one that at times is quite sweet. This excretion is the result of internal pressure forcing the plant-sap, with its dissolved sugars and salts, outward so that it collects as drops over these openings. Sometimes the excreting force is so great and continued so long that drops fall. Nearly all plants, either while young or if placed under proper conditions, may excrete such a nectarlike liquid. Whenever the internal pressure of the plant, caused by active absorption of water and accompanied by forced filtration is greater than the reduction force of transpiration, excreted liquids may appear. This condition is more likely to occur after warm rains, especially during the evening, night, or early morning, than at any other time.

"Corn, oats and wheat seedlings that are just coming through the ground may excrete drops that are quite rich in sugars. The endosperm of the grain at this period is being digested rapidly. The starch is being converted into sugar and possibly other substances faster than the growing seedling can use them. With the rapid absorption of water and the forced filtration, some of these dissolved substances are carried out through the surface openings—modified stomata—which are located at the periphery of the blades or leaves. It often collects in large drops, and can be readily seen. Sometimes this liquid is quite turbid, and may actually taste sweet.

"The amount and chemical composition of this sapid liquid that is excreted from modified stomata varies considerably. As many as eighty-five drops per minute have been seen to fall from the leaf top of *Colocasia esculenta*. The drops may come out with force enough to throw them five or six inches. Mr. Munting, two hundred and fifty years ago, said that he had seen a fine stream of water like a fountain springing from the leaves of aroids. He probably was exaggerating, altho it is not impossible that such might be the case if sufficient water were taken into the plant.

"The excretion of water by plants is probably more common than the secretion of nectar. It may be seen often on lawn grasses and on plants whose leaves or blades may be near the ground. It is quite regularly confused with dew by most persons. It may be seen on taller plants such as corn, oats, timothy, columbine, roses, bridal wreath, strawberries, sow thistle, buckwheat, and a great many other plants. It has been reported to drop from the immature leaves of the aspen, the maple and certain other trees, as in the case of the so-called rain trees of the tropics. This excreted material soon becomes concentrated and produces a sweet liquid that probably should be called 'plant honeydew'; as such, bees and ants collect it with avidity. It is different from the honeydew that is produced by insects, and should not be confused with it.

"It might be interesting to record an observation of the writer in this connection. Near some bee colonies a few rows of popcorn were planted. It was doubtful whether the corn would germinate well, so an unusual number of kernels was planted. The corn gave nearly a perfect germination, and plants came up eight or ten for every foot in the row. Early one morning when the plantlets were from one-half to one inch high, it was noted that the bees were going along these rows of corn. At first it was thought they were getting water from the ground, as they sometimes do early in the spring. On closer inspection, however, it was clearly evident that they were collecting this water of exudation from the corn plantlets."

Most of us have wondered what this fluid, which the ancients knew and believed to be the drink of the gods, and which we know now nature provides for another purpose, is composed of, and Professor Wilson goes on to tell us:

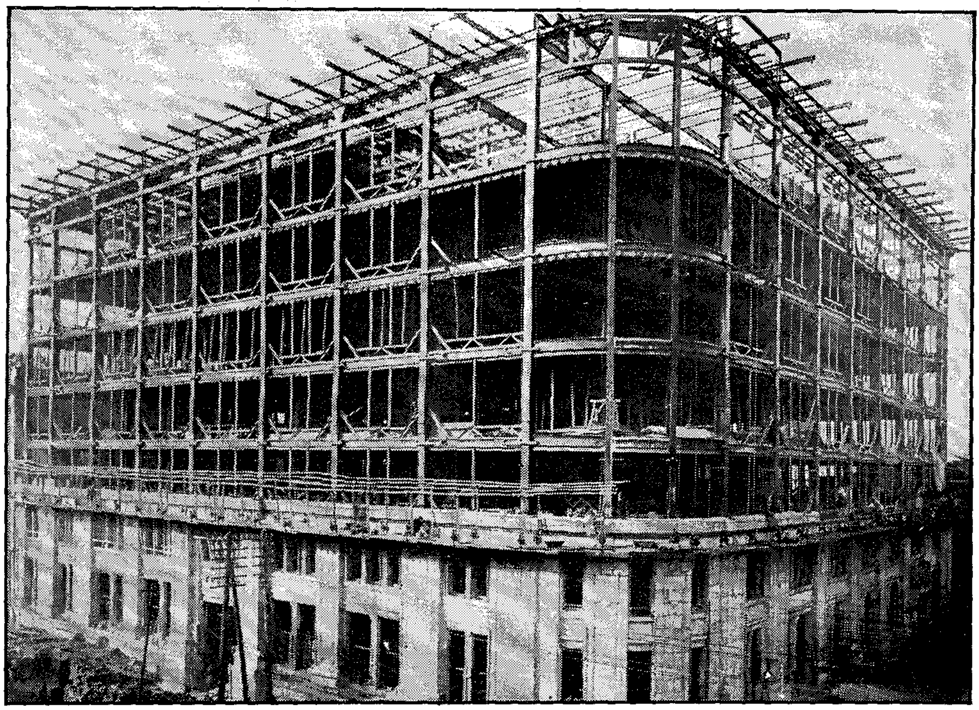
"The composition of this liquid is quite similar, when first secreted, to the sap of the plant. But it rapidly becomes concentrated through evaporation, and may eventually leave on the plant either concentrated sugar solutions quite similar to nectar or a crystallized residue containing sugar. A chemical examination of the excreted liquid from corn and timothy showed both organic and inorganic substances. Of 1030 parts of solid material from corn, 750 were organic and 280 were inorganic. The inorganic materials were similar to those that may be found in the soil solution. Among these were nitrates, carbonates, chlorids and sulfates. Among the organic substances numerous enzymes and several sugars were observed.

"It should not be inferred, however, that all this excreted liquid may be gathered for the sugar it contains. It is only when it becomes concentrated that it contains enough sugar to attract insects. Probably in most cases insects pay no attention to it; but it would seem that favorable conditions might occur when considerable quantities are available, and it may be that some of the off-flavors of honey are due to substances accompanying sugars from this source.

"It may be said, therefore, from the standpoint of differentiation, that true nectar comes from nectaries that are situated either in the flower or on some other part of the plant; that honeydew nectar may come from two sources—one from insects, known as insect honeydew, and the other from plants through modified stomata, the latter being called 'plant honeydew.'"

THE WORLD'S EARTHQUAKE FACTORY

EARTHQUAKES HAVE OCCURRED in nearly every part of the earth, but in only a few regions frequently. Earth shocks—all the way from minor tremors to the kind which cause disaster—have been of almost monotonous regularity. Japan, for example, has thus suffered heavy loss which has probably been greater since its partial adoption of our industrial civilization. Fortunately, the Japanese people are well-qualified to undertake scientific earthquake investigation, and the pressure of population has made it absolutely vital. Says Commander N. H. Heck, of the U. S. Coast Survey in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):



Courtesy of the George A Fuller Company, New York

A STEEL FRAME THAT STOOD THE GREAT JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE

The Japan Oil Building in Tokyo, as it looked while under construction in December, 1921. The earthquake shook it in September, 1923, but an engineering investigation showed that: "The steel frame in every case seems to have been of sufficient strength to withstand the dead loads and the sudden application of any superimposed loads due to vibrations caused by the earthquake, and also seems to have shown a sufficiently high elastic limit to have returned to its original position in every case. That there was undoubtedly a marked momentary deflection laterally in the columns is evidenced by the shattering of a large percentage of the masonry piers surrounding or enclosing the exterior wall columns and of the plastered partitions between the steel columns of the interior. While the momentary and violent deflection of the columns laterally, particularly in the second and third stories, was of sufficient strength to shatter the enclosing or contiguous masonry, the agitation was not sufficient to permanently distort the columns in any case."

"If it be an advantage to a country to be an 'earthquake factory,' then Japan is especially blest. This is illustrated by a remark of Dr. Tanakadate, a leading Japanese scientist. An American delegate to the recent Pan Pacific Science Congress in Tokyo was discussing the desirability of erecting various types of model buildings in an earthquake region, to analyze the effects of an earthquake upon them. 'If some one will provide the buildings,' said Dr. Tanakadate, 'Japan will furnish the earthquakes.'

"Scientific earthquake investigation has been going on in Japan for years. After the opening of the islands to western civilization, a group of European scientists began the work, and to-day an organized and well-conceived plan of study is in progress.

"It might seem, at first glance, that this study has been fruitless, since earthquakes have continued to occur. Earthquakes will probably always occur, at intervals, and doubtless will continue to cause some loss of life and property, especially in thickly populated areas. No amount of scientific study can ever prevent Mother Earth from easing up the accumulated strain on geologic strata occasionally, with a resultant shaking up. There are very definite possibilities, however, of materially reducing losses in life and property.

"Economic conditions, at present, prevent the adoption of some of the ideas thus far developed. Then, too, a lack of knowledge and, often, blind fear on the part of the general public tends to produce a paralyzing apathy which hinders scientific progress materially.

"People are prone to blame earthquakes for disasters for which the earthquakes themselves are not responsible. The terrific loss of life and property in the Tokyo-Yokohama earthquakes, for instance, was partly due to the great typhoon which accompanied it. When fire broke out in the stricken areas, the typhoon fanned the flames to such intensity that nothing could resist them.

"The earthquake problem is primarily an engineering one. The problem concerns the construction of engineering structures in such a way as to resist disturbances of the earth's surface. Bridges, buildings, water-mains, sewerage systems, and pipe and conduit lines of all kinds must be studied. At the present time, a building is being erected in Tokyo designed to resist both earthquake and fire. Only time, of course, can determine the success of this experiment, but it is a step toward saving of life and property.

"In studying the earthquake problem, the attention of scientists is centered largely in Japan, simply because Japan is the world's 'earthquake factory.' In the United States, several agencies are at work. Back of them is the Federal Government, doing part of the work and giving encouragement to the other agencies. The work is of immense practical importance, nationally as well as internationally. We should not forget that the United States has experienced earthquakes in five distinct regions in the last 150 years.

"The U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey is in charge of earthquake investigation in the United States and its possessions. This Bureau has started an earthquake census, so that the architect, the engineer, the insurance man, and the public generally may have exact knowledge of all earth shocks occurring in the United States and its territories. The Bureau is operating seismographs, to record earthquake shocks, at six widely scattered observatories from Porto Rico to the Hawaiian Islands."

THE "EQUINOCTIAL" MYTH—The "equinoctial storm," otherwise known as the "line storm," is a myth, according to Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, "Why the Weather?" (Washington). Statistics show, he says, that there is no maximum of storm frequency, either in this country or in Europe, close to the date of either equinox, when the sun crosses the equator. Of course, in the long run many storms do occur about these dates, just as they occur at all other times of the year, but there is no scientific reason for supposing that their occurrence can be connected with the sun's passage. He goes on:

"In this country an 'equinoctial' is looked for particularly in September, about the time of the autumnal equinox. On September 3, 1925, the naval airship *Shenandoah* was destroyed in a storm over Ohio. Some authorities believed this storm to be of the type known as a 'line squall,' which advances across the country with a linear front, so that a long, narrow strip of country is affected at the same time by its passage. The storm was described under this name in the newspaper reports of the disaster. Most American newspaper readers had never heard of a 'line squall,' but believed firmly in the recurrence each year of the 'line storm,' alias the 'equinoctial.' The curious result of all this was that the wreck of the *Shenandoah* was widely attributed to an 'equinoctial storm.'"

BOMBARDING PARIS AT LONG RANGE

EXACT INFORMATION about the so-called "Big Berthas" that threw shells into Paris from a distance of over sixty miles is now available both from German and French sources, after years of romancing and guesswork on the subject. This is assembled and summarized in *Army Ordnance* (Washington), by Lieut. T. R. Taber of the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army. Writes Lieutenant Taber:

"There has been a great deal written since the World War on the subject of the German long-range guns which fired on Paris in 1918, but the information has been derived from such varied sources that it has been more or less fragmentary.

"The following article, published by the *Revue D'Artillerie* (Paris), is based upon a German press article which furnished information and photographs to supplement the accounts of these interesting weapons which had already appeared.

"The caliber chosen was 21 centimeters [8¼ inches.] After erosion, which occurred rapidly, the tube was rebored and rifled to take a 24-centimeter [9½-inch] projectile.

"The gun was built from a 38-centimeter naval gun fitted with a 21-centimeter rifled tube and prolonged by a smoothbore extension. The two tubes were assembled at the firing position.

"The popular expressions 'Bertha' or 'Big Bertha' were never used in Germany in connection with the 'Ferngeschuetz.' The name 'Dicke Bertha' was used in Germany throughout the war in connection with the 420-millimeter mortar, which was so named because it was manufactured in the shops of Bertha Krupp of the famous Essen family of that name.

"Captain Kinzel of the German Navy, in his book '*Auf See Unbesiegt*,' consecrated to the glory of the German Fleet, has given many details on the long list of experimental projects which led to the production of the long-range guns.

"'Shortly after the beginning of trench warfare there was a desire to increase the range of the large naval guns. The question was, would the high command approve the expenditure of money, materials and labor for the construction of a gun with a range of 100 kilometers (our trenches were then, in 1916, about 90 kilometers from Paris). General Ludendorff, usually so cold in his communications, responded enthusiastically, and urged us by all means to make the undertaking.'

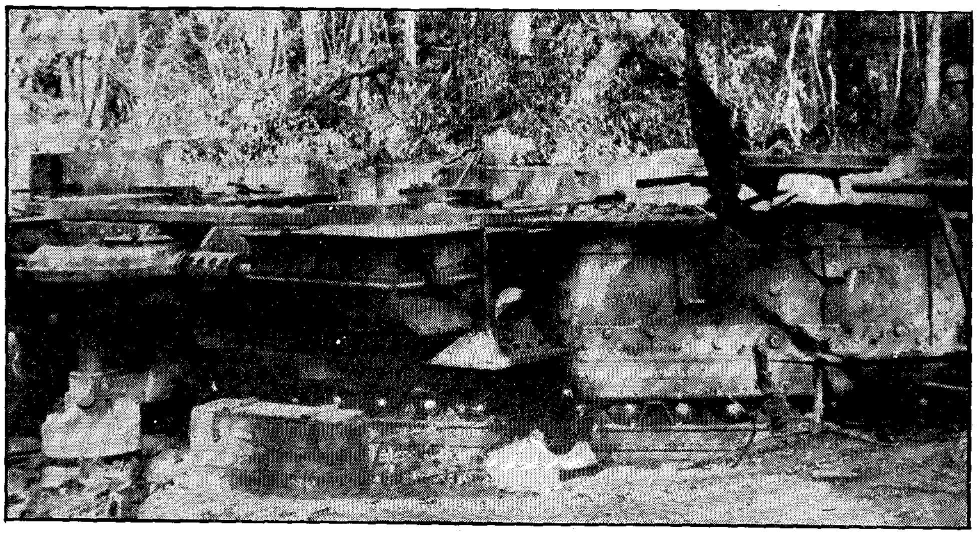
"The author dwells on the difficulties of the task undertaken by the Department of Naval Artillery in collaboration with Krupp. It was necessary to double the muzzle velocity, determine types of powder to use, the type of projectile—in fact, to extend all the principles of ballistics and at the same time guard the secret. 'The work had been in progress for nine months,' he continues, 'when the following brief telegram was received from Ludendorff: 'Please base your studies on a range of 120 kilometers instead of 100.' The explanation was obvious: the decision to retire to the Siegfried position had been made. Difficulties multiplied.

A FATAL TARGET OF THE LONG-RANGE GUN

The Church of St. Gervais, Paris, where seventy-five people were killed and ninety injured on Good Friday, 1918, by the mysterious long-range German gun, firing from more than sixty miles away.

"The author concludes with a description of the first days of firing in position. Three guns were in battery in the neighborhood of Laon, camouflaged in the forest. At 7:15 A. M. on March 22, 1918, the first shot was fired. Several 21 centimeter guns set up in the same area fired at the same time, in order to confuse the enemy locator sections. The Germans waited with impatience to learn whether Paris had been reached. The following morning firing was continued, altho no one knew, as yet, where the first shots had struck. 'A telephone call was soon received from headquarters: "The Parisian newspapers of this morning give accounts of the bombardment of the city by a powerful gun, the location of which is as yet unknown." Our enthusiasm was short-lived, for during our celebration a shell struck within 250 meters of our headquarters in the middle of the Battery position, and a few minutes later, a second.'

"Captain Kinzel wonders 'How the French were able to discover the exact location of our guns only thirty hours after our first shot, despite the ruse of firing all of the guns simultaneously. How could they get powerful artillery into proper position 25 kilometers away and open fire with such exactitude?' He concludes that the only explanation was, that the inhabitants of the neighborhood must have made known to the enemy that work had begun on the emplacements nine months previously. Kinzel could not believe that the French locating devices were capable of distinguishing between the guns firing from the same general direction, but some of them with a muzzle velocity of 1,500 meters, and the remainder with muzzle velocities half as great."



PERHAPS USED FOR THE GUN THAT SHELLED PARIS

A German gun emplacement found by the American forces during the war which from its size and strength was thought likely to have been one of the emplacements used by the Germans to support the gun that shelled Paris from a distance of more than sixty miles.

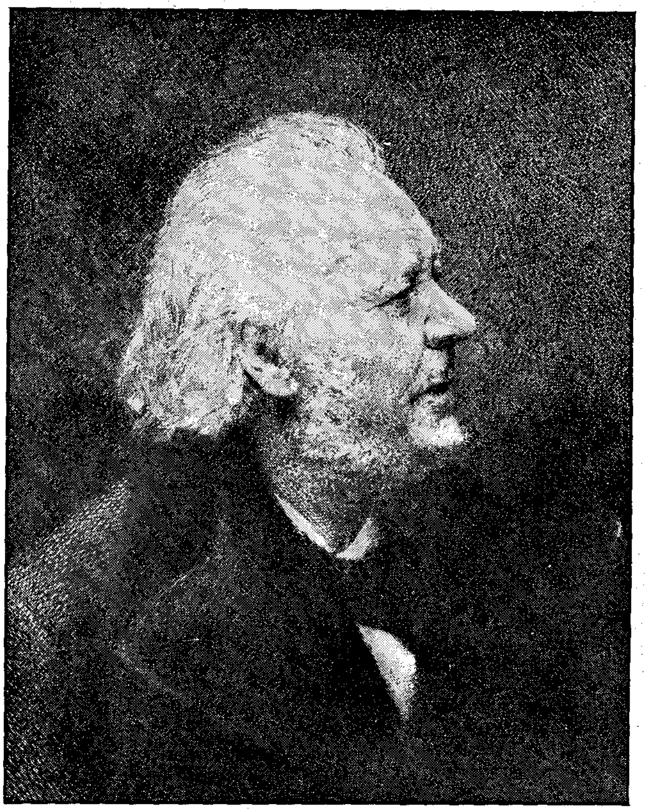
LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

DAUMIER, THE LAWYER'S BANE

LAWYERS HAVE LITTLE REASON to love Honoré Daumier. He was perhaps the greatest of all French cartoonists, and flourished during the reign of Louis Philippe, who came to the throne in 1830. By some curious turn of the collector's fancy his stock has lately gone up in the auction room, and at a recent sale in Paris nine of his works brought 3,500,000 francs ($140,000). One might ask how many lawyers have been among the purchasers, for lawyers have been the special butt of this man's mordant humor. Daumier's father made him a lawyer's office boy, "a 'gutter-jumper,' as the occupation was called in the slang of the day"; and "here in the very bottom rank of the legal profession," says Mr. Roger Fry in the New York *Times*, "he got a profound insight into the qualities, the foibles, the pretensions, the vanities and hypocrisies of the men of the law." Lawyers had no suspicion that there was a "chiel amang 'em takin' notes." Says Mr. Fry:

"They indeed took no trouble to conceal their inner nature before so infinitesimal a creature, little knowing what a terrible vengeance he was destined to take in after life. For when Daumier became one of the greatest cartoonists that the world has ever seen, he chose the lawyers with a quite special gusto as the mark of his mordant satire. Dickens himself never registered so many bull's-eyes in the legal breast."



From Cary's "Honore Daumier," G. P. Putnam's Sons

THE "MICHELANGELO OF CARICATURE"

Daumier, the Frenchman, was so called: yet he might "rather be named the Rembrandt of Caricature."

But "gutter-jumping" was obviously too impossible for the impossible youth, and the father, who needed his support, consented to his studying art. But—

"Even in the studio Honoré was hopeless. He soon began to desert it for the streets and, when his parents remonstrated, all he could say was that altho he did not know quite what he wanted it was not the sort of thing taught in his master's studio. There was decidedly nothing to be made of Honoré.

"For a time he was left to his own devices which were—tho his poor parents could have no idea of it—exactly the best means of education possible. Honoré divided his time between copying the classic sculptures in the Louvre and watching with avid eyes every incident in the streets of Paris. From the streets he learned what were the actual movements and gestures of the human body; how they exprest the man's inner state. From classic sculpture he learned how to interpret these movements in a moving and harmonious style. He achieved at once intense vitality and grandeur of design. Thus he prepared the way to become what in after life he was called, the 'Michelangelo of Caricature.'

"But even Honoré saw that he must earn money. He got a friend to teach him the technique of lithography. This process was then comparatively new and had lately become the fashion. All illustration and book design had to be done in that medium. Fortunately it suited to a nicety Daumier's talent. In it he could scribble his rapid and incisive indications of gesture and expression; its rich blacks and infinite gradations of half-tones allowed him to impose on these the dramatic contrasts of light and shade which he loved. For Daumier was a great chiaroscurist—that is to say, he relied on contrasts of light and shade both to unify his design and to give the emphasis he needed to the dominant notes.

"Daumier was indeed the ideal cartoonist. Those vast stores of visual memories of the types and characters of city life, which he had accumulated in his apparently aimless saunterings through the streets of Paris as an unobserved but diabolically observant street arab, could be drawn upon endlessly to supply the material for his rapid and brilliant improvisations. The work was miserably paid, but Daumier's fertility of invention enabled him to earn a competence.

"And he had a piece of good fortune. In the Rue d'Anjou he found a room at a low rent which he took on a long lease. Up above he discovered a large disused attic, which he converted into a great, roomy, bare studio. The proprietor, who had never realized the possibilities of his own house, was filled with remorse at having let the place for so little. From time to time he would come up to find Daumier busily at work and would uneasily lead the conversation around to the question of rent. 'Then you wouldn't care to arrange for an increase of the rent?' To which Daumier regularly replied in a cheerful voice: 'It is very good of you to think of it, but I had just as soon not.'

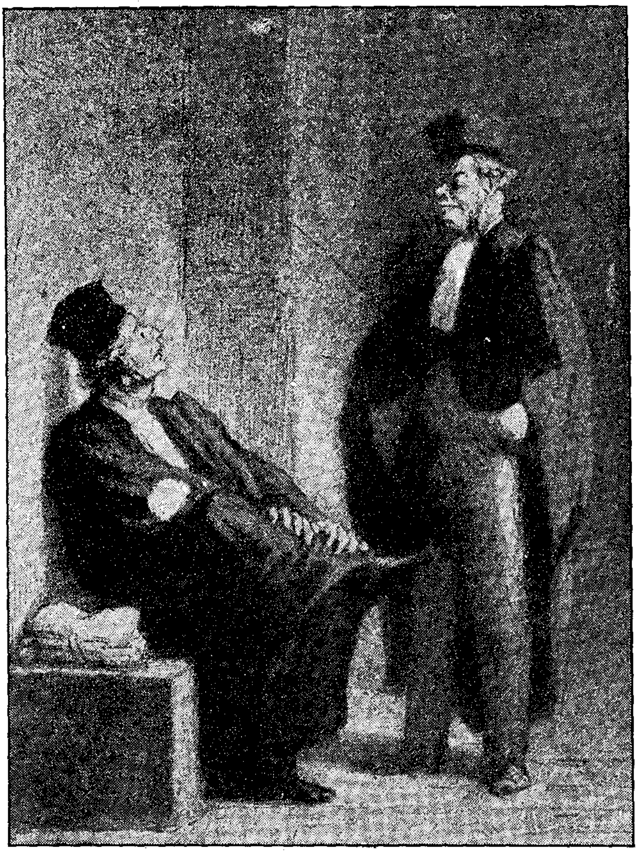
"Here in his studio Daumier worked unceasingly at his designs for the comic papers of the day. For more than forty years—from 1830 to 1873—Daumier poured out for these and similar publications a ceaseless stream of lithograph designs, in which he mocked at the pretensions of bourgeois life or chastised the supposed iniquities of the governing classes."

Modern capitalism, "by seizing on and monopolizing the press, has almost killed the art of caricature," charges Mr. Fry, showing how social evolution has removed a strong weapon from the hands of the weak:

"It is the snarl of the under dog. When the top dog tries to adopt the weapon as he does in our so-called comic papers and to laugh at the crank reformer or raise a howl against the revolutionary fanatic, the weapon loses all its force. It is the successful and possessing classes whose self-complacency lends itself to comedy. The miserable, however criminal or however fanatical, are not good material for a laugh, for satire, or for irony.

"The very fact that a cartoonist is attacking the strong and has to escape his revenge and keep out of the reach of the law sharpens his ingenuity and stimulates him to subtler irony. When, as in most of our comic papers, the powerful attack the weak they do so coarsely and with an effrontery which should shock us a great deal more than it does. I could name some so-called comic papers that are fitter to provoke tears of shame than laughter.

"In any case, Daumier was always on the side of the weak; he was always 'agin the Government,' often quite wrongly and unfairly. It would be useless to pretend that he had any profound understanding of social problems or political necessities, or that he was overscrupulous in his attacks. For him the poor were always right, always the victims of unjust oppression or political tyranny. And he was not even careful to keep on the right side of the law—whence that little incident of a stay in the prison of Ste. Pelagie, where, to do justice to his 'oppressor,' Louis Philippe, he was quite hospitably treated and hardly suffered either inconvenience or discomfort.



From a water-color in the Bureau Collection. Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

REVENGE OF THE "GUTTER JUMPER"

Daumier was apprenticed to a lawyer's office, but hated the job, and this "Lawyers in Conversation" is one of his many lampoons on the gown that he drew throughout his lifetime.

"His attitude toward society was then, as we see, a simple and rather naive one. His feeling that the poor were always in the right was dictated rather by his native generosity and sympathy than by any clear intellectual understanding. But the emotion was genuine enough, and, poor as he was himself, he was always willing to sell a few water-colors or drawings at auction in order to help some one still poorer and more necessitous than he.

"None the less, this moral bias that makes him so sympathetic as a character was not altogether harmless to the artist. He was liable to sentimentalize the poor while he gibbeted the bourgeois. He forgot at times that it is the artist's duty to expose rather than to plead. The duty of detachment from any particular interest is as great for the artist as it is for the man of science.

"Thus it comes about that Daumier is at his best when his theme does not lend itself to moral indignation or to any specific moral reaction. It is in what we may call his 'neutral' interpretations of contemporary life that he rises to the greatest heights. One might almost say that he is moving in proportion as he himself remains unmoved, or rather is moved only by the contemplation of some expressive gesture or of some significant accident of light and shade.

"Among his finest works are the many designs of 'The Connoisseur.' They are probably things seen in his studio when some collector of prints would ask to go through a portfolio of his lithographs. There is no moral or dramatic issue here: only a gentleman leaning over a portfolio to turn over a print, and yet, from the unconsciousness and concentration of the pose; from something in the way the light glances on the hand and falls on the wrap round the man's neck; from the black silhouette of his top hat against the white wall and the light reflected upward on to his face from the prints; from a thousand subtle modulations of light and shade throughout the whole design; from all these purely pictorial qualities there emerges an atmosphere of strange and almost disquieting humanity—a feeling which, in connection with so colorless a situation, it would be absurd to call tragic but which evokes a deep and profound sentiment in the spectator.

"Or take another motive that Daumier treated again and again—the women of Paris bringing their bundles of clothes up the steps of the quayside from their washing place on the Seine. Here again the theme is of every-day commonplaceness, essentially insignificant and merely matter-of-fact; yet just by the poise of the figure keeping its balance against the weight of the bundle, by the massive roundness of the forms seen in darkness against the lighted stonework, Daumier will stir the deepest feelings; will reveal what psychological depths underlie the commonest gesture of the most ordinary human being. Since Rembrandt's day no artist had created designs that hinted at such a profound understanding of human nature as Daumier's."

WEAKNESS OF VULGAR PLAYS

IN LONDON, "NOTHING SO MUCH insures a run for three months as a play written round a subject which just gets past the censor, or in which there is some risky or suggestive situation." Evidently audiences on both sides of the water are tarred with the same brush. Mr. Edgar Wallace analyzes the theater situation there for *The Morning Post*, and the results might stand for a description of New York. Some might add—"only more so"; for we get most of the plays the censor lets through there, and also have some of our own that he debars from entrance when they knock at London theater doors. Mr. Wallace's comments are enlightening:

"Several people have told me recently, when we have been discussing public taste, that a play which abounds in Rabelaisian vulgarities as near to the edge of indecency as the writer dare get without risking a prosecution has a better chance than any other, and they have offered the opinion that the public are growing more vulgar and coarser. I don't think this is the truth. I think authors are growing coarser.

"The public taste invariably errs on the side of vulgarity. The expletives they hear and the vulgar gestures they see on the stage are as familiar to them in their every-day lives as the palms of their hands.

"We aren't very proud of the shocking language we use, and perhaps we are a little tickled by the sanction that the extravagances of the stage give to our own weaknesses. Possibly some of us pur complacently (and unconsciously) when we hear an ensanguined adjective in the mouth of a stage character, and say to ourselves: 'There is a word I often use: it's much funnier than I thought.'

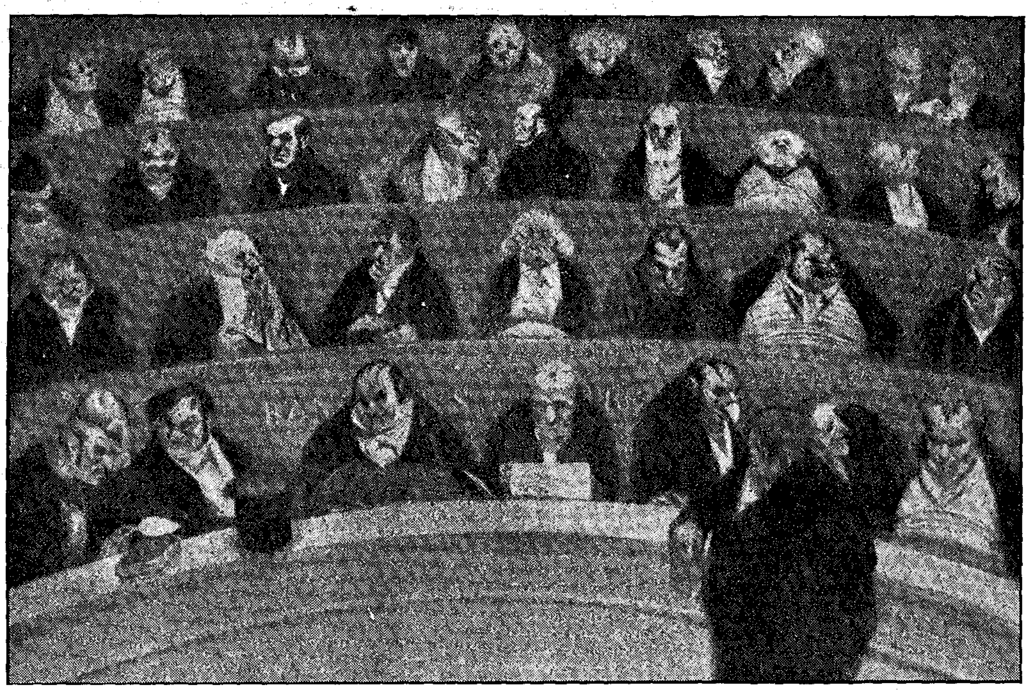
"I have described the bad language in 'The Wolves' as being silly, and I can say this with authority, since I am something of a connoisseur of bad language, because I graduated through a barrack-room by way of Billingsgate Market. It is something more than silly; it detracts from the value of the play, and, curiously enough, discounts the natural drama of the piece.

"If you are being thrilled and shocked, as quite a number of people are, by strings of epithets, you lose much of your capacity for the supreme thrills which arise out of the natural development of the story. The real shocks are discounted when a company has been engaged in steeling the audience to meet its thrilling climaxes. . . .

"The theory that healthy-minded young people are not 'hurt' by being at an early age made acquainted with dirt has many supporters. My point is that if you gave each of a hundred babies a nice, bright, shiny and attractive razor to play with, the mortality would not be more than 2 per cent. But the fact that 2 per cent. of these enterprising infants would cut his or her little throat justifies the prohibition of these alluring playthings."

THE "DULNESS" OF H. G. WELLS

JOHN KEATS'S FIRST EFFORTS in poetry aroused a storm of disapproval that resulted in the legend that his early death was caused by the attacks of unsympathetic critics. No one believes that now, but Gifford and Lockhart, who wrote in *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly*, still bear the stigma of their ruffianism. The days of literary freebooting might almost seem to be revived in England; only the victim, instead of being a young poet like John Keats, happens to be the seasoned novelist, H. G. Wells. The writer remains concealed under a pseudonym—"Scrutator"—and the organ is *The Empire Review*. Mr. Wells is rebuked for clinging to this life, and so forfeiting a glowing obituary. "If Mr. H. G. Wells had died before the war, we should have mourned the loss of one imaginative novelist of unusual merit and of a contemporary figure not wholly inferior in interest to his own *Kipps*. But Mr. Wells, rather thoughtlessly for an egotist so inflated, failed to seize the right moment for his demise. He has emphasized the outstaying of his welcome on this planet by the output of many new works of an ever-increasing and now, indeed, of a chloroforming dulness." If this is not the spirit of 1820-'25 when Keats was supposed—tho erroneously—to have been "snuffed out by an article," what is it? Mr. Wells's shortcomings or oversteppings are further elaborated:



Courtesy of the Weybe Galleries

"THE LEGISLATURE"

Legislators and lawyers were tarred with the same brush in Daumier's eyes.

"Every year there is launched upon the bookstalls some new publication, vulgarly heralded by his publishers, and not less obtrusively recommended by one of those press controversies by which Mr. Wells, with a shrewd commercial instinct, advertises his prolific quality. He once, incredibly, thought that the world was ready to accept him as a political and social critic, pure and very simple, and he wrote the most unsuccessful and almost the most foolish of all his books, upon the Washington Conference. Warned by a public failure, he has since returned to the form, if not to the substance, of the novel. His latest volumes—the 'Clissold' trilogy and 'Meanwhile,' just published —are a disingenuous attempt to palm off turgid political essays as fiction. Fragments of incident are inserted to give substance to the publishers' claims that these works are novels. No experienced reader will be deceived, and few, we imagine, will invest in his next imposture.

"'Meanwhile,' we were told by his communicative publishers, was to be based on the General Strike of last year; the criticism of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill was to be 'ruthless.' What do we find? The General Strike enters the book only, first, as a distant rumble in the background and, later, as the text for a few tiresome letters written by one of the characters to his wife. The 'story' is set in a villa near Ventimiglia, just over the Italian border. The house party consists of *Peter Rylands*, a young English coal-owner; his wife, who is *enceinte; Mr. Plantagenet-Buchan*, a Europeanized American; *Lady Catherine*, an aristocrat of easy virtue; *Mr. Sempack*, an author-philosopher; and a few nondescripts or supers. *Mr. Sempack* is another *Mr. Clissold*, which is bad; that is, another Mr. Wells, which is worse. It is, perhaps, open to Mr. Wells to say that *Mr. Sempack* does not represent him; but the defense, if attempted, is absurd. One does not center a novel round a man's conversation without taking responsibility for it, unless criticism is implied in the text. But the point need not be argued, for *Mr. Sempack* only repeats in so many words — so many! — what Mr. Wells has incessantly offered us over his own signature during the last few years. *Mr. Sempack*, therefore, joins *Mr. Clissold* in that group of driveling bores who loud-speak Mr. Wells's 'ideas.'"

"Scrutator" proceeds to uncover *Mr. Sempack* in several pages of citation—first as to the effect on his hearers of *Mr. Sempack's* "Great Talk." Here is the reaction of one hearer:

"Every one seems to look up to him and respect him. Every one, that is, who's heard of him. Why? He's tremendously big and I suppose there's something big about the way he looks at the world and talks about progress and treats all we are doing as something that will be all over in no time and that can not matter in the least."

"Scrutator" is not one who "looks up to him." "In correction of this nauseating drivel," he says, "it may be well to give specimens of *Mr. Sempack's* 'great talk.' Here is one typical of the rest":

"'Lots of us are bored almost to violence by things as they are. More will be. Progress has always been a battle of the bored against the contented and the hopeless. If you like this world with its diseases and frustrations, its toil and blind cravings and unsatisfied wants, its endless quarrelings and its pointless tyrannies and cruelties, the pettiness of its present occupations in such grotesque contrast with the hard and frightful violence to which it is so plainly heading, if you like this world, I say, defend it. But I want to push it into the past as completely as I can and as fast as I can before it turns to horror. So I shall be against you. I am for progress. I believe in progress. Work for progress is the realest thing in life to me. If some messenger came to me and said with absolute conviction to me, "This is all. It can never be any better," I would not go on living in it for another four-and-twenty hours.'

"One can only comment that one longs for the messenger. And here is a more practical contribution to our social problems:

"'People have to realize that winning coal is a public need and service like the high road and the post-office. A service that has to be paid for and taken care of. Everybody profits by cheap accessible coal. A coal-owner's royalties are as antiquated as a toll gate. Some day it will be clear to every one, as it is clear to any properly informed person now, that if the State paid all the costs of exploiting coal in the country and handed the stuff out at prices like—say ten shillings a ton, the stimulation of every sort of production would be so great as to yield a profit, a quite big profit, to the whole community.

"'The miners would become a public force like the coast-guards or the firemen.'

"'You think that is possible?' asked Philip.

"'I know. It's plain. But it's not plain to every one. Facts and possibilities have to be realized. Imaginations have to be lit and kept lit. Certain obstructive wickednesses in all of us—'

"Mr. Sempack stopt. He never finished a sentence needlessly:

"'But coal winning isn't confined to its country of origin,' said Philip. 'There is the export trade.'

"'Which twists the question round completely,' said Lord Tamar.

"'When you subsidize coal getting in England you subsidize industrial competition abroad,' said Philip.

"'Exactly. While we still carry on the economic life of the world in these compartments and pigeon-holes we call sovereign states,' said Mr. Sempack, 'we can not handle any of these other issues. Nothing for it but makeshift and piecemeal.'

"'Till the Millennium,' said Philip.

"'Till the light grows brighter,' said Sempack, and added meditatively: 'It does grow brighter. Perhaps not from day to day, but from year to year.'

"A doubt seems to have insinuated itself into Mr. Wells's mind that these drear maunderings may not, in cold print, seem altogether worthy of the generous compliments which they elicit from the supers; so he provides *Mr. Sempack* with a fantastic foil, *Colonel Bullace.*

"The latter had pricked up his ears at the word Utopia and coughed and turned a rather deeper pink; and, after the third repetition and apropos of nothing in particular, he had addrest Mr. Sempack in an abrupt, caustic, and aggressive manner. He cut across an unfinished sentence to do so.

"'I suppose, sir,' he had said, 'you find your Utopia in Moscow?'

"Mr. Sempack had regarded him as a landscape might regard a puppy. 'What makes you suppose that?' he asked.

"'Well! isn't it so, sir? Isn't it so?'

"Mr. Sempack had turned away his face again. 'No,' he said over his shoulder and resumed his interrupted sentence.

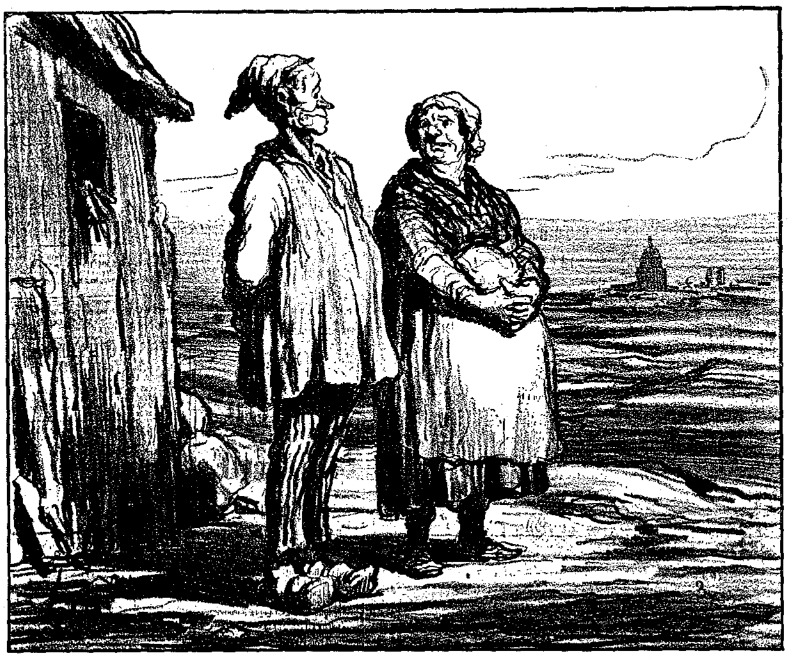
"This shows you what a great man Mr. Sempack is. How brilliant; how decisive the repartee! Who says that Mr. Sempack-Clissold-Wells is a bore?"

Mr. Sempack went to England and was run over by a motor-bus, but another character takes up the delivery of Mr. Wells's opinions on public characters like Winston Churchill, Prime Minister Baldwin, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Herbert Samuel:

"After a criticism of Mr. Churchill, illustrated with a childish —perhaps, second-childish—pen-and-ink drawing of 'Winston doing everything' (in Mr. Wells's handwriting), we come to the pompous disparagement of Mr. Baldwin. This, too, is adorned by a drawing depicting 'Trusty old Baldwin keeps on doing nuffin', a flight of wit which an Eton boy would disdain. It seems that Mr. Baldwin is 'a bit of a coal-owner himself,' and Mr. Wells insinuates that this has a connection with the granting of the coal subsidy. As, however, Mr. Wells has not the courage to make a direct accusation against Mr. Baldwin, there is no need to pursue a dirty and untruthful insinuation farther."

The habit is growing of bringing living people into contemporary fiction and naming them outright. "Scrutator" finally ends:

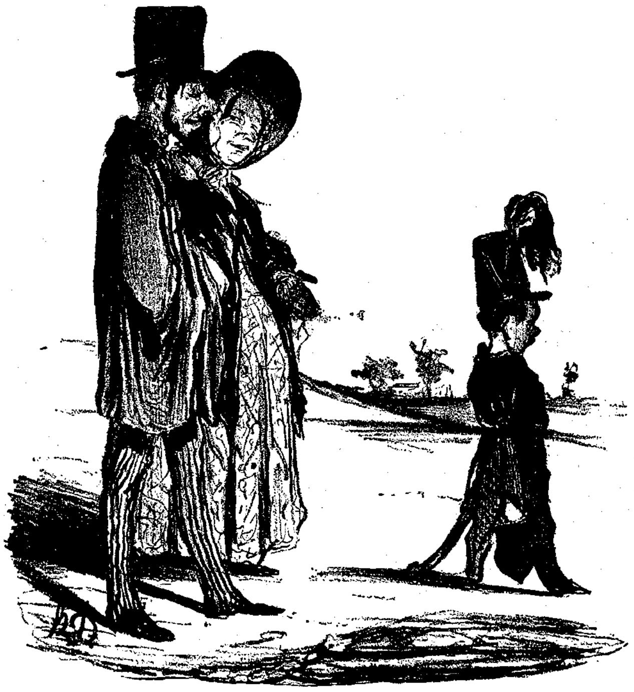
"This summary of Mr. Wells's latest book can not fully make plain its devastating weariness. His bitterest critic could wish nothing better than that it might be widely distributed. It must be read if it is to be adequately condemned. The whole incredible conceit of the man; his feeble-forcible attacks on public men who accept responsibility in times of crisis, while he dithers and blathers about a better world; the stupidity and falseness of his picture of the General Strike—in which he achieved no more than *Mr. Sempack,* without the excuse of a motor-bus; these can hardly be appreciated without a perusal of 'Meanwhile.' He has ceased to be a novelist. He has ceased to have imaginative powers, except for the distortion of known facts. He has even ceased to be readable. All that remains is malice, conceit, and ignorance."



"TO THINK THAT NOW WE ARE PARISIANS!"

Daumier takes notice that the city limits of Paris have been extended.

THE COVER—Centuries ago the great forest trees of the Roman Empire were sacrificed and the arid lands of great sections of Italy, Sicily, and Greece, many of them malaria haunted, are the direct result of deforestation. America in her Western reaches has the foresight to preserve its forests, and many of the noblest trees known to exist are seen in our Western States. The picture on our cover gives a faint impression of the autumn glory of these old men of the woods. The artist, Mr. F. W. Southworth, is a native of Tacoma and paints the scenes familiar to him since his boyhood.



DAUMIER REFLECTS CONJUGAL HABITS

"See him strut with such a style—you'd swear he was an officer of the artillery, and that he was cut out for a great lawyer or powerful business man."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

WILL CHRISTIANITY SURVIVE IN CHINA?

THE DAY OF THE MID-WIFELY MISSIONARY in China is ended, we are told; but it is not to be inferred from this that Christianity is doomed. What Dr. Hu Shih, Dean of Peking National University, the Father of the Chinese Renaissance, interprets as the death-rattle of Christianity in China may be its birth-throes, according to the interpretation of Dr. Edward H. Hume, former President of Yale-in-China. Dr. Hu Shih's article in *The Forum*, in which he says "the dream of a 'Christian occupation of China' seems to be fast vanishing—probably forever" was mentioned in these pages September 3. Now, in the current issue of the same magazine, Dr. Hume asserts a contrary viewpoint. "Foreign missions" of the old order must go, but the Chinese people, we are told, are friendly to Christianity—friendly not only because many of their children are taught in Christian schools or treated in mission hospitals, but because the foreign representatives of Christianity have been friendly, neighborly folk. But the Christianity that will live in China is to accord with a Chinese understanding of the Christian religion. It will be a naturalized Christianity, which will recognize the ethical and spiritual values in the local environment, particularly in the indigenous religions. For this new adjustment, not compromise, but cooperation, is demanded, writes Dr. Hume. "What is needed now," he says, "is the realization that the quest for religious reality is a common quest, one which can be fully attained only when men of different races and of diverse temperaments make common cause and seek together." The West has never fully comprehended the Oriental attitude toward religion, says Dr. Hume, giving us this description of it:

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MISSIONS IN CHINA WILL GO

Says Dr. Edward H. Hume, former president of Yale-in-China, who believes, however, that if the "Christian movement in China becomes truly a spiritual Chinese movement, in which the West cooperates but claims no control and asks for no recognition, nothing can retard its progress."

"One of the most striking things in everyday China is the syncretism of religions visible everywhere. Religion as men of the West view it—whether they be Roman Catholics or Protestants—is exclusive, intolerant. Again, religious emphasis is quite different in China and in the West. Ask a New Englander what he means by Christian qualities and he will name the Spartan traits of truth, discipline, courage, endurance. The Chinese religious soul will be responsive, on the contrary, to those elements in the Sermon on the Mount which the New Englander has scarcely thought of—poverty in spirit, meekness, humility.

"Once more, the militant spirit in religion is remote from Chinese thought. China was more readily won by the Buddhist pilgrim, who came without ostentation, who lived simply as one of the people, who identified himself with the spirit and traditions of China. No wonder an Oriental inquires whether the spirit of display so evident in a Billy Sunday or an Aimee McPherson typifies the Western attitude toward religion. One is tempted to wonder whether many of our Oriental visitors, who spent impressionable college years in our midst, may not have been emotionally stirred by some such pulpit orator, only to turn away on mature reflection, almost in disgust, from such conceptions of religion."

If Western Christianity is now to attempt to understand the Oriental mind, says Dr. Hume, it must be prepared to ask itself how much of its imported religious forms it will require the Chinese to accept. Already, says Dr. Hume, the Christian movement in China has passed through two stages. The first was when Western Christians still sang:

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of light deny?"

This was when the West directed the Christian movement in China. The second, and comparatively recent, stage saw the growth of cooperation in Christian activity, the beginning of autonomy. Now a third stage is at hand, in which the mission will wholly disappear. With this stage, the Christian movement will cooperate with the new national spirit, and in turn will receive recognition as a vitalizing force. The West will offer men and women for such service as the Chinese leaders may designate. But what will be the relationship between the mission and the Chinese Church? How is Christianity in China to be linked with that in other parts of the world?

"Many plans are being formulated, many experiments made; and they all point to more constructive fellowship rather than more comprehensive organization. As from a new beginning, it is the evolution of a Chinese Christian movement, adjusted to local environment. In such a movement, neither liturgy nor creed, neither church organization nor Christian philanthropy shall be the criterion of growth, but only an endeavor to understand and exemplify the inner spirit of Jesus.

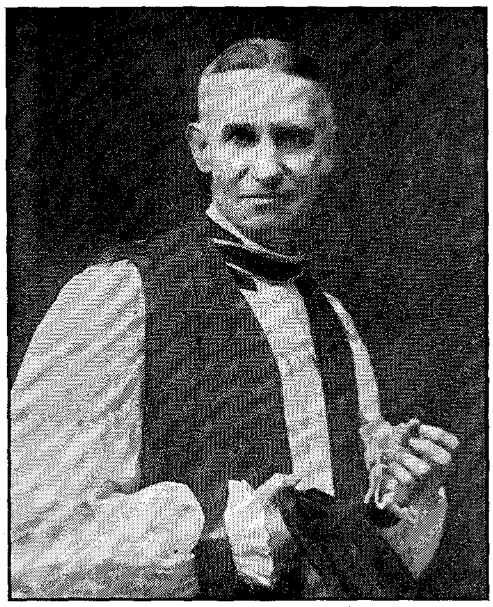
"To those accustomed to highly organized church government, particularly of the episcopal type, the Christian enterprise in China can not well become integrated with its Western allies unless it loses its amorphousness and takes very definite corporate form. To this condition the Eastern Christian, from China and India, replies: 'If Christianity is a thing of form rather than of the spirit, I am not sure about committing myself to it.' That is, he is skeptical about the extent to which he will be granted complete religious autonomy by the Western churches.

"He fears, for example, that they may reserve to themselves the right to decide when full autonomy shall be granted, as well as the right to decide how the bonds of fellowship between Eastern and Western churches shall be maintained. He detects in some an unwillingness to dissociate the question of church autonomy from that of financial assistance during these days of the struggle for existence.

"He discovers that 'the mission' still persists in many cases even when the local church is released from foreign control; and this persistence of parallel organization makes him fear that Western churches are not fully confident of the ability of Chinese churches to function in a really independent way. And, finally, when the local church tries to indicate which Western missionaries it really desires and which ones are not adapted to the new day in China, inadequate attention is paid to these wishes. In other words, the solution of the problem depends largely on the extent to which autonomy is sought and fostered, and on the character and attitude of the emissaries who come to China as representatives of Western Christianity."

After all, it is, thinks Dr. Hume, not wholly a Chinese question. Much, he says, depends not upon what happens in China, but upon what happens in the West.

> "If the West gives evidence that Christianity can continue and increase as a vital force in modern civilization, its course in China will be more sure. But if the West discards Christianity, as some Orientals believe it is doing, then it is scarcely likely that China will accept and develop it for herself.
>
> "If the Christian movement in China becomes truly a spiritual Chinese movement, in which the West cooperates but claims no control and asks for no recognition, nothing can retard its progress. If Christianity can lay emphasis on its power to interpret the spirit of Jesus, and if the Western missionary can remain in China in the spirit of Him who said: 'I am among you as one that serveth'—conditions whose fulfilment seems both possible and likely—we may say of its life in China: 'It has only begun.'"



Keystone View photograph

"MAN IS NOT A BEING WHO HAS FALLEN,"

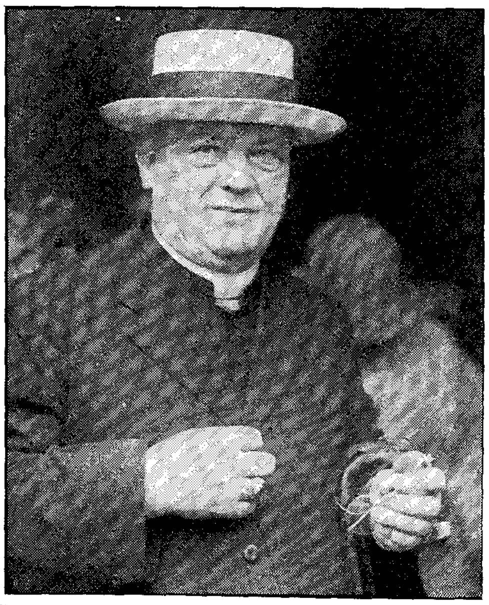
Says the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, who declares the Darwinian theory "has stood the test for more than half a century of critical examination."

Speaking practically from the same cue, Dr. Timothy Tingfang Lew, a well-known leader in the Chinese Christian Church, says that China's acceptance or rejection of Christianity depends on Christianity itself. "Has it," he asks in a letter to *The Forum*, "the vitality, the power, the life, which will meet the needs of China?" These needs are given specifically as the need of a new nationhood, economic improvement, a new social system to meet changed conditions, a new industrial revolution, guidance for the intellectual revolution, and the moral need itself. The moral need, says this leader, is too obvious, and he asks: "Can Christianity meet the need? Can it make contributions which shall safely escort the struggling millions on their dangerous road, give them faith and hope to go on, and love and charity to work together? Can Christianity furnish the leaders they need? Can Christianity inspire, uphold, sustain them until the task is done?" If Christianity has no more in it than the religion of *Elmer Gantry* and *Sharon Falconer*, China, says Dr. Tingfang Lew, will agree with his colleague and friend, Dr. Hu Shih, and he goes on:

> "Then she will be ashamed of it and reject it. If it is no more than a religion which obscurantists, narrow-minded and superstitious, and crass literalists claim it to be—incapable of meeting the challenges of science in the modern age in which China has to live and even to be the persecutors of science—it will have no use for it and must sooner or later reject it. If it is no more than a religion of selfish individualists, unrelated to national salvation and social transformation, useless to a people which is struggling to attain a nationhood, having no definite contribution to make in their national struggles and incapable of meeting the challenge of international issues which make nationalism sane and helpful to humanity, then the nationalized youth of China will have no use for it and will reject it without question.
>
> "Will China reject Christianity? It depends. There are at least three factors involved—the kind of Christianity, who presents it, how it is presented. I have only raised the question related to the first factor. Christians of America who have had longer experience with Christianity than the Chinese should answer it and then we Chinese Christians can answer the next two questions—namely, who should present it to the Chinese, and how it should be presented."

FALLING OUT OVER THE "FALL"

THE THEOLOGICAL doctrine of man's "fall" has been shot to pieces by Darwinism, declared Bishop Ernest W. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, in a recent sermon in Westminster Abbey, thereby adding fuel to the dispute caused by the address of Sir Arthur Keith, president, to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in which Sir Arthur upholds the Darwinian theory. "Darwin's triumph has destroyed the whole theological scheme," said Bishop Barnes, as his sermon is quoted in a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*. It "has stood the test for more than half a century of critical examination; increased knowledge and careful curiosity have but confirmed its truth." And, added the Bishop: "Many of us rejoice, for we regard the claim that any church is infallible as impudent and dangerous." Bishop Barnes follows Bishop Gore of Oxford, another pronounced Modernist, in believing that the Old Testament is largely "folklore," and asserts that "man is not a being who has fallen from an ideal state of perfect innocence. He is a rising animal, slowly gaining spiritual understanding and rising far above his distant ancestors." The man of science, the prelate says, admits his mistakes without trying to conceal his retractions, and the churchman would do well to follow his example.



Keystone View photograph

"MAN'S FALL THROUGH SIN,"

Says Bishop Joseph Schrembs, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Cleveland, is one of the fundamental principles of Christianity.

Bishop Barnes's assertions excite a sharp rejoinder from Bishop Joseph Schrembs, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Cleveland, who, in an address to the National Council of Catholic Women, which met recently in Washington, said, "it is difficult to see how a man holding such principles can still proclaim himself a believer in Christianity, and, above all, how a Christian Church can recognize him as their Bishop." To Bishop Schrembs:

> "Christianity and all its institutions stand or fall with the acceptance of the fundamental principles of man's creation by God, man's fall through sin and his redemption through the blood of Christ. Given these, Christianity becomes the intelligent and powerful force for the upbuilding of human character and the promotion of Christian civilization that has placed Christian nations far ahead of all others.
>
> "It will be a sorry day when such principles as those enunciated by the Lord Bishop of Birmingham are accepted by those who call themselves believers in Christ."

THE MORALS OF HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD HAS FILED A PROTEST against the newspaper legend that "its daily life is a devil's playground, its inhabitants morally bankrupt, and its amusements of a character to invite condemnation," and it is finding earnest defenders. "Gossip and scandal-mongering are the source of the silly talk about the moral laxity of Hollywood people," declares Lieut. Daniel M. Long, a police officer of twenty-seven years' experience in that portion of Los Angeles. "This is a decent, law-abiding community of good, fine home folk, who are bringing up their children just like any other kind of citizens." And Mr. F. A. Knowles, official statistician of the Los Angeles Police Department, offers figures showing that Hollywood contributes only 2.1 per cent. of the city's vice, instead of the 21.1 per cent. that might be expected from its proportion of the city's population.

"It must be apparent to any one with the slightest knowledge of the facts," writes the Rev. Neal Dodd, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Hollywood, "that no group of people could live as these are reported to live and escape severe penalties. Of course they don't live that way." And then he goes on to tell what he knows of them through close association as a pastor and as secretary of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Remarking that the Hollywood district has a population of 150,000, and that those affiliated with the picture and theater professions number only 9,000 men, women, and children, Mr. Dodd tells why he thinks they are victims rather than vicious. Because everybody knows their names, he says, newspapers are tempted to exaggerate any kind of gossip concerning them.

But how about divorces? "Very well, let us talk about this situation," says Mr. Dodd in *The Hollywood Magazine*, going on to summarize recent information from the County Clerk's office as follows:

> "Moving-picture divorces are, in point of number, relatively insignificant. Since they are of greater public interest they are given greater publicity, and this publicity is by no means always based on fact. It is enough, apparently, that two people have agreed to separate—if they are in the motion-pictures—for a flock of reporters to descend on this office and call for the files. Prior to 1919 these files were not open to the public. Since that year they have been. The published reports of divorce complaints are generally so completely different from the actual complaints, and also the counter-complaints or rebuttals, that one would hardly know the one had reference to the other, were it not for the names.
>
> "In scanning the records of 69,000 divorces over a period of twelve years it is noticeable that very few moving-picture people have figured in those records. Without definite statistics at hand, the best estimate of proportion that can be made is that less than one-half of 1 per cent. of the total given above were divorce applications of moving-picture players.
>
> "Recollection of the nature of complaints indicates that the grounds were seldom those that called morals into question. The moving-picture divorces have been largely on the basis of incompatibility."

The impression that there are many Hollywood scandals also is ascribed by Mr. Dodd to "the exaggerations of the yellow press, in whose perception the word Hollywood is presumably synonymous with proven moral obliquity." He then enumerates the few actual cases of the last few years, which will recur to the mind of every reader, and adds: "All in all—and I doubt if the statement can be overturned—it is doubtful if a dozen cases of marital infelicity or improper moral conduct of Hollywood's picture colony reach the courts in the course of a year." It is the same, he says, with the "gin parties," a favorite topic of the newspapers. He doubts their occurrence in anything like the number that is reported, and quotes Lieutenant Long, the officer before mentioned, as follows:

> "We make vice raids out of this station, but we don't find any excess of picture-players in our net—in fact, we get remarkably few. Our liquor arrests are not confined to the movie colony, tho to read the newspapers one might think they were. Wright Act violations, in fact, are very scarce among the moving-picture contingent. I've a lot of sympathy for them, I can say, because it's no light job to live your daily task under the scrutiny of the press.
>
> "It's just like being a mouse and wondering where the cat is. To use a very common but expressive term, the tales about the movie people are mostly just a lot of 'hooey.'"

The Rev. Mr. Dodd adds this comment of his own:

> "A grave responsibility rests upon those who knowingly defame the motion-picture profession, and I can only hope they come in time to realize it. To those who seem to find pleasure, and to those who seek profit, in exploiting the imaginary misdeeds of a few hundred people whose daily work is to bring a little color and happiness into the world, I would commend the words, 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'"

A PROTESTANT PLEA FOR A CATHOLIC PRESIDENT

SINCE THERE WILL ALWAYS be plenty of Protestant Presidents we ought to have an occasional Catholic President, says Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, a Methodist leader who has attracted attention by his wide tolerance and outspoken views. Dr. Hough, who is pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church in Detroit, has no fear that a Catholic President would use his influence to impose his religious views on the nation, and believes that a Catholic in the White House would promote an era of good-will. "When a Protestant refuses to vote for a Catholic whose character and abilities he admits, and with whose policies he agrees, and makes that refusal simply because the candidate is a Catholic," writes Dr. Hough in *Plain Talk* (New York), a new magazine, dedicated to tolerance, "that Protestant is not worthy of the name or of the privilege of American citizenship." We should be eager to have Catholics share in public office in proportion to their percentage of the population, says this Methodist leader, "and we should not rest quite contented until the time has come when we can place a high-minded Catholic, a man of unquestioned character and ability, in the chair of the President of the United States." To those who fear that reactionary legislation would follow the election of a Catholic President Dr. Hough writes:

> "Personally, I am not inclined to feel that there is any very great danger from the Catholic Church at this point. Certainly Protestantism has made its own unhappy contribution to the forces of reaction, and when one thinks of men of vast erudition in the Roman Catholic Church, like Lord Acton in England, one is reminded that this group has produced, right in the modern scientific situation, minds capable of most thorough application of the scientific attitude.
>
> "The truth is that we must watch every one of the groups, religious and secular, in respect to keeping our liberties secure. None of us can be trusted with a leadership which is not subjected to the inspection of very critical minds.
>
> "The fear that a Catholic President would suddenly turn the United States into a Catholic nation need not be taken seriously. In a democracy with every citizen in possession of the ballot such a suggestion is singularly far-fetched and absurd. The probability is that a Catholic President would treat the Protestant elements in his constituency with even more consideration than has sometimes characterized the action of Protestant Presidents. . . . The suggestion of danger to our institutions and risks to our intellectual and political and religious freedom from the presence of a Catholic President seems to me to be the wildest sort of vagary."

In short, Dr. Hough would have a Catholic candidate measured by the same tests and standards which any other candidate would have to meet, and says: "If so measured he is able to qualify for the position, let us have no hesitation in electing him. Nothing will do more to produce an era of good-will. And there is no wise principle which need be sacrificed."

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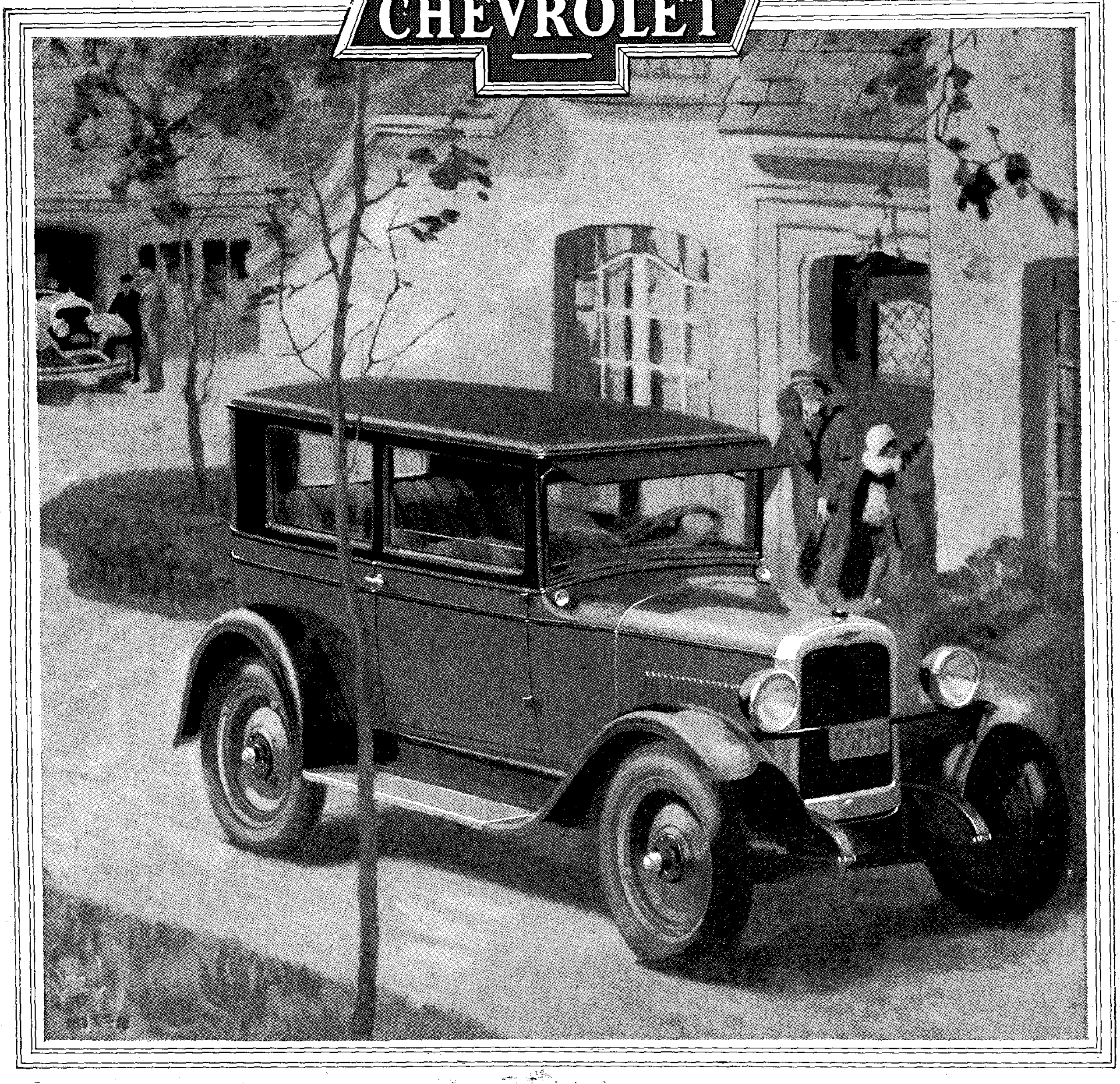

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

IT is the spirit of St. Francis that speaks here in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and there is a quiet reticence in naming it—

COURTESY

By Daniel Sargent

Blessed be God who made such pretty birches,
  And spent such gold in dandelion's crowns.
He made small swallows flying o'er great churches,
  Made little fish that gaze from streams at towns.

He made great woods to give the small birds perches,
  Made the green meads to give the crickets gowns.
He made the snail. He made the crab which lurches
  Sideways to port, made cockleshells, made clowns.

Blessed be God, so sweet, so near is He.
  He made the old man's sunlight, made this hour.
Made stars for roof tops. O what courtesy!
  'Twas He who dreamed the honeysuckle flower.
He gave the mole a labyrinth. He gave
  The beach grass the embroidery of the wave.

THE era of love-sick, love-dying swains is evidently past. *The North American Review* shows us that women will not longer carry scalps at their belt:

REVOLT

By R. L. Megroz

There have been poets who for Love have died,
  Whose hearts were gradually worn away
  With bitterness more keen than words could say,
Yet unto Her who would their words deride
They ever strove to sing it—laughed and sighed
  In verse that grew to beautiful bloom, to lay
  Fresh chaplets on crowned brows of one whose "Nay"
Lashed coldly their love-bleeding hearts that cried.

I am not one of these, though Love indeed
  At thy feet worshipped has been bitterness.
  I shall not die while tasks my strength await
In Love-filled Life pregnant with ingrown seed:
  Refuse they queenship—even happiness
  I shall regain, nor leave thee even hate.

THE writer here speaks more as a moralist than as an art critic, but the moral is perhaps just as sound. From *The Century*:

THOUGHTS IN THE LOUVRE

Before Leonardo's St. John in the Wilderness

By Virginia McCormick

Leonardo wearied of courts and kings
  And of royal favorites too;
He was bored by Lisa's cryptic smile
  Whose meaning he never quite knew.

"O, the King of France is all very well,
  But I paint to his taste—not mine;
My stomach is sick of his fine French food,
  And cloyed with his sweet French wine.

"I'll stow my palette and pots of paint,
  In my shabby leathern bag,
And I'll hide in a little dirty street,
  Where never a king can brag."

So he fled to a garret in old Milan,
  With a shelf for Verrochio's bust,
And he boasted, "I'll paint as a free man can,
  And not as a puppet must."

But the spirit of Louis held him fast,
  And his art made a French grimace,
For he painted John in the wilderness
  And give him a satyr's face.

THE following poem may be styled recurrent rather than "current." It is sometimes quoted in part, but now that a Boston *Transcript* reader asked for the full text and bibliography, we reprint their reply:

BROWNING'S FUNERAL

December 31, 1889

By Mrs. Henrietta Huxley

This day within the Abbey, where of old
Our Kings are sepulchred, a king of song,
Browning, among his peers, is laid to rest.
Borne to the tomb by loving hearts, and stoled
In shining raiment that his genius wove.
No lingering sickness his, with swift surprise
Death flashed the Light Eternal in his eyes
And blinded Life. In this way he was blest.
Perhaps in some far star he now has met
His rose of love, his ne'er forgotten wife
In life past death the passion of his life,
And they again as once in spirit blent
Look thro' the veil this day and hear the feet
Of many feet, the swelling music spent
On mourning listeners. With voices low
Chanting her hymn, the boys sing as they go,
"He giveth His beloved sleep." What tho'
The perishable forms these two once wore
In different lands lie sundered by the sea;
Their spirits smile at this our fond regret;
"What matters anything since we have met?"
They radiant sing together. Oh, what
Can love, long parted, from the Eternal crave?
And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest,
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best.

From "Poems," by Henrietta Huxley, with three poems by Thomas Henry Huxley, privately printed 1899; and page 51 of her verse published by Duckworth & Co., London, 1913.

SOMETHING goes when every new machine comes in. *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) impresses this:

SONG OF PROGRESS

By John Gould Fletcher

"One can love a horse; no one has ever loved his motor-car."—*American Newspaper*

The smith beats iron no more,
  No more on sounding feet
Brave hoofs shall prance, but roar
  Mad horns from street to street.

Loose bridles do not clink,
  Loud whips no longer flash;
But, softly purring, slink
  Swift wheels—until they crash.

The sound of the coach-horn
  On the last blue hilltop, dies;
But through the night in scorn
  There walk white alien eyes

And in some city street
  Where multitudes meet to share
The sense of their defeat,
  Men sometimes are aware—

Of eyes in a mask of bone,
  Blinkered and downhung glance;
A cart-horse dumb, alone,
  Kerb-derelict by chance.

Not his this alien course
  That we have gone; he dies.
And we live on, to force
  A question from those eyes.

Man's mightest slave betrayed:
  He who dragged Parthenons
Up to their hilltops; made
  Cavalry gleam as suns.

No prancing, snorting start,
  Nor ostler's whistle, nor
The leisure of a cart.
  The smith beats iron no more.

And man, discrowned, shall go
  On a wider, lonelier path,
Outspeeding all below,
  But he shall not miss God's wrath.

THE grief that thousands are feeling over frustrated effort is beautifully exprest in these lines from the Atlanta *Constitution:*

REQUIEM FOR LOST AVIATORS

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

God, line with silver every wave that breaks
  Tonight, above their far-flung resting place,
And fringe with amethyst of twilight's hour
  Each whitecap drifting with a starlit grace;

God, let the music of the winds fall soft
  As loving hands upon the sea tonight
The rising of the waves, their fall, and swerve,
  Be soft as tender footsteps, let the light

Of silver stars drift like a candle's flame
  From old cathedral altars, and the moon
Throw pale white moonbeams, like rose-petals, down
  Where breezes in those ghostly spaces croon.
God, let them hear our prayers for them tonight,

  Out there above the sea's eternal cry . . .
God, let them know the courage of their hearts
  Has won for them a lasting Victory!

READERS may take these lines from *The American Poetry Magazine* (September) and apply them as well beyond the indicated dedication:

ALLEGIANCE

(To the Old Dominion)

By Virginia Stait

Sometimes, I think, the trees have said each word
  That could be said at altars of one's land;
That could be whispered and that has been heard
  From exile lips, that know but liegeless sand.
Such bannered words, that take the oath to beech,
  And carve their date upon its very wood,
Memorials of faith that widely reach—
  The matins by the vespers understood!

And there are benediction words from yews,
  That they have uttered to unenvied grass,
And guarded, when the passion of adieus
  Has crowded through the Lethe-way of the pass,
And are there any words that can be found
  To answer mountain ash, believing high
The wonder-land of things beyond the ground,
  The things unfinished here, for which we die?

A GEM from a new volume of English verse "The Elder Sister and other Poems" (Longmans, London):

PROMISE

By Gwen Clear

Grey skies,
  And the earth asleep.
Snow lies
  Sandal deep.
And who shall sing
  From the far hill
Of the vagrant spring
  That tarrieth still?

But the bare woods
  Have wrapped in quiet
Last year's waste
  Of the wind's riot;
And who shall say
  The spring's asleep
When violets lie
  Sandal deep?

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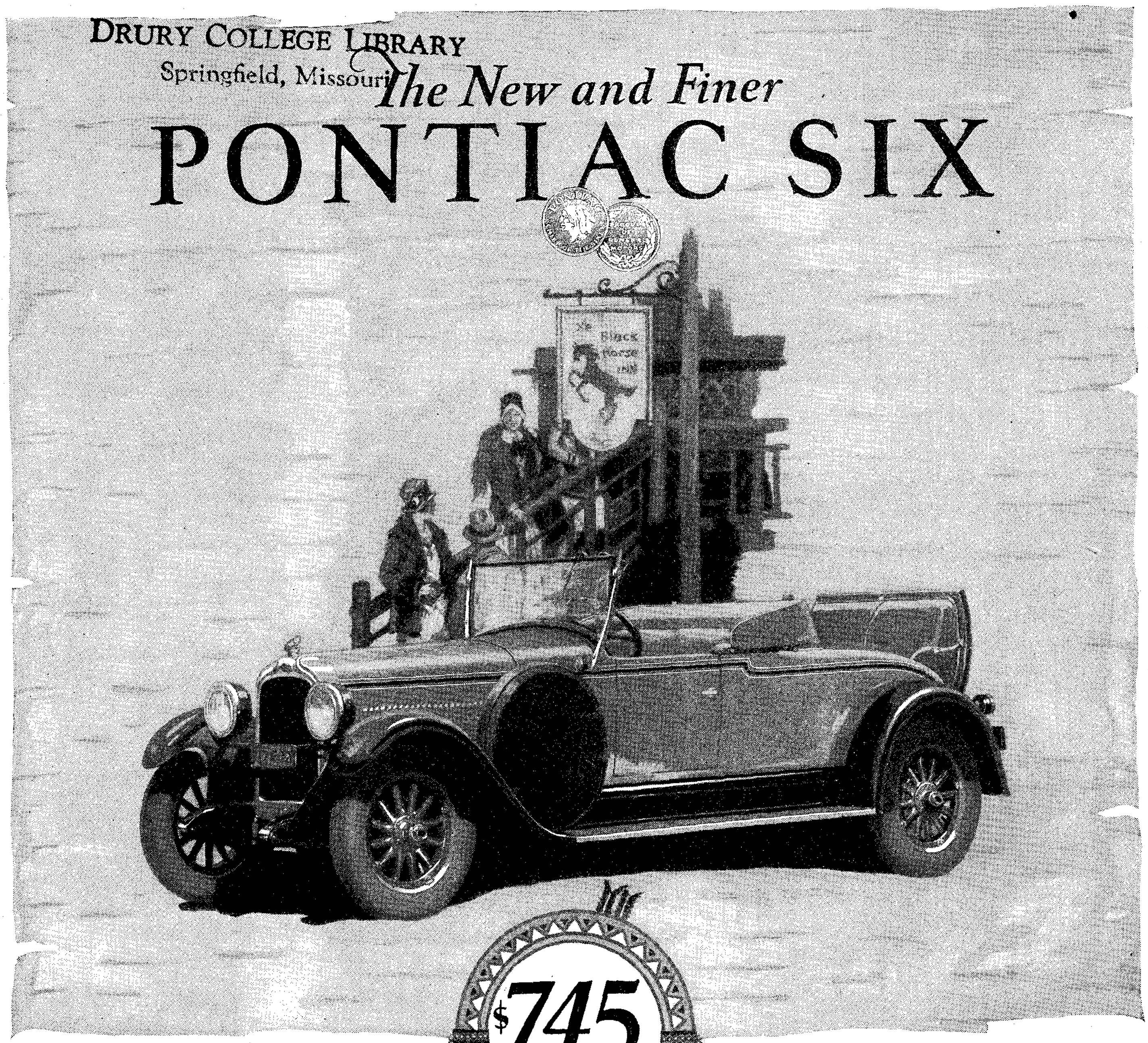

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

AMERICAN YOUTH AND FRENCH BATTLE-SCARS

"DON'T CHEER BOYS! Half a million men died here." 'Twas in the market-place of Verdun the other day. The speaker was an American Legion buddy. A contingent of Legionaires had driven in immense motor-cars from Paris to "the cockpit of France," as we learn from the New York *World*. Arrived at the Verdun market-place they were welcomed ceremoniously by the Mayor of Verdun, as a prelude to a municipal luncheon in their honor; and those boys would have whooped up the occasion with some lively throat work had not an uncommonly tactful buddy divined the local sentiment and launched the warning quoted above. Later, as we learn from the same dispatch, the Americans visited a little death-plot called "the Cemetery of the Unknowns," on the road from Verdun to St. Mihiel, and "stood at attention for a full minute before the graves of those nameless heroes." There was no attempt at cheering then. We gather from more than one dispatch that it was difficult in the beginning for the French to understand the holiday gaiety—the almost carnival spirit—of the former doughboys on their war pilgrimage to scenes and mementoes which are invested with a sad sacredness in the French mind. After the first reaction of bewilderment, the Gallic intelligence resorted to psychological analysis, and figured out some plausible explanations for the difference in point of view. Some of the conclusions were quite subtle. As a *World* correspondent tells us:

P. & A. photograph

LEADERS IN THE BIG PARADE

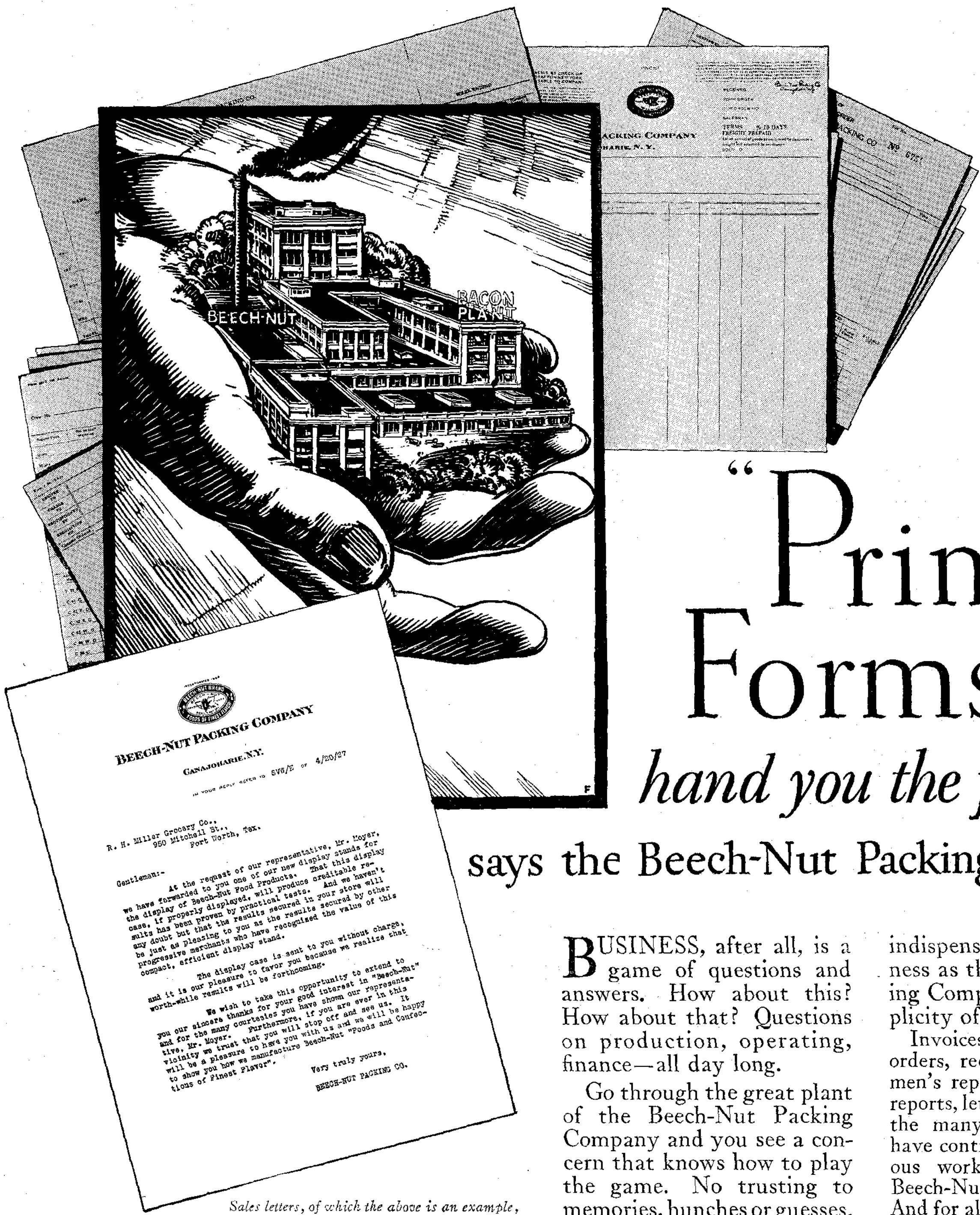
Sandwiched between General Pershing and Marshal Foch, Commander Savage, of the American Legion, seems to be having a good time over some incident of the march.

> Paris waked to-day to the belief that the American Legion put one over on it with yesterday's parade. In retrospect it looks to Paris like a brilliant travesty of a military parade—American making fun of Europe's age-old militarism.
>
> Those yellow uniforms from Florida, the blinding blue of Kankakee's bugle and drum corps, the yells and grins of the marchers, are no longer seen as the spontaneous outburst of fantasy and enthusiasm but as a deep if unconscious satire—America's big laugh at Europe.
>
> This has not, however, interfered with continuance of the good reception the Legion is getting. They own Paris to-day, and an investigation by *The World* not only in the Legion but in shops, cafés and restaurants frequented by Americans shows the reception is cordial, in many cases enthusiastically so. The Legionaires do not act as if they were in a foreign country, and this pleases the French.
>
> Newspapers to-day reveal how anxious Paris was to have nothing happen to spoil the reception. "Paris, Joyous and Enthusiastic, Acclaims Great Parade," "Paris Wild with Enthusiasm Over American Legion," are typical head-lines. Even the Communist organ, *L'Humanité*, which had urged workers to boycott the parade, could not find anything worse to say than that it had been a circus procession. All the newspapers feature the pleasure with which American newspapers received the news of how well the Legion is received.

The spirit of youth as the key-note of the American Legion vivacity is discust by a noted French journalist, of whom the New York *Times* tells us:

> Jean Piot, who himself in the war rose to the rank of a captain in the French Army at the price of many wounds, writes with a keen insight in *L'Oeuvre:*
>
> "Welcome, boys, you are welcome!
>
> "Some one said to me yesterday, as we watched you march past, 'It isn't a procession, it is a mi-carême parade.'
>
> "And it was. But why the devil should you make your trip to France into a pilgrimage? A pilgrimage? That is the idea of our old civilizations, which are always looking backward, thinking about our traditions and our dead.
>
> "For you, the dead are dead and that's all there is to it. They did their bit, they ran their risk, and why should any one be always worrying about them?
>
> "That is your sentiment, which you showed clearly the other day when you let your chaplains, whose job it is, go almost alone to Suresnes to pray there.
>
> "It was not for that you came to France. You came to enjoy life, real life, not the complicated business which our brains evolve, but the simple business of eating, drinking, laughing and joking, which is repeating all those curious adventures you had here ten years ago in this old country.
>
> "It was that light gaiety of youth, eager for life, that your procession showed us yesterday.
>
> "At first it surprized us. That was natural. For us, a procession underneath the Arc de Triomphe means a certain tightening of the throat, a certain emotional meditation. That is because the war in our eyes has remained something tragic, which under the beautiful name Victory has left us only ruins or something near it; while for you it was an adventure, which entailed risks and chances that many of you took gaily and magnificently, but which left you some solid profit.
>
> "The war? You made war and you made it well, but it never touched you.
>
> "That is why we welcome you back on this sorely wounded land. When you travel across it after these first days of rejoicing and effusion, you will perhaps notice that our rebuilt ruins are not entirely covered by estaminets inhabited by daughters of joy, but that our people work, that they struggle along in conditions which in your national opulence perhaps you scarcely imagined.
>
> "Perhaps then you will understand that we have not yet entirely recovered from war; that the effort which we have still to make, altho less bloody, is just as hard as we had to make in 1918, and you will not make it too hard for us.
>
> "It is to those of you who have come to see us as we are, and not as Senator Borah pictures us, that we repeat 'Welcome!'"

Less analytical and more emotional was the spirit in which M. Georges Clemenceau and General Pershing embraced each



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The display case is sent to you without charge, and it is our pleasure to favor you because we realize that worth-while results will be forthcoming.

We wish to take this opportunity to extend to you our sincere thanks for your good interest in "Beech-Nut" and for the many courtesies you have shown our representative, Mr. Moyer. Furthermore, if you are ever in this vicinity we trust that you will stop off and see us. It will be a pleasure to have you with us and we will be happy to show you how we manufacture Beech-Nut "Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor".

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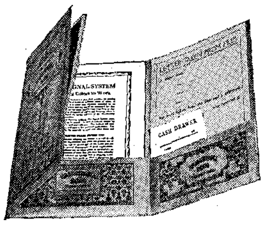

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THE PENNSYLVANIA BOYS EVIDENTLY THOUGHT THERE COULDN'T BE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

"A squadron of American flags" was their enthusiastic contribution to the carnival coloring of the great American Legion parade, which made the Parisians gasp with surprize, until they "caught on" to the holiday spirit of the extravaganza.

other and danced something remotely resembling the Charleston. As a New York *Times* correspondent tells us:

Never was there a happier meeting. Never has Clemenceau been in better humor, and never did "Black Jack" show such pleasure at meeting any one as when "Old Father Victory" seized him, first by the hand, then by the shoulders, and started romping him around.

This American Legion visit to the man whose driving energy and clear vision made everything possible in those tragic days ten years ago was of impromptu conception, and, like impromptu parties, it went with a swing. There was about it just the same infectious gaiety as there was in Monday's parade.

General Pershing, Howard P. Savage (the retiring National Commander), Edward E. Spafford (the new National Commander), and one representative from each State in the Union had gone as a formal delegation to pay an early morning call at the house in Paris where Clemenceau has stayed since he came up from his country home to see his sister, who is seriously ill. Most of them went prepared for a solemn interview, with formal expressions of good-will and sympathy.

What they met was a young man who next week will be eighty-seven, who came through the door as alert and dynamic as ever, hands outstretched and eager.

"How do you do? What are you doing here?" he challenged.

"I came to see you, and I see you are younger than ever," was General Pershing's answer. "You have a complexion like a girl, all rosy and fresh."

"Flatterer," retorted the "Tiger." "You look just like the boy you are."

Both men had touched a moment of happiness such as rarely happens. Their arms went around each other and their feet followed the natural instinct of joy and began dancing.

"Let's do the Charleston," cried Pershing, his face shining with pleasure.

It was in some ways the climax to this whole Franco-American reunion.

There was more laughter and joking, all the time in English, before the two men came to order and began presenting each other to their friends. Commander Savage read a motion voted at the convention yesterday in which the Legionaires express to Georges Clemenceau their "fraternal greeting and assurance that the Legionaires will never forget the great rôle he played in the victory."

"We intended to visit you at St. Vincent-sur-Jard," said Mr. Savage, "but you have come to meet us, and we appreciate that deeply."

No private apartment ever rang with such cheers as when Clemenceau answered.

"I no longer represent France," he said, "because I am too old. Yet I can assure you that she will never forget how you came to her side in that most terrible of wars.

"There is one thing certain. At heart we are united. That word 'America' stirs in us always a sense of the magnificent.

"I know you well. Sixty years ago I saw you at work and worked among you, and since then America has never been out of my thoughts.

"To-day will remain with me one of the most memorable of my life—alas, I am too old now to visit your country again; and yet I would like to."

"Nonsense, too old!" said Pershing. "You will come next time by airplane."

Twelve richly bound volumes, which included Claude Bowers's "Jefferson and Hamilton," Albert Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" and Nicholson's "Valley of Democracy," were presented to the old "Tiger" as a gift from Culver Military Academy of Indiana.

In a few words the old man exprest his thanks, and, turning again to General Pershing, stretched out his arms.

"My friend, my good friend, my dear friend," he murmured in French—"Good-by—in this world or in another."

Outside on the sidewalk the delegates, headed by General Pershing, lined up at attention and raised three cheers. From the balcony Georges Clemenceau, his face streaming with tears, waved a last salute.

"He is an unknown"—so runs the first phrase of a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch from Belleau Wood in the days following the Paris celebrations, when the buddies were revisiting the battle-fields of their sufferings and triumphs. Reading on:

Keeper Case of the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery had heard those words many times before. Nevertheless, he listened patiently to an elderly Irish-American woman with eyes and lips belyingly firm, shutting his ears to the babel of a score of other seekers of white crosses who filled the office at the cemetery gate.

"I know you don't even know where he is," she went on. "His name is Joseph H. Murphy, Private Murphy of Company A. It was the 109th Infantry. We are Pennsylvanians—I am his mother."

Keeper Case ran practised fingers down the list of Murphy's in the Aisne-Marne register.

"No, there is no Joseph H., of the 109th." he replied. "If he is here, madame, he must be an unknown."

"Yes, I was sure you didn't have Joseph listed. It is a long time now he has been missing. But they wrote me from the Graves Registration Service that he might be one of the unknown soldiers buried here. You see, it was between here and Château-Thierry that he died. July 30, 1918, is the date they give. So they said it is likely they brought him here.

"I don't want to bother you too much. I know you have to help an awful lot of people find their boys' graves, those whose graves are marked so they know them. It is just that I brought something with me from home—"

She fumbled in her bag.

"Mrs. Murphy, it is no trouble at all," Keeper Case assured her. "Whatever we can do, we are happy to do."

She was placing a cloth-wrapt bundle on the keeper's desk.

"Then it's just this," she answered, speaking faster now. "I brought this little bit of Pennsylvania earth—it is from the yard where Joe used to play when he was a boy—I thought perhaps—I wondered if you would mind taking it and sprinkling a little on each unknown soldier's grave here. I know there are a lot of them. Somebody said over 200 without any names

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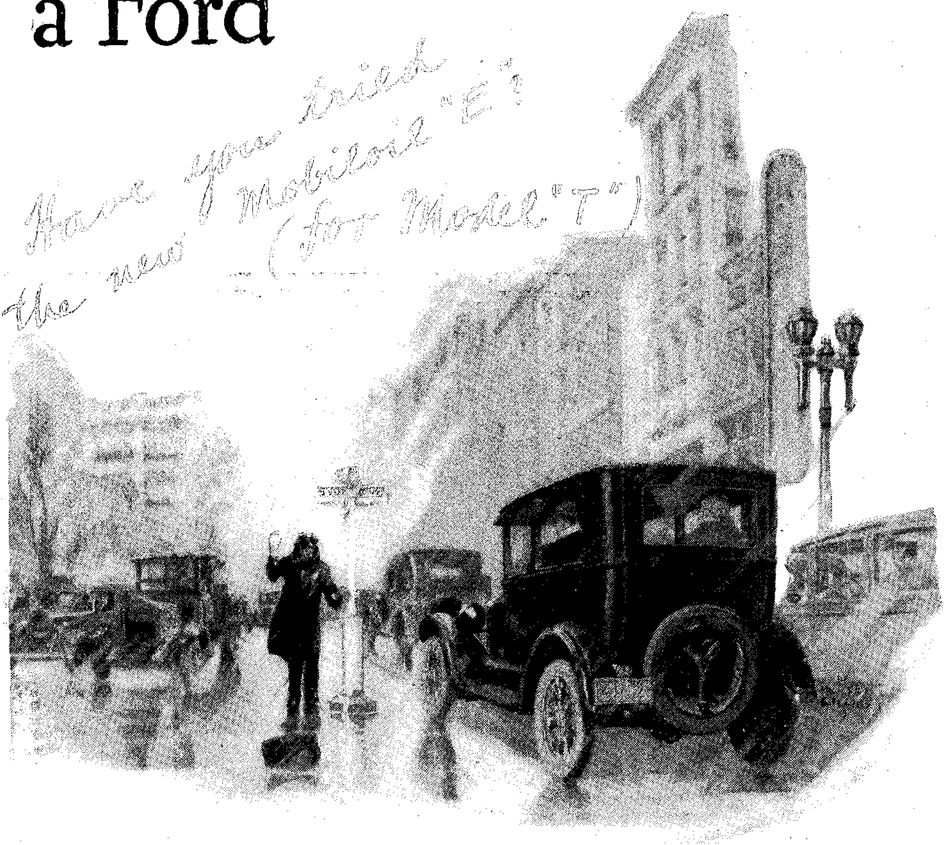
When busy traffic brings new problems to a Ford



Have you tried the new Mobiloil "E"? (for Model "T")

The remedy is in *your* hands

A serious new problem faces *all* makes of automobiles. It is the problem of multiplied starts and stops—brought in by today's congestion of traffic.

This new frequency of starting, stopping, and accelerating puts a heavy new work-load on *every* engine. Your Ford Model T doesn't escape!

Every start means wear on transmission bands.

Every stop means *more* wear.

Every moment when your car stands idle with its engine running may mean added carbon deposit.

Obviously this is a problem that must interest you, if you want smooth operation and low repair charges.

A solution

Foreseeing this problem, the Vacuum Oil Company began some years ago a series of experiments. The object: to insure smoother starts and stops and preserve the transmission bands and at the same time to reduce carbon deposit to the minimum.

Today the result of those experiments is bringing new economy to Ford owners the world over; the new Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does more than the so-called "non-chatter" oils. Its use assures smooth starting and stopping. *Yes.* But on top of that it gives maximum freedom from carbon and sticky valve action.

These characteristics combined in an oil of the highest quality and correct body for the Ford Model T represent the result of these years of research.

The next time you drain your crankcase, refill it from a sealed one-gallon can of the genuine Mobiloil "E" or with 4 quarts from bulk which nearby Mobiloil dealers can supply you.

Mobiloil "E" is also available in original quart cans for touring, in one- and five-gallon cans for the home garage and in 10-, 30- and 55-gallon drums with faucets.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E"
***for* Fords**
MODEL T

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country are buried here. But I can't help feeling that Joe must be one of them—and I think there is enough to go around. If just a few particles fell on his grave—"

Keeper Case has seen and learned and understood a great many realities during the years he has watched over the 2,268 American graves at the foot of Belleau Hill.

"Yes, madame, it would," he reassured her. "It certainly would. I will do it myself, madame, to-morrow morning."

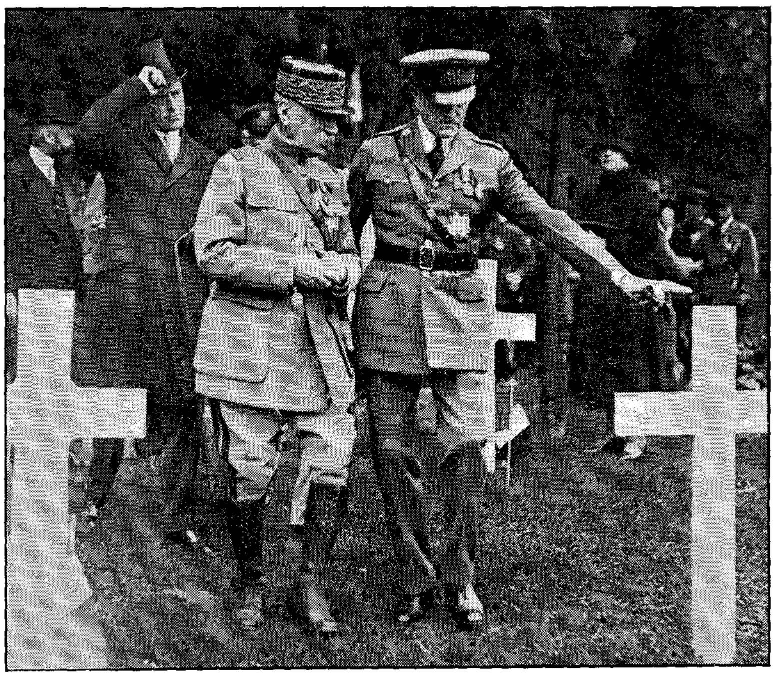
The little Irish-American lady's lips were not so firm now. She grasped his hand with warm fingers and Case held them there as he walked with her to the door.

"I am so glad," she said. "I am sure he is one of them."

She walked away toward the rows of white crosses that encircled the foot of Belleau Hill.

Before the dew was off Belleau's greenest sward this morning the boots of Keeper Case had brushed a crazy, twisting trail between the crosses at the Aisne-Marne and had paused before 246 of them. Each bore no words but these:

"Here lies in eternal glory an American soldier, known but to God."



International Newsreel photograph

THE LITTLE WHITE CROSSES

Marking graves of American soldiers at Suresnes, inspected by Foch and Pershing.

On the lighter side of life we are invited to contemplate "a great big hill-billy from Arkansas" who "happened to stumble into a Montmartre joint where he had been short-changed in 1918, right after the Armistice." The tale of what happened was unfolded later to Judge Philip Sullivan, of the Legion's Illinois delegation, who, by courtesy of the French courts, sits with a French judge at a special tribunal for Legion cases. As related by a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent:

The Yank hurled two terrace tables through the plate glass front, and when a couple of garçons tried to interfere, he chucked them in among the wreckage. The management called a squad of gendarmes, who rushed the Yank to the bastile. When he was dragged into court to-day, the Arkansas traveler took a look around, and howled: "I ain't goin' to tell my story to a lot of Frogs."

Then Judge Sullivan spoke up, saying: "I am an American judge, and I am here to see that you get a square deal."

The Yank got clubby and told his story. He admitted he had wrecked the joint and said he was proud of it.

"They gypped me in 1918," he said. "I argued about it then, and didn't see no use to argue all over again, so I just cleaned up the place. But I'd just as soon pay the costs—it was worth it."

With the excited proprietor holding out for a king's ransom, Judge Sullivan finally assessed the still groggy ex-doughboy 500 francs [about twenty dollars].

Twenty-eight cases were on the docket of the international tribunal this morning, most of them drunkenness in its wildest forms, because the gendarmes had been instructed not to arrest Yanks who merely want to pull their whiskers or pull the birdies out of their hats.

Altho Germany was "purposely eliminated" from the European "Good-Will" tour, remarks a *Times* correspondent, thousands of legionaries decided to visit the country that lost the war. Concerning which we are given this morsel of gossip:

"When the 'Good-Will Tour' was first discust, it is understood that many Legion chiefs felt that Germany should be placed on the schedule, since the Paris convention was to be a peaceful mission, and not for the purpose of fighting the war all over again.

General Pershing, according to report, was in Paris at the time and was informed by influential Frenchmen, notably the leaders of the Nationalist group in Parliament, that an official visit to Germany by the Legion closely after the closing of the Paris convention would have an unfortunate effect upon public opinion.

In any event, Berlin was taken off the list of European cities to be visited.

In Legion circles there is much comment over General Hindenburg's speech delivered on the eve of the Paris convention, whitewashing Germany of all guilt in starting the World War. Germany has been very eager to receive the Legionaires, it is said, and officials throughout the republic have been instructed to see that every courtesy and assistance shall be rendered to the visiting veterans.

From the tiny village of Chamery, "on the road to Rheims," comes a dispatch in the New York *Times* from Wythe Williams, who was one of that paper's war correspondents in France from 1914 to 1917. Mr. Williams writes:

In all the official communiqués throughout the long years of the war, the name of this hamlet was mentioned but a single time. And a day later the name was forgotten, because the event which the communiqué recorded as having taken place "a mile or two away" was such that the whole world—even the opposing armies—stood for a moment at salute.

That event was entirely American. Sincere as the momentous decision that the World War included the United States, and more purely dramatic than any thrilling climax upon any stage, this event, recorded in laconic simplicity, gave a clear, tho fleeting, vision of an indomitable soul—the soul of America—a soul that had faith and would conquer. No price for glory, that intangible, fleeting fantom, but any price for the right and victory.

The communiqué said only that a man had died. Just one man, and so far as his manhood was concerned, no more valuable, perhaps less so, than many. Except that he was a man fresh in the vigor of his twenty years, only his name mattered—his father's name.

But no name so great of any land had been yet enscrolled in the sacrifice to war. No word so truly grandiose had so reverberated round the world in that roll-call of death. In the pink dawn of a summer morning, July 14, 1918, the eaglet took his flight. Below, above, and all about him the mists were drifting as the curtain rose on the last act of the drama of the Marne.

Foch, behind the scenes in the gray fogs that still hung low along the Champagne front, was waiting that psychological moment when, with the swiftness and smashing energy of a panther, he sent the legions of the Crown Prince reeling to such disaster that, while an imperial dynasty was destroyed, a planet was again permitted peacefully to revolve.

But enemy eagles also were aloft, circling and soaring and battling—still effectively. Three against one, and no quarter, naturally. There was no such word in the vocabulary of the war eagles. And so the eaglet fell within enemy lines. In a peaceful field he lay; in a gentle valley caressed by the low, enfolding hills.

That night the eagles came and buried him. Into the moonpath they marched and uplifted him—those broken bits—from the wreckage of his plane, and raised there a cross. Gallant enemies! But the eagles all were gallant. The next day in the official communiqué of the Allies was merely the information supplied by Germany.

To-day we visited this grave of the lone warrior. It seemed fitting during this week of the Legion convention to make such a pilgrimage far from the well-ordered cemeteries where sleep in serried ranks our soldier dead. For we had talked with him the day before he died—in Paris, in a café where he shyly confided his ambition to prove worthily that he was his father's son. We

Is Conversation on YOUR SIDE?

TALK . . . TALK . . . TALK, wherever humans gather. Living-rooms hum with it, street corners buzz with it, ships and trains go on their way to its vibration.

Sometimes its topics may seem insignificant, even idle. But if you follow them through a social evening, or a business afternoon, you will be amazed not only with their variety, but their importance. There will be personalities, of course. But also there will be talk of crops and clothes—plays and playthings—real estate and travels—breakfast foods and adventure—furnaces and automobiles. . . . Talk that molds opinions, sets standards of value in all of life, creates definite preferences for this cause—this social group—this manufactured product.

Fortunate, indeed, is the product that enters into the maelstrom of conversation with advertising on its side.

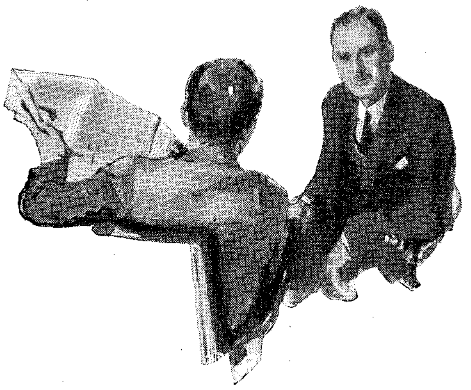
Advertisements on the printed pages of magazines and newspapers influence more than the millions of individuals who read them day by day and month by month. They furnish ideas, facts and impressions that become a part of conversational store. Advertisements arouse loyalties. They make their readers into centers of beneficial influence, radiating testimony for the product and its qualities weeks and months after a particular magazine or newspaper with a particular advertisement has been bought and read.

If you don't believe that people say what the advertisements say, listen to a successful retail salesman presenting a line of advertised merchandise. Listen to the women who support a breakfast food, a face cream, a washing machine, in almost the exact words of the advertising. Notice that elderly people proclaim the virtues of an advertised soap year after year, and that critical young people accept without question new products smartly, interestingly advertised.

"What is the circulation?" You often hear this question asked of an advertising campaign. . . . Conversation doubles and triples and quadruples circulation!

"What is the life of this medium?" A common enough inquiry. . . . Conversation *keeps* advertising alive, making it indefinitely influential in the purchasing habits of the nation!

Is conversation on your side?



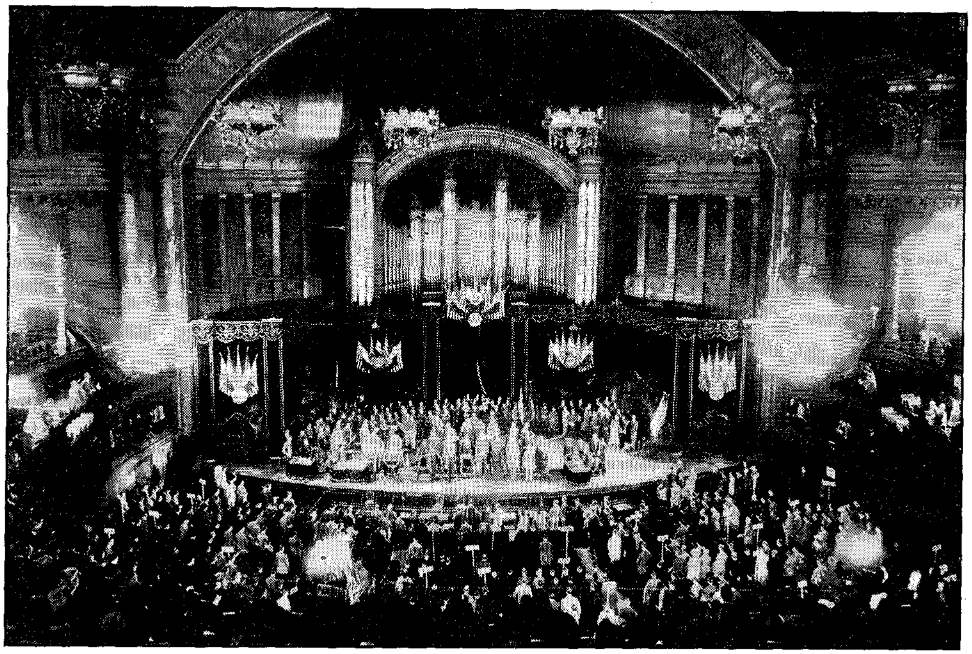
N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

came alone to-day, for the way is long and vaguely marked, and muddy. In village after village we asked our way, and the people stared and shrugged until we came very near to Chamery. Then they smiled and showed the path.

"Ah, the young Lieutenant!" they said. "So very young, so very brave, the way is there. Oh, a mile or more over those meadows, and far off the road."



P. & A. photograph

GIVING THE FRENCH A TASTE OF AN AMERICAN CONVENTION

Interior of the Trocadero Palace, in Paris, as the Legion rushed through its annual business with a rapid-fire of noise and "kidding" which amazed and entertained President Doumergue, Marshal Foch, and other eminent guests, on the platform.

We left our automobile and plodded on, an old man guiding us, with his boy, shotguns over their arms for a rabbit or partridge. Oozy, white, slimy was the mud of the Aisne Valley, through which we often had waded these years gone from the Marne to the Chemin des Dames. Over a brown hill we saw the grave, sheltered in a small thicket, surrounded by a low wooden fence. The old man and the boy wandered off on their own serious business. We stood at the grave alone.

No flowers were there, for it is too far away. Pilgrims halt at Belleau or Suresnes and piously place their wreaths. Yet over there at the far corner is a crown of wax forget-me-nots and violets of beads. The broken, weather-beaten inscription told us that his French comrades had placed it there as they were passing by on Bastile Day two years ago. We wondered if new flowers will come, this Legion week, flowers with fresh, green leaves. It really is very far, and what's the use of keeping dust green?

In a small flaghole at the head of the grave stand two flags, tattered and stained by the rains and time—the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes—both so faded it is difficult to distinguish which is which.

But all about this grave the grasses grow, and wild flowers bloom, even in late September; and the birds sing and the bees hum, just as in that village where this lonely warrior went on his school vacations a few years before he died; just the same as birds sing and bees buzz everywhere.

And war has gone with its panoply and glory, to become a mere memory quickened by the cross marking the soldier's grave, particularly this grave of the lone warrior with his great name.

A farmer clumped through the field and with his knife scraped the mud off his boots and, beside us, leaned against the fence.

"His father put that there," he said, pointing at the marble slab. "Yes, he did that, and we have hope in that inscription, and we pray."

We wondered, and leaning low, pushed the brambles aside from the marble slab. Then we better understood life's relative unimportance, as considered by this citizen of the Third French Republic.

"He has outsoared the shadows of our night," this dead boy's father wrote, and beside this just his name—Quentin Roosevelt.

American veterans were silent as they surveyed the dark masses of undergrowth in Belleau Wood, relates Alfred M. Murray in the New York *World;* and we read on:

Some were there with wives whom they had brought to show the place where they had fought during the great adventure.

Several sought out the spot where some particularly dramatic incident had happened. There was Harvey L. Wells. Resolutely he plunged into the wood and plugged ankle deep through the mire, skirting soggy shell holes, until he stopt with a cry of "Here it is!" and gazed over a tiny piece of undergrowth barely ten yards square, but cut in two by a deep ditch.

"Yes," he said, "this is where poor Captain Williams fell. He had ordered me out to see what the Germans were doing. I walked forward a few paces, then from behind that group of trees yonder an unsuspected German machine-gun began to rattle.

"I dropt into one of those double earth shelters that look like coffins. Williams, seeing nothing was possible on my side, crawled out himself and skirted that clump of trees. He tried to get around them. A bullet knocked him down, too, and then as he was being carried back in a stretcher a shell burst on us and the Captain was killed.

Wells belonged to the Fifth Marines.

P. & A. photograph

LEGION WOMEN HONORING FRANCE'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The auxiliary corps throwing flowers on the national war shrine of France, while the American veterans marched in their picturesque parade.

TEETH MAY BE GLISTENING WHITE AND CLEAN

YET

PYORRHEA'S TOLL *is* 4 out of 5

What an insidious foe Pyorrhea is! It never attacks in the open, but waits until gums suffer from neglect. Then it advances, sweeping through the system often causing such serious disorders as stomach trouble, anemia, nervousness, and facial disfigurement.

Merely to clean teeth is not enough. The gums as well must be protected. Although their teeth may be glistening white, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger surrender good health to this grim foe . . . The reason is generally carelessness.

Don't Fear These Odds

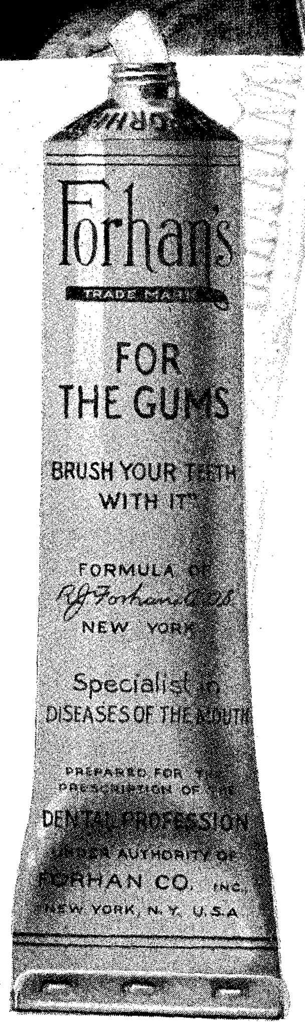
So take these simple preventive measures: See your dentist at least once every six months and start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer Forhan's. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it removes unsightly discoloration and quickly brings back to the teeth their lovely natural whiteness. It is so pleasant to use and refreshing.

In addition, it safeguards health and beauty. The formula of R. J. Forhan, for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, this dentifrice is designed to keep gums firm, alive and healthy. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of Pyorrhetic conditions.

Rather than wait for the grim warning signs of trouble, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen in their sockets, take this safe course: Keep your teeth clean and white. Keep your gums firm, healthy and free from Pyorrhea. Use Forhan's for Gums morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. Get your first tube from your druggist, today—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



It's A Success

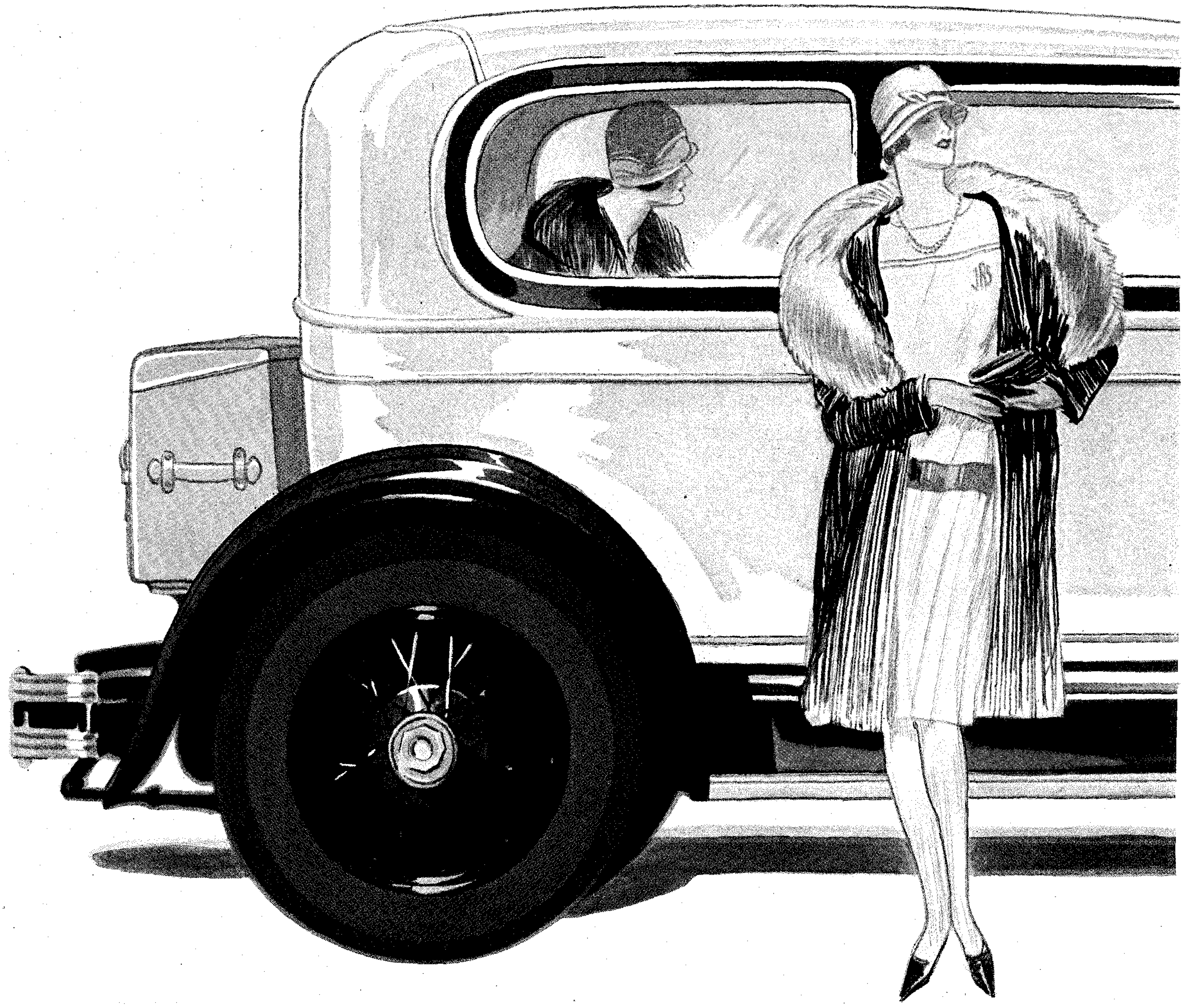
The morning and night use of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is spreading fast. It supplements the dentifrice in the correct practice of oral hygiene. It removes bad after-taste (especially common among smokers) by cutting and neutralizing the after-taste effect in the mouth. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. Keeps breath sweet without use of a strong telltale odor. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.

Make This 10 Day Test

Lazy, underworked gums invite all sorts of trouble. Just as an athlete's muscles must be rubbed and kneaded so must gums be exercised to remain firm and disease-free. Forhan's for the Gums is effective for massaging the gums. Make this 10 day test: Morning and night, after brushing your teeth massage your gums with Forhan's following closely the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



NOW AT NEW LOWER PRICES

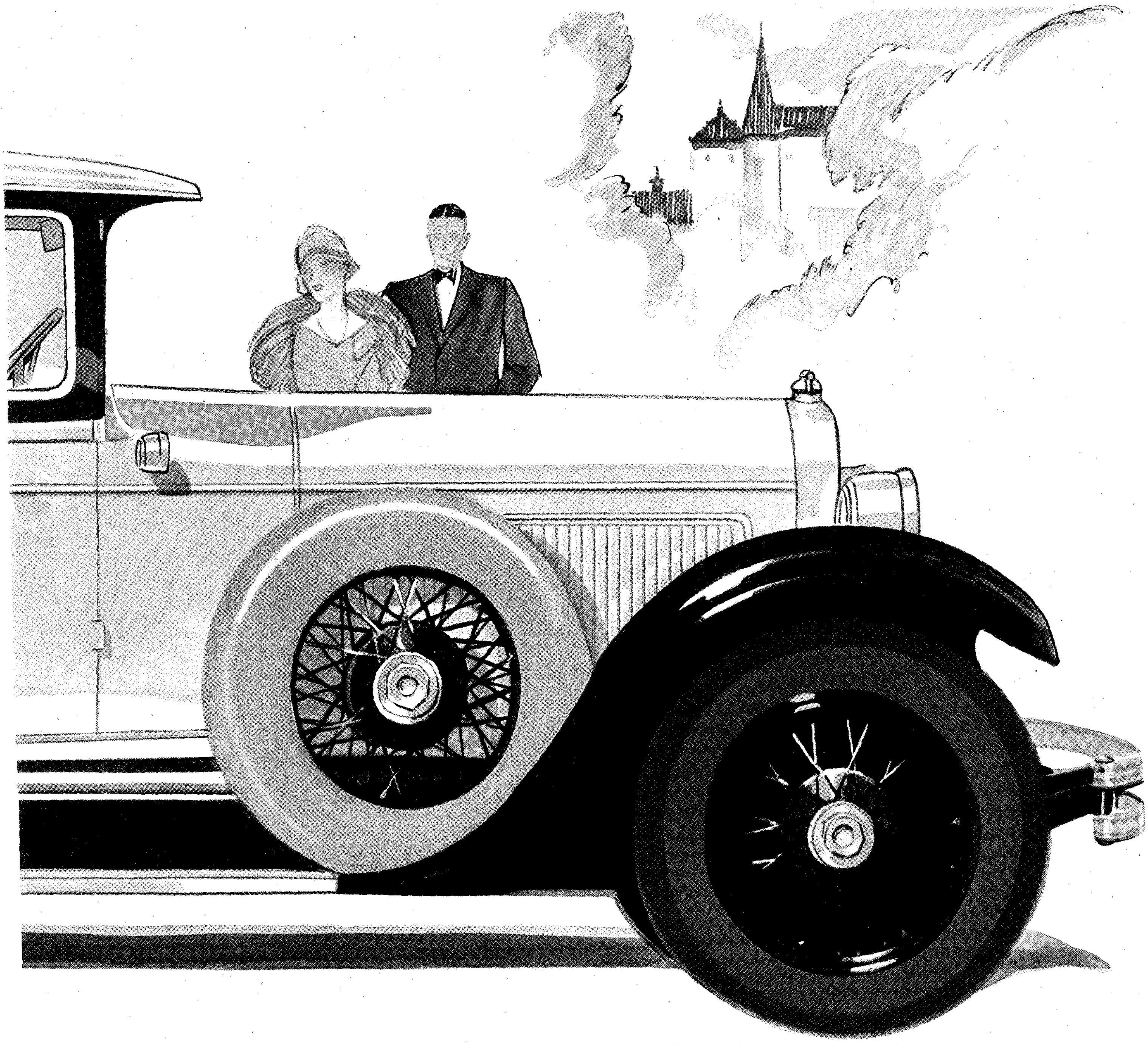
THE DISTINGUISHED

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

with HYPER-EXPANSION Engine

(PERFECTED HIGH COMPRESSION)

IN



Features That Mean Extra Value

Hyper-Expansion of Fuel, Hupmobile's perfected high compression, at no extra cost. Wide range of color options. Smaller wheels—lower bodies. New interior beauty. Instruments under glass, indirectly lighted. Thermostatic water cooling—New Type Manifold heat control. Cam-and-lever steering gear. Vibration damper. Oil filter; gasoline and air cleaners. Dietrich custom bodies available.

Prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

MODEL	WAS	NOW
Sedan 5-Passenger	$2345	$2195
Sedan 7-Passenger	2495	2345
Sedan Limousine	2670	2520
Brougham 5-Passenger	2245	2095
Victoria 5-Passenger	2345	2195
Coupe 2-Passenger with Rumble Seat	2345	2195
Roadster 2-Passenger with Rumble Seat	2045	1895
Touring 7-Passenger	2045	1895
Touring 5-Passenger	1945	1795

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

Light up.. for cheerfulness

A DOOR flung wide; warm light from within to bid cheerful welcome—nothing so adds to a home's hearty hospitality at so little cost as proper lighting.

Light up for cheerfulness with the *new* Edison MAZDA* Lamps. The new lamps are more efficient, yet cost less than any previous type. They are frosted on the *inside*, realizing the long cherished dream of a lamp giving soft, diffused light without loss. They represent the latest achievement of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Keep a supply of lamps on hand. Your nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent will gladly help you select the right sizes for every fixture. For his identification he displays the emblem shown at the left.

* MAZDA — *the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

WHEN OLD CHINOOK TAKES THE SOUTH-POLE TRAIL WITH BYRD

"WE'LL GO ON ONE LAST MUSH together, old fellow," said Arthur T. Walden. And Chinook barked his readiness. Yes, "they have called old Chinook back to the snow trails," writes a Wonalancet (N. H.) correspondent of the Topeka *Capital*. "They have asked him to give up a well-earned retirement and to muster his sturdy sons and daughters for one last trek that will call out every ounce of endurance and sagacity in a lead-dog's make-up. Old Chinook and his malamute pack must save the day, if the whirring propellers of a machine-age monster fail to ride the antarctic gales in Commander Byrd's dash for the South Pole." A year ago, we are told, Mr. Walden, who owns Chinook, and breeds others of his kind for the snow trails, announced that Chinook had made his last appearance, but "when Commander Byrd asked Walden for a dog outfit, the breeder looked around and walked over to Chinook's kennel." Then and there, according to the Wonalancet correspondent, occurred the scrap of man-dog conversation recorded at the opening of this article; and we read on:

Photographs by courtesy of the Sunday Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

THROUGH THE DRIVER'S EYES

This is how a dog-team mushing along a snowy trail looks to the man on the sled.

In a sense it is Chinook's toughest race—and this husky from the kennels of Arthur T. Walden boasts a long line of victories, the last of which was his leadership of a six-dog team to the top of Mount Washington in the face of terrific winds and handicaps of ice and temperature.

The polar dash is quite different. Given a good break in the weather a plane will take off from Ross barrier, spin over the mountain ranges and land within shouting distance of the goal. And Chinook would then be merely the doughty trail-blazer, packing in the supplies that will provision stations 100 miles apart, as planned by Byrd.

But let those antarctic flurries come up, or accident overtake the machinery—and it will be Chinook who will live in song and story along with the intrepid men who battle it out with him. After all, the plane is a speculation, and Chinook and his tireless brood have a proud record of dependability.

Only age can defeat Chinook. The old fellow became a leader of dog-teams in the Yukon many years ago. He has adventured on Bering Sea ice and has mushed from mining-camp to mining-camp in Alaska. In the old days, when miner's law ruled the Northland, his trail ran from Circle City to Dawson, dragging a load of 600 pounds of supplies on a three-sled freight outfit equipped with gee poles—a trip that lasted from twenty-seven days to a month.

That's what they'll need in the antarctic—dogs that have stood the test!

Walden made but one request of Byrd. If Chinook lives through the trip, he must not be abandoned, as dogs have been before. He must be brought back. And Byrd nodded his consent. So old Chinook is going to stage a comeback. They have called upon him to pit his cunning and strength against a strange and treacherous land. Like Balto of Nome, his name will be linked with epic adventure.

As dog-master in charge of the sled-teams that will be used in the establishment of support bases for Commander Byrd's south-pole undertaking, Walden may add a more vivid coloring to an already adventurous career. Writing in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Mr. Ross Duff Whytock tells us:

In a charming intervale, sentineled round about by the fir- and pine-cloaked White Mountains in central New Hampshire, lies the quaint and drowsy hamlet of Wonalancet, where Arthur T. Walden, the doggiest man in all New England, has his abode. It is fully ten miles from the nearest railway station, that of Mount Whittier, and far removed from State highways. Billboards and hot-dog stands are as foreign to Wonalancet and its environs as radiators in an igloo.

While the Walden place is somewhat out of the way as automobile-touring road-maps read, it is becoming one of the chief points of interest in the Granite State, largely due to the spreading fame of a dog of uncertain ancestry, but with a posterity that gives promise of attaining unusual honors.

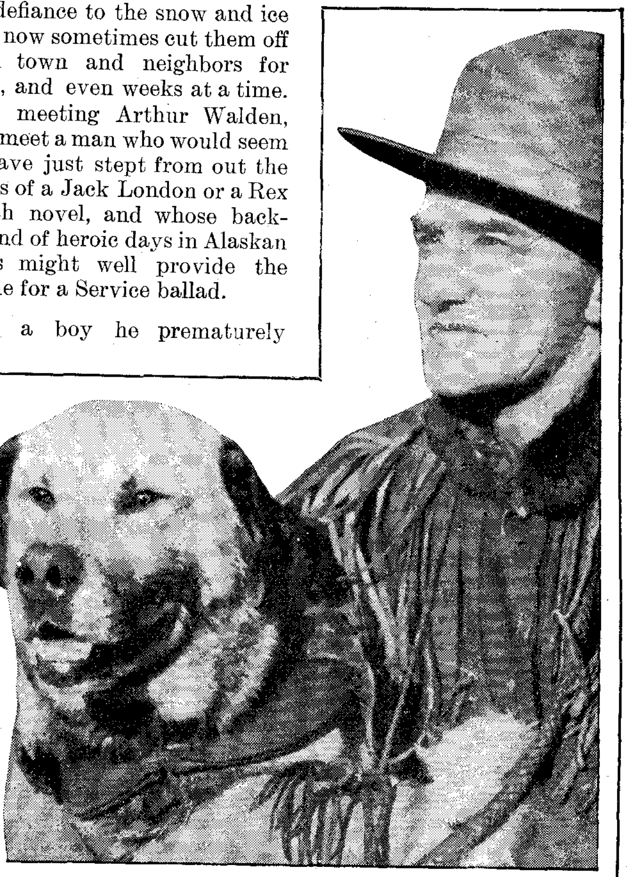
Chinook, a yellowish-gray and friendly eyed leader of sled-dog teams, attracted more than 2,000 visitors to Wonalancet during the last summer. The dog's grandfather was one of the huskies that dragged Admiral Peary's sled to the Pole.

Altho Chinook possesses no pedigree such as might be required for bench-show ribbons and silver cups, he is a dog of high degree. The almost worshipful respect in which he is held by dog-lovers and children makes the lack of a family tree of no consequence to this superhusky.

It was through Chinook, winner of the international races at Quebec in 1922, that dog-sled racing was introduced into New England, and through him Arthur Walden hopes to have dog-teams made use of by farmers and others throughout the northern and snow-smothered tier of States. Through the medium of dog-teams, he declares, a deal of winter's monotony will be dissipated; a highly invigorating sport will be given the dwellers in sparsley populated places, and they will be provided with a means of locomotion enabling them to bid defiance to the snow and ice that now sometimes cut them off from town and neighbors for days, and even weeks at a time.

In meeting Arthur Walden, you meet a man who would seem to have just stept from out the pages of a Jack London or a Rex Beach novel, and whose background of heroic days in Alaskan wilds might well provide the theme for a Service ballad.

As a boy he prematurely


CHINOOK AND HIS MASTER

The latter is Arthur T. Walden, a native of Massachusetts, who learned dog-teaming in Alaska, and has since tried to introduce it in New England for interfarm communication in winter He will accompany the Byrd expedition as master of the dogs.

Winners
of the
$30,000 Coca-Cola Contest

$10,000.00
Miss Mabel Millspaugh, stenographer,
120 West 4th St., Anderson, Indiana

$5,000.00
Miss Katherine Brennan, trained nurse,
St. Paul's Hospital, Dallas, Texas

$2,500.00
Mrs. Mildred Sewell Siegwarth, housewife,
144 Ashwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio

$1,000.00
Miss Vivien Kressh, student, Hunter College, New York,
1631 59th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$500.00
Harry H. Ward, soda dispenser,
Care Sanford-Frazier Drug Company, Enid, Okla.

$100.00 Prizes

George Frederic Nieberg, newspaper reporter, 916 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Horace O. McCrea, clerk, 437 Central Street, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. E. R. Cassidy, housewife, Bogalusa, La.
Miss Mary M. Sauers, stenographer, Muth Street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Walter J. Held, business man, Standard Oil Building, San Francisco, Cal.
Dan B. Stockton, real estate, 519 A Street, Bakersfield, Cal.
Isabel D. Vannings, housewife, 1319 S. Main St., Racine, Wis.
Harold F. McDuffie, physician, 322 Ninth Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. William M. Jones, housewife, 1722 Greenup Street, Covington, Ky.
B. B. Halleck, advertising manager, 4618 Colfax Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

$50.00 Prizes

G. W. Hazlett, care of George T. Brodnax, Inc., Memphis, Tenn.
Gerald Finn, 1651 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Harold Betts, 2134 Prince Street, Berkeley, Cal.
William Dale Winders, 1792 Andover Road, Columbus, Ohio.
Carl O. Nybladh, 821 North King Street, Xenia, Ohio.
C. J. Webster, Norfolk, Va.
Alan B. Wright, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, 1013 Barnett Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.
Mrs. Vircil G. Wheaton, 4205 Waverly Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Oliver A. Life, 3807 Fair Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Raymond P. Wheelock, 524 South Chestnut Street, Lansing, Mich.
Stephenson Waters McGill, 1340 South 3rd Street, Louisville, Ky.
Harold L. Schoelkopf, The St. Cloud Daily Times, St. Cloud, Minn.
Arthur C. Janisch, 407 Beacon Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Katherine Holt, 203 Claridge Manor, Birmingham, Ala.
Alexander Hamilton King, Waverly, Va.
Edgar T. White, 6730 Lowe Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Maenae Nichols, 2311 36th Street, Galveston, Tex.
Albert A. Dreis, 1498 Lincoln Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Tressabea Haynie, 4728 Park Drive, Houston, Tex.
Miss Mary Bright Douglass, 1144 Greenfield Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

$25.00 Prizes

Mrs. C. W. Toms, Jr., Durham, N. C.
Thomas I. Dalton, Topeka, Kan.
Kenneth Bleckley, Greenville, S. C.
Margaret W. Thomas, Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. Powell, Houston, Tex.
Dr. William J. Dieter, Newcastle, Ind.
J. P. Shaffer, Montgomery, Ala.
E. G. Weber, East Alton, Ill.
H. W. Jollie, Cranston, R. I.
A. M. Heffield, El Paso, Tex.
Miss M. M. Nefflen, Charleston, W. Va.
Miss Anna B. Harden, Salamanca, N. Y.
Mrs. C. A. Farrell, Greensboro, N. C.
Earl C. Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.
Miss Rhoda Akard, Sacramento, Cal.
P. M. Onstad, Grand Forks, N. D.
Miss Marie Seefeld, Houston, Tex.
Kay Moran, Los Angeles, Cal.
Margaret Reaves, Rocky Mount, N. C.
Odin M. E. Werther, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mrs. C. E. Walker, Sanatorium, Miss.
Mrs. Olive Barrett, Detroit, Mich.
George D. Duncan, Franklin, Ky.
Sylvia Smullian, Atlanta, Ga.
Selma A. Burg, Erie, Pa.
Harry B. Stemm, Ashland, Wis.
Lemuel C. Dunbar, Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Virginia Bray, Cullison, Kan.
Mrs. R. R. Rothrock, Birmingham, Ala.
Fred L. Michaelian, Turlock, Cal.
Mrs. L. M. Hall, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.
Mrs. R. Rex Johnston, El Paso, Tex.
Leon H. Putz, Philippi, W. Va.
G. L. Davis, Detroit, Mich.
Oliver F. Crothers, Rochester, N. Y.
Richard D. Daley, Erie, Pa.
Mrs. Berniece Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.
V. R. Eaggon, Beloit, Kan.
Paul F. Benz, Paterson, N. J.
K. E. Steinmatz, Minneapolis, Minn.
Minnie R. Davies, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Merritt B. Pound, Athens, Ga.
Fred H. Ebersold, River Forest, Ill.
Thomas R. Jones, Savannah, Ga.
Martin A. Smith, Pen Argyl, Pa.
Walter A. Scheuneman, Erie, Pa.
J. Mortimer Price, St. Louis, Mo.
Chris L. Hansen, Akron, Ohio.
Mrs. A. T. Pontius, Seattle, Wash.
A. L. Young, Chicago, Ill.
Edward J. Gamble, Eveleth, Minn.
Mrs. H. E. Heston, Jr., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
Paul J. Scheller, Dayton, Ohio.
W. W. Greenwood, Worcester, Mass.
H. V. Forsyth, Ashland, Ky.
John M. Dimick, Huntington, W. Va.
L. W. Watkins, Morgantown, W. Va.
Carl E. Dent, Lawrence, Kan.
Wm. C. Fitz Gibbon, Indianapolis, Ind.
Wib. Chaffee, Troy, Ohio.
Miss Helen Kilpatrick, Byron, Ga.
Mrs. R. E. Wager, Decatur, Ga.
O. I. Sprungman, Minneapolis, Minn.
Albert DeG. Conkey, Detroit, Mich.
Lulu I. Rumsey, Anaheim, Cal.
Harry C. Davidson, Moscow, Idaho.
Mrs. K. L. Laughlin, Chicago, Ill.
Eldred A. Mowat, Sarasota, Fla.
Mrs. R. L. Clancy, Savannah, Ga.
W. E. Perry, Valdosta, Ga.
H. W. Hohaus, Winona, Minn.
Robert Pilgrim, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Frank J. Ryan, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. R. H. Davis, Waxahachie, Tex.
A. J. Baird, Nashville, Tenn.
Ida Rothenberg, Lincoln, Neb.
Mrs. Theo. J. DeCroff, Spokane, Wash.
Evaline Boggs, Seattle, Wash.
J. C. Jones, Owatonna, Minn.
Russell Hammargren, St. Paul, Minn.
C. J. Limbaugh, Highland Park, Mich.
Jesse B. Paulson, Flint, Mich.
Martha Strahan, Grenada, Miss.
Nelle D. Reilly, Kingfisher, Okla.
Leonard R. Jenkins, St. Louis, Mo.
J. Arthur Dunn, Greensboro, N. C.
Wayne F. McMeans, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Lena Morris, Dallas, Tex.
J. D. Burke, Gastonia, N. C.
G. F. Edwards, High Point, N. C.
H. Carsen Scranton, Reno, Nev.
Mrs. J. B. Boldridge, Wilson, N. C.
Susanne Loizeaux, Plymouth, N. H.
Olive Stevens, Bellingham, Wash.
Phillip W. Card, Sommerville, Mass.
Mrs. H. M. Heyer, Detroit, Mich.
Mildred Askew, Headrick, Okla.
Lucile C. Mease, Bethlehem, Pa.
A. B. Leonard, Lindsay, Okla.
H. V. Pettibone, Worcester, Mass.
Arthur M. Samp, Beloit, Wis.
Rev. E. DeWitt Jones, Detroit, Mich.
Miss Blanche H. Wilson, Berkeley, Cal.
Henry Irven Gaines, Asheville, N. C.
Nathaniel Sherman, Watertown, N. Y.
M. L. Glidden, Dallas, Tex.
Miss C. Goldback, Spokane, Wash.
A. D. Petty, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Miss E. Davis, Wichita Falls, Tex.
Charly Lang, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Mrs. Wm. Fechner, Taylor, Tex.
Mrs. Elsie McPherson, Mobile, Ala.
F. Stanley Paul, Norfolk, Va.
C. B. McCloskey, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Chas. F. Swanson, New Britain, Conn.
N. A. E. Nelson, East Orange, N. J.
Edward C. Moses, Canaan, Conn.
K. D. Williams, Joliet, Ill.
C. W. Hildebrecht, Trenton, N. J.
Harold DeHart, Milltown, N. J.
Mrs. Wm. Lindsay, Ida Grove, Iowa.
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Mrs. G. D. Eakin, San Antonio, Tex.
Mary L. Benson, Marietta, Ga.
Mrs. T. B. Anderson, Holdenville, Okla.
James J. Smiley, Jr., Chicago, Ill.
John Walter, Newberry, Fla.
Mabel Brown Sherard, Belton, S. C.
Mrs. Dewey Anderson, Greenville, Tex.
Alexander Murray, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
W. D. Russell, St. Augustine, Fla.
Gordon S. Higgins, San Francisco, Cal.
Ruth F. McLaughlin, Winchester, Mass.
Mrs. Thomas B. King, Durham, N. C.
Rev. Edgar C. Burnz, Charlotte, N. C.
Mrs. Clara Martin, Seattle, Wash.
Kathryn Hartkoff, Hamilton, Ohio.
Mary S. Chaffin, East Cleveland, Ohio.
Walter E. Keever, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Elva L. Ames, Wheeling, W. Va.
Miss Mercedes Buckner, Augusta, Ga.
Pansy Robertson, Lawton, Okla.
Lydia E. Kern, Erie, Pa.
Ross Wilson, Chicago, Ill.
Olga M. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.
Jose G. Fernandez, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. J. Dalshaw, Dallas, Tex.
Clifford S. Lideen, Burlington, Iowa.
Ray Knight, Cleveland, Ohio.
Elizabeth Landgrebe, Ensley, Ala.
Mrs. T. C. Wilson, Moorhead, Minn.
Morgan Gilbert, Pontiac, Mich.
M. H. Thayer, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Frederick A. Cina, Aurora, Minn.
Elsie Roads, Enid, Okla.
Leonard Pounds, Louisiana, Mo.
Mrs. W. A. McBrayer, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Marie Ramsey, Kirksville, Mo.
L. W. Brigham, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. M. Hollenbeck, Appleton, Minn.
Paul C. Senne, Topeka, Kan.
Charles K. Claunch, Des Moines, Iowa.
A. M. Cleveland, Waterloo, Iowa.
Miss Della Kreidler, Dayton, Ky.
J. E. Stuart, Springfield, Mass.
Athlyn V. Bangs, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Lawrence A. Brown, Bay City, Mich.
Ella Bickel Richards, McGregor, Iowa.
Miss L. Travelsted, Bowling Green, Ky.
Verna M. Lufter, Marshalltown, Iowa.
E. R. Kumbier, No. Milwaukee, Wis.
Phillip O. Wright, Davenport, Iowa.
Hazel F. Anderson, Charleston, W. Va.
Mrs. C. R. Smith, Onslow, Iowa.
Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., Seattle, Wash.
Dr. J. J. Moeller, McCracken, Kan.
Lyle Munn, Colby, Kan.
Vernon W. McCune, Erie, Kan.
Mrs. Edw. A. Roof, Hutchinson, Kan.
Mrs. F. E. Gritzmacher, Wausau, Wis.
Miss Blanche Hibbs, Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. Leo. L. Ledwich, Seattle, Wash.
Elva L. Utt, Lancaster, Wis.
Miss Bertha Gaskill, New Bern, N. C.
Mrs. H. J. Bryson, Raleigh, N. C.
J. E. Turbeville, Raleigh, N. C.
Harold D. Shaft, Fargo, N. D.
Grace Scheuing, Dallas, Tex.
Geo. N. Mathews, Dallas, Tex.
Rev. C. R. Stegall, Montreat, N. C.
Mrs. W. L. Swanson, Asheville, N. C.
R. Jennings White, Conway, N. C.
Mrs. David Almond, Ashboro, N. C.
L. W. Woodruff, Springfield, Mass.
Harlie W. Smith, Joplin, Mo.
Hal W. Moseley, New Orleans, La.
Gail C. Belden, Evanston, Ill.
G. M. Banks, Old Hickory, Tenn.
R. A. Schroder, Minneapolis, Minn.
I. L. Lyons, Jr., New Orleans, La.

In addition to the above there were four hundred $10 prizes. The many thousands of admirable contest entries have been read and their merits weighed with every possible care. The judges are, therefore, pleased and unanimous in declaring the above the winners of the $30,000 Coca-Cola Contest.

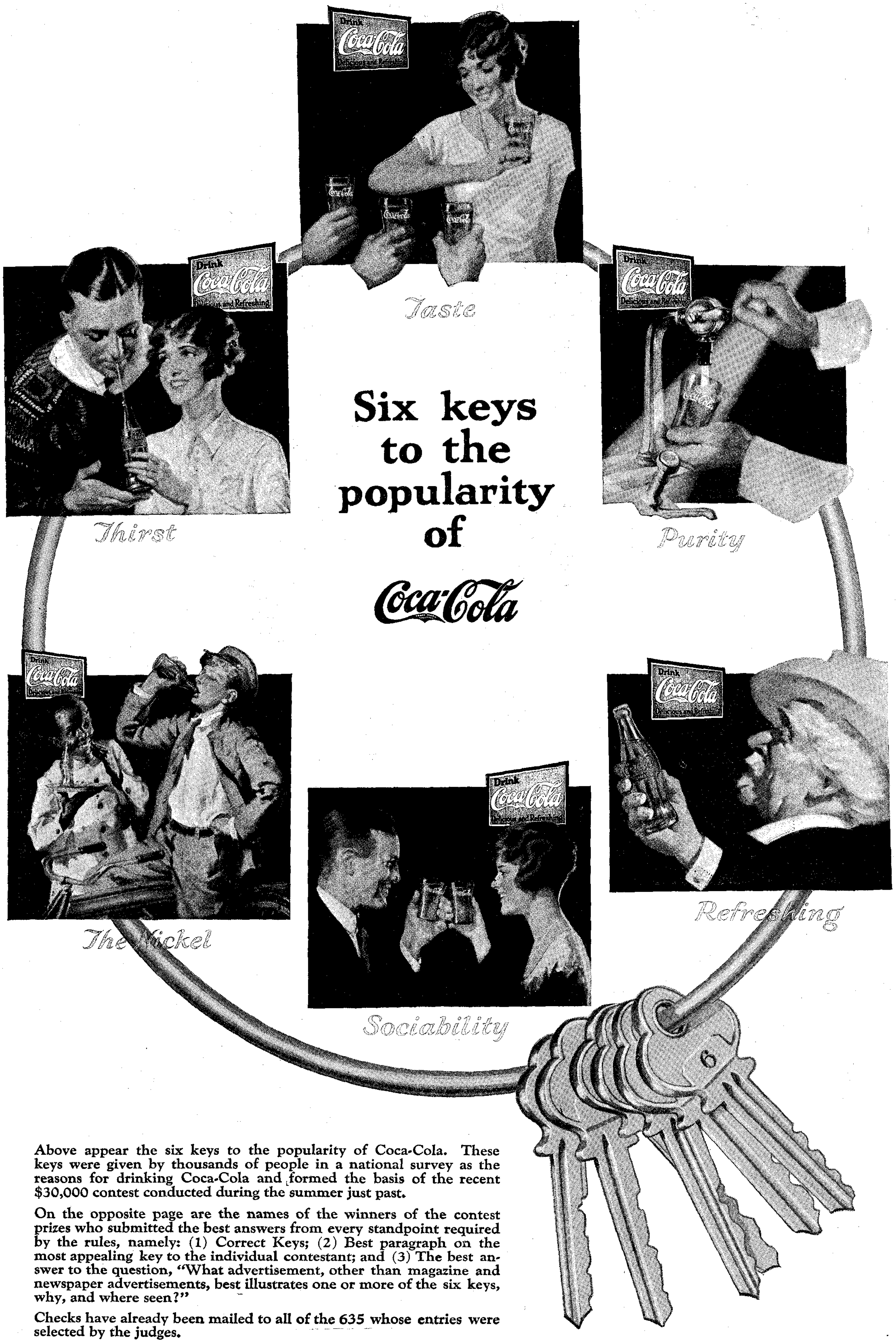
C C Clark
C. C. Clark, President, Coca-Cola Bottlers Association, 1926-27, West Point, Miss.

S. C. Dobbs, President, International Advertising Association, *1909-10, Atlanta, Ga.

W C D'Arcy
W. C. D'Arcy, President, International Advertising Association, *1917-18, St. Louis, Mo.

Lou E Holland
Lou. E. Holland, President, International Advertising Association, *1922-24, Kansas City, Mo.

* Until 1926, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.


Taste
Thirst
Purity
The Nickel
Refreshing
Sociability
Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing
6

Six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

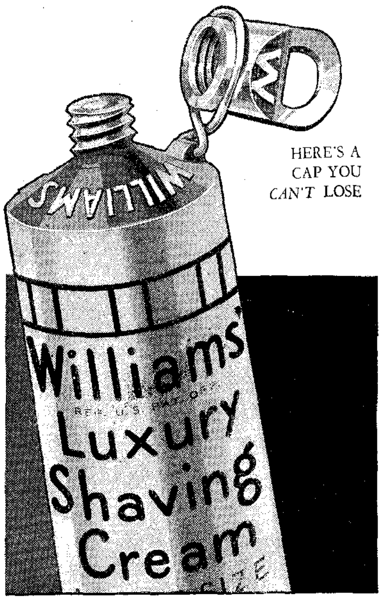
Above appear the six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola. These keys were given by thousands of people in a national survey as the reasons for drinking Coca-Cola and formed the basis of the recent $30,000 contest conducted during the summer just past.

On the opposite page are the names of the winners of the contest prizes who submitted the best answers from every standpoint required by the rules, namely: (1) Correct Keys; (2) Best paragraph on the most appealing key to the individual contestant; and (3) The best answer to the question, "What advertisement, other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, best illustrates one or more of the six keys, why, and where seen?"

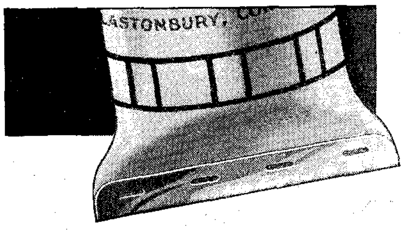
Checks have already been mailed to all of the 635 whose entries were selected by the judges.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

"*Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams*"



The Cream that *keeps* FACES FIT!



Many days of smooth, comfortable shaves, of keeping your face FIT, are packed in every tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

ABSOLUTELY PURE—
its major ingredients triple distilled

ABSOLUTELY MILD—
as millions of sensitive skins can testify

ABSOLUTELY UNCOLORED—
of an ultra purity that needs no mask

Behind it lie 87 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin.

The drug clerk knows. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes......sometimes they change......*but they all come back to Williams!*"

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn.
Montreal, Canada

Next time say
Williams Shaving Cream
please!

deserted a military school in Wisconsin to join a threshing gang. After many wanderings he went to Alaska; and we read on:

> Shortly after the mad rush for the Klondike field began, Walden, after giving deep thought to his own meager findings of the precious metal, decided to abandon prospecting for freighting. Dog-teams were largely the medium for his freighting enterprise, and he admits that they fetched him more gold than he could ever have dug.
>
> "Those were stirring days, those Alaskan ones," said Walden as he poked the slumbering back-log into sparkling activity, "but retrospection gives them glamour that did not exist while I lived them. It was well, however, that I had my fill of adventure, for it satisfied my craving for distant wanderings, and makes me appreciative of the glories of my homeland hills and dales."
>
> While it is generally supposed that the dogs of the Northland are closely akin to the wolf—veritable sisters and brothers under the skin—that can not be said of the Walden breed. Fleet of foot and almost viciously tenacious in their sledwork, they are possest of dispositions that belie their fierce-fanged ancestry. Chinook, the dignified and kindly lead dog of the kennels, who is the joy of the children and visitors because of his good-natured acceptance of their enthusiastic maulings, has marked his progeny with a spirit of tolerance and companionableness that makes them utterly trustworthy.

Some idea of the work at which Chinook and his progeny may be employed, when they reach the antarctic, may be gathered from an account of Byrd's plans contributed to the Washington *Post* by John Leo Coontz. As we read:

> To get the most out of the expedition, Commander Byrd will establish at Discovery Bay a major base, and build there a miniature city that will harbor thirty persons. Portable houses will be brought from Norway and erected on the lone ice-shelf to serve as homes and workshops for the scientists, mechanics, and flyers who will compose the expedition. The houses will be provided with telephones, and a radio will be installed for communication with the outside world. Heat will be furnished by oil and coal. There will be an airdrome erected at the edge of the city to house the two planes to be used in flying over the antarctic wastes. Small tractors will also be taken along for airplane towing purposes. A great deal of food will be taken, but the sea and coast land will be looked to to supply much.
>
> The land mass of the antarctic may be as large as that of Australia—possibly larger. It forms a great jagged circle around the south pole and can be divided roughly into three zones, somewhat after the order of our postal zones. First comes the great ice-barrier, which sweeps southward (toward the pole) for about 300 miles. It is a level, rough plane of ice, broken by bottomless, gloomy pits, and swept by terrible blizzards. This floor rises in some places to a height of 1,000 feet above sea-level. It presents to the ocean front high rocky cliffs and in some places masses of ice rising perpendicular to the sky.
>
> Beyond this coastal ice-field rise mountains, their ice-crowned heads, jeweled by the antarctic sun, thrust 10 to 20,000 feet above the world, unapproachable, in their sheer, scintillating majesty, by man. Between these peaks are fearful passes crossing at an elevation of 10,000 feet to the third and last zone of the continent, that surrounding the pole, a plateau from 9,500 to 10,200 feet above the sea.

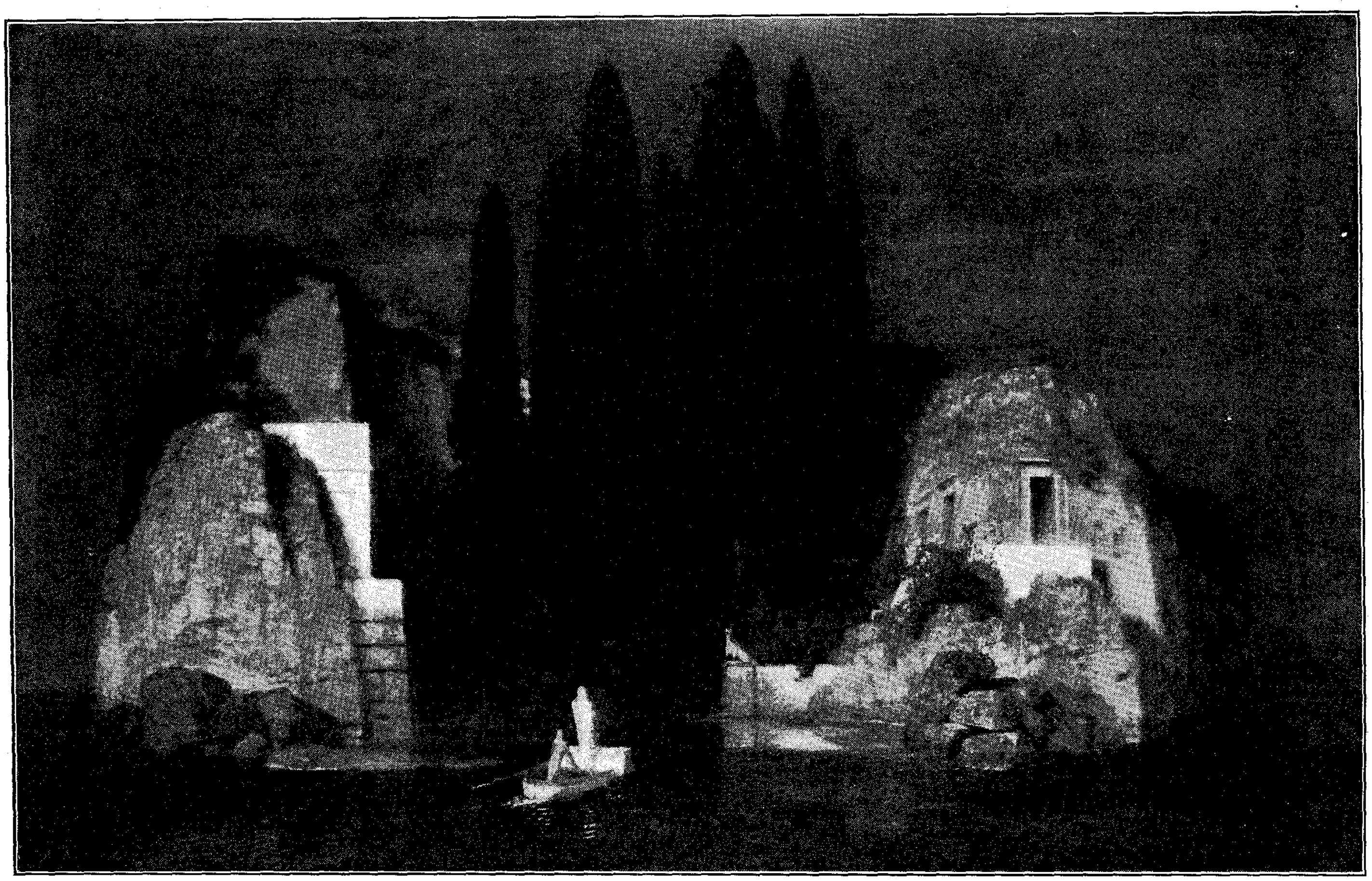
DID DANIEL BOONE DISLIKE DOGS?

When the career of that great Indian fighter, hunter, and frontiersman is considered "in the light of all that history, tradition, and border romance have had to say about him," the question of his attitude toward dogs may be of small importance, remarks the New York *Sun* in an editorial which goes on to remark that the question nevertheless "has rent parts of North Carolina, especially around about Holmans Ford on the Yadkin, and it is interesting Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri." As we read on:

> Dr. Archibald Henderson, "hard-headed professor of mathematics" at the University of North Carolina, seems to have raised the issue and stirred up doubts, and the *News and Observer* of Raleigh says Dr. Henderson "ought to know better than to knock down legends of Daniel Boone."
>
> When a person leaves North Carolina he has a reason. "If it hadn't been for the barking of dogs Daniel Boone would have continued to live at Holmans Ford in Yadkin county." But that is not the way "the hard-headed professor of mathematics" puts the matter. He declares that Boone was not a solitary nomad answering the lure of the wilderness and the call of the wild. On the contrary, he was "the skilled agent of a bold, creative mind, the employee of a group of North Carolina gentlemen organized in a colossal commercial enterprise for opening the way to the West and the colonization of the territory for speculative purposes."
>
> The doctor takes little stock in the story of Boone building on his own initiative the famous trail through the Cumberland Gap and into the Transylvania section of the mountain land. He says that Boone and thirty axmen were hired by the land company to widen and clearly mark an old Indian trail, and that this path came to be called "Boone's Wilderness Trail." What was known as Boone's Fort was built by Boone and other pioneers for the land company. And then as if to pile Pelion on Ossa, he says that Boonesborough was not "even the first permanent settlement in Kentucky," James Harrod and his party having founded Harrodsburg previously.
>
> The legends of North Carolina and Kentucky say that long before Boone went with the land company he had roamed through the Kentucky wilderness, that he had hairbreadth escapes from Indians and that his one desire was to find a stopping-place where he could sleep at night in peace. But his troubles were not barking dogs alone but land squatters. Dr. Henderson gives to Boone his full measure of fame as an adventurer, pioneer, and Indian fighter, but he refuses to accept as trustworthy the fulsome so-called "autobiography" by John Filson.
>
> Boone was ever seeking a place where he would not be disturbed. Every time he moved, however, he would hear the barking of a dog and he would know that some settler was not many miles away.

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



ISLE OF THE DEAD *by* ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. The dark, macabre beauty of Böcklin's famous painting exerted a powerful influence upon the imagination of Sergei Rachmaninoff. He conceived the idea of a composition which should reflect in music the grandeur, the still and solemn mystery, of Death. His symphonic poem, "Die Toteninsel," *was the result.*

SOONER or later in every cultivated home arises the problem of choosing a piano. . . . Not merely because it is an important element in the well-considered interior. Not only for the prestige which it gives. But chiefly for that joy of actual creation—that thrill of personal relationship with good music—which one feels at the keyboard of a fine instrument.

There is only one piano capable of yielding this experience in its richest and fullest form. That instrument is the Steinway. The superiority of the Steinway has been recognized for 70 years by the great ones of music, from Wagner to Rachmaninoff. And their choice has been reflected from generation to generation, all over the world, in many thousands of homes.

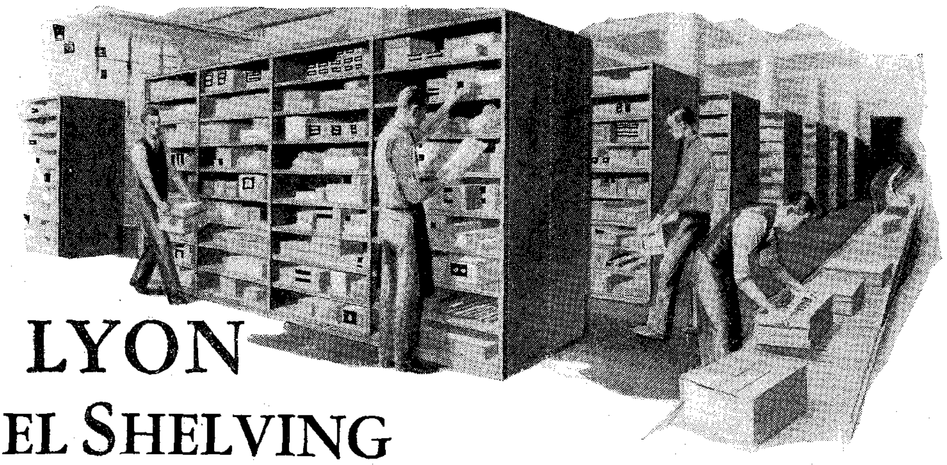
When it is considered that a Steinway will be unfailing in its perfect service 30, 40 and even 50 years or more after purchase, its profound economy becomes apparent. There are many styles and sizes, designed to meet varying conditions of income and acoustics. No music-lover need ever be without a Steinway—or having acquired one, ever buy another. . . . For every Steinway is a musical investment; each holds within itself the assurance of lifelong pleasure and delight.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up*

Plus transportation

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York



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the ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY

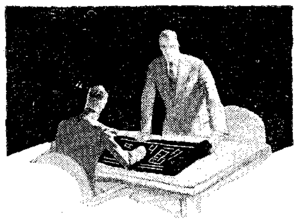
YOUR storage need must approximate some of the requirements of the complex electrical industry. Have you records to keep? One of the finest electrical libraries in the world is stored on Lyon Steel Shelving. Have you goods to store? Heavy castings and armatures too delicate for human touch alike are carried on Lyon Steel Shelving.

In the electrical industry, as in almost every other industry, there are Lyon Steel Shelving installations that have increased thirty fold and the first units reflect after twenty years of steady service an up-to-the-minute efficiency.

This record is possible because Lyon Standard Steel Shelving is the strongest standard steel shelving made. It is easily rearranged to meet changing conditions. It can be added to without trouble. Parts are standard, interchangeable, always available.

In warehouse, tool room or stock room you can use Lyon Steel Shelving with every assurance of unfailing efficiency and lasting economy. Whether you now need just a few sections of shelving or many, start with Lyon and know that you are not only buying the best steel shelving it is possible to make but you are also buying steel shelving that will be just as adaptable to your storage requirements twenty-five years from now as it is today.

If you also need steel lockers for your employes or cabinets for your offices, you can get them. Let your first move be to write us. Please specify the product in which you are interested.



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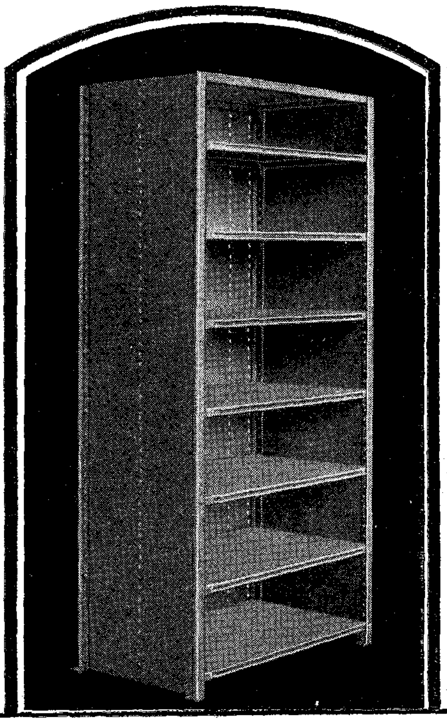
Lyon Engineers will analyze your storage needs and present a plan in blue print form at no cost to you. Write us about your requirements, present and anticipated.



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LYON STEEL STORAGE EQUIPMENT
Steel Shelving, Lockers, Boxes and General Steel Storage Equipment

LYON METALLIC MANUFACTURING CO.
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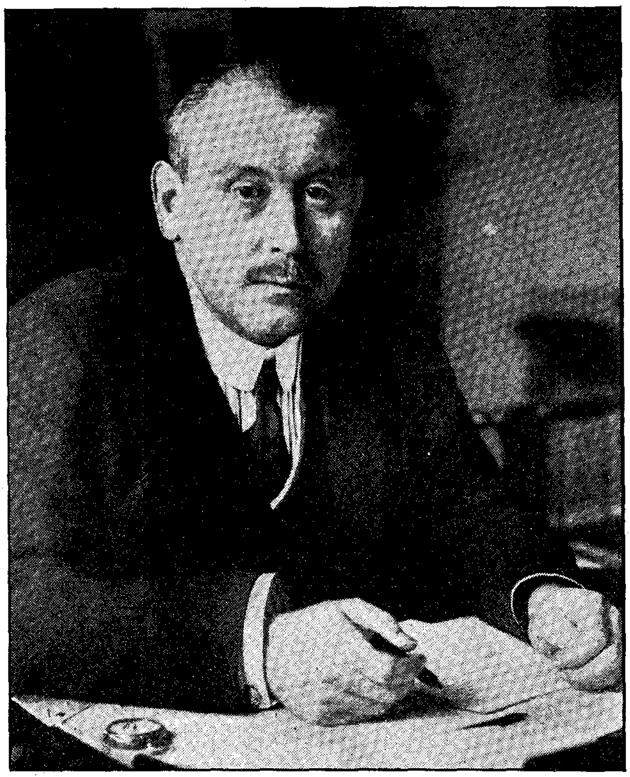
THE AMBASSADOR, THE AIRPLANE, AND THE FATAL PEARLS

A CURIOUS LEGEND, known throughout Germany, is recalled by the fate of Baron Ago von Maltzan, late German Ambassador at Washington, known to history as the man who induced the Kaiser to abdicate. The Baron's tragic death in an airplane accident in his home country on September 23 shocked America scarcely less than Germany. Immediately his friends recalled the fatal reputation of the family pearls. The legend dates back more than three centuries, and relates to an heirloom, a string of pearls called "The Luck of the Maltzans," which is supposed to foretell the death of a member of the family by changing color. The Ambassador himself seems to have had some lingering faith in the prophetic powers of the magic necklace, at least to the extent of relating the legend in detail to a group of American newspaper men when he first came to Washington two and a half years ago. The version of it recorded by the New York *Evening Post* runs as follows:



International Newsreel photograph

THE FIRST AMBASSADOR TO DIE IN AN AIRPLANE

Baron von Maltzan, German Envoy at Washington, killed while riding as a passenger in a monoplane from Berlin to Munich.

> One night in the year 1588 the Baroness Eva Regna von Maltzan, wife of Baron Joachim, who built Castle Militsch, the present family seat, in Silesia, was sleeping by the cradle of her first-born son. At the bedside an oil-lamp was burning. The Baroness dreamed that a little bearded dwarf came into the room, introduced himself as king of one of the tribes of gnomes, and explained that he and his family had halted for a time in one of their old abodes on the site of the castle. There he said his daughter-in-law had given birth to a son the same night that the Von Maltzan heir was born. The room in which the gnome princess lay was directly underneath the oil-lamp, altho invisible to mortal eyes. The drippings from the lamp, said the king, were constantly falling on the cradle of the gnome baby. He asked as a favor that it be removed to another part of the room.
>
> The Baroness, awakening, called a maid and had the position of the lamp changed. The next night the gnome king again appeared to her. He thanked her for her kindness, and as a sign of gratitude left a necklace of pearls on her pillow.
>
> So long as the necklace remained in the family, he explained, the fortune of the Von Maltzans would be good. Were it sold, stolen or damaged, however, misfortune would fall on the house. Should a pearl in the string change color, the death of a member of the family impended. When the Baroness awakened the pearls were still on her pillow. They have been in possession of the head of the Maltzan family ever since.
>
> The first time a pearl darkened, according to the family records, Baroness Eva's grandfather, holder of the fief of Militsch, died. Then Baron Joachim, who succeeded him, damaged one of the pearls accidentally. A wing of the castle burned, and five members of the family were crusht to death under a falling tower. Joachim lived to attain high honors, however. His heirs since that time have carefully observed the warning to let nothing happen to the pearls. Deaths have been foretold repeatedly by the discoloration of a pearl, the latest occasion, according to the family records, having been in 1892, when the Baron's grandfather died.

The Ambassador himself once was warned by the pearls, he told his interviewers. He said it was when he was a student and a rather reckless motorcycle rider, continuing:

"Once, when I had gone out to Militsch for a week-end my uncle, then head of the family and possessor of the pearls, begged me not to ride back to school on my motorcycle. I scoffed at his apprehensions, but finally was persuaded, and rode back in a carriage.

"The next noon when I was lunching at a hotel in Breslau my uncle came in clad in mourning.

"'I couldn't tell you yesterday for fear that you would laugh at the warning,' he said. 'But I had occasion to take the pearls out of the safe and I noticed that one of them had turned black. I was afraid that if you took the ride you would be the victim, but last night I got a telegram announcing the death of your cousin at Bordeaux. The warning was for him.'"

After the funeral of the Ambassador at Militsch, Silesia, on September 27, Associated Press dispatches inform us, the relatives once more opened the casket containing the necklace and found that "all the pearls had turned a sickly yellowish tinge." So the old legend now has a stronger hold than ever upon the faith of members of the family.

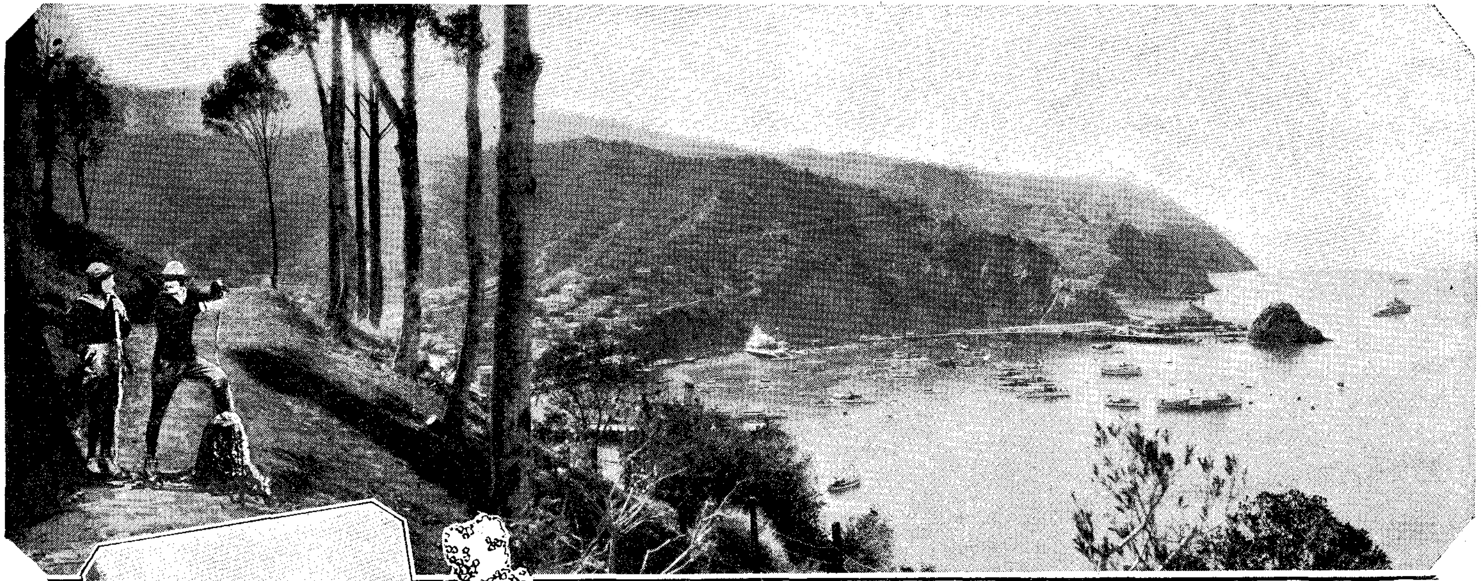
Baron von Maltzan was in the prime of life—at the age of fifty—when he met his strange and terrible death. He was on a vacation trip to his homeland, undertaken largely to visit his father, who is eighty years old, and to whom he had always been attached by peculiarly tender ties. He was flying from Berlin to Munich, where his wife and eight-year-old daughter were waiting to greet him on the landing-field. With five other persons, including Baron von Arnim, an official of the airplane company, he was a passenger in the Lufthansa air-liner that runs daily between those cities, when the monoplane suddenly crumpled a wing and crashed from a height of five hundred feet near Schleiz, in Thuringia, killing all on aboard and crushing most of them beyond recognition. Only the day before there had been a similar accident near the same place, due to an air-pocket, which let the plane drop until too close to the ground to be saved. Some German experts, we are told, think that the Ambassador's death was due to the same cause.

A descendant of one of the oldest and most aristocratic Mecklenberg families, Baron von Maltzan was born on the ancestral estates in 1877, and was christened Adolph George Otto. His father, we are told, shortened this into "Ago," and when the Baron became of age he took the contraction as his legal name. According to the New York *Herald Tribune*—

> Upon his graduation from the University of Bonn, where he was a member of the smart Borrusia corps, an aristocratic student fraternity, membership in which was a sure passport to a brilliant and successful career under the empire, Baron von Maltzan entered the Army as a dashing young officer. Soon, however, he embraced a diplomatic career, serving in South America, Norway, Russia, and China. In 1912 he went to Peking, where he remained until China's entrance into the World War, when he returned to Germany via the United States.

Here let the New York *Times* take up the tale:

> At the beginning of the World War, when still in the Chinese capital, he succeeded in notifying the German Government of the impending Japanese war declaration, sending an uncoded telegram which read:
>
> "My engagement to Miss Butterfly expected hourly. Please inform parents."
>
> The dispatch seemed so harmless that it was permitted to



Catalina Island—an unforgettable dot in the Pacific

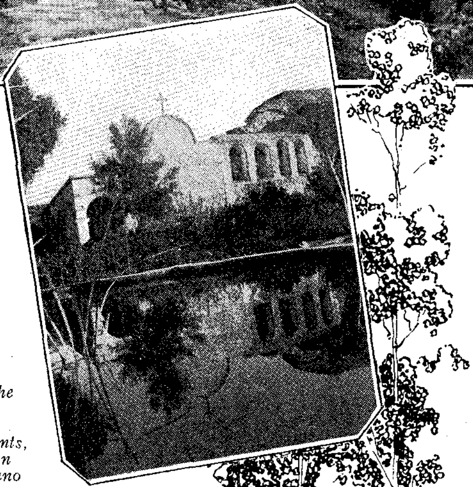
Plan Now—A Winter of a Thousand Springtime Joys!

Southern California is the place to play and rest. . . . Come before Christmas if you can.

READ this *Southern* California message first to yourself, second, aloud to the family—then make up your mind *to take a real vacation this winter—here!* No other spot on earth is more irresistibly alluring, or more beneficial. Living expenses are unusually moderate.

Come on out to *Southern* California and unlimber your mind and your body. Thrill your whole being with the strange, fascinating pictures on every hand—fruit-laden orange trees and gorgeous roses against a background of snow-covered mountains. Walk in the foot-steps of the padres through Old Spanish Missions; dip in the Pacific, cruise or motor along its shores for hundreds of miles.

Play golf on *ever*-green links while blizzards rage in the old home town! Play tennis in the balmy December—January—February—March spring-like sunshine; or climb nearby mountains into Arctic temperature and toboggan, ski or skate! Drive 5,000 miles of Southern California's paved boulevards that lead to hundreds of intriguing vistas. Picnic in palm-lined canyons. Give yourself this energizing recreative, refreshing change in *your own land* where winter is but a name!

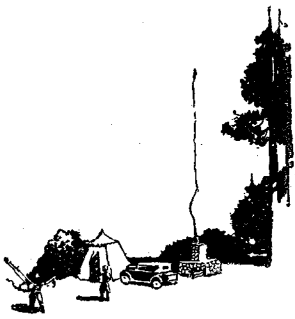


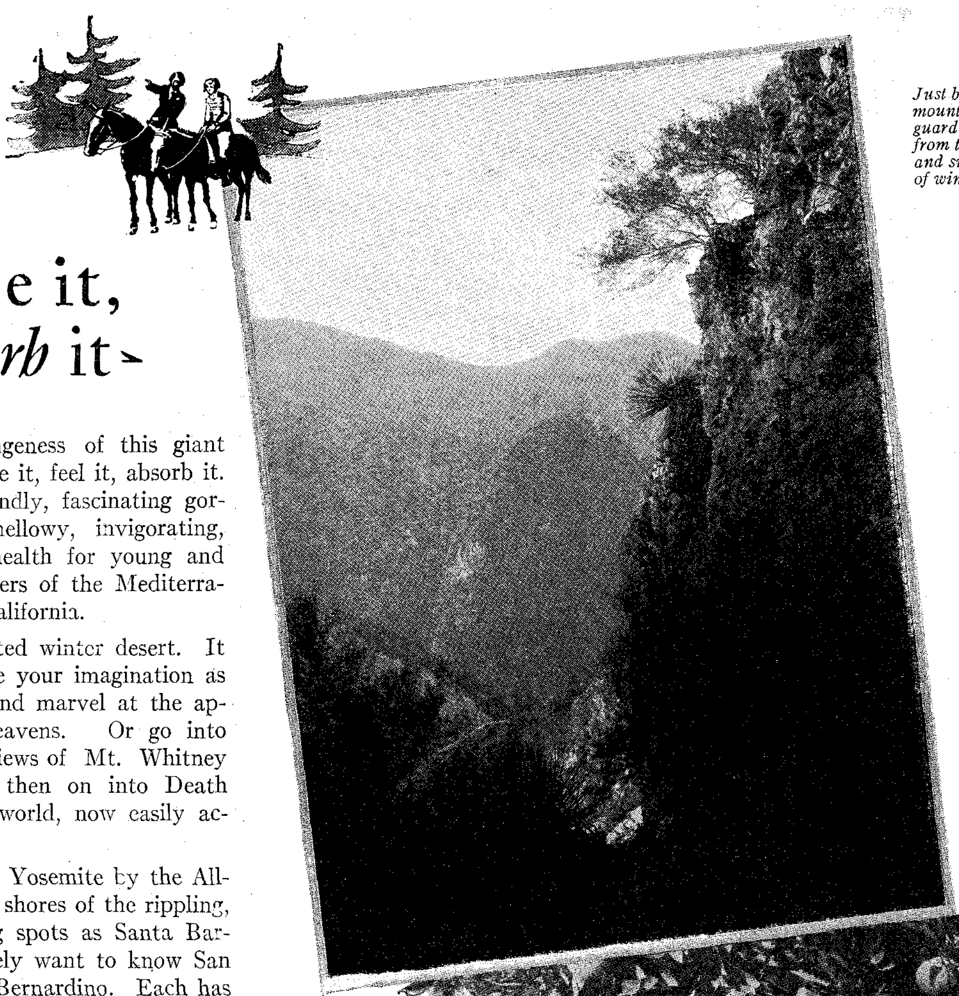
One of the Padres' earliest monuments, San Juan Capistrano Mission

Palm Canyon, near Palm Springs

Early morning at Palos Verdes

Mt. Wilson observatory in winter. A mile below—oranges, roses, poinsettias flourish in spring-like sunshine





Just back of the mountains that guard Pasadena from the cold and snows of winter

You've got to see it, feel it, *absorb* it

TO GRASP the appealing strangeness of this giant Southland of yours, you must see it, feel it, absorb it. You have no conception of its friendly, fascinating gorgeousness made so perfect by mellowy, invigorating, spring-like sunshine. It remakes health for young and old. In fact, all the climatic wonders of the Mediterranean Resorts await you in *Southern* California.

Come and enjoy the flower-carpeted winter desert. It alone is worth the trip. Turn loose your imagination as you visit intriguing Palm Springs and marvel at the apparent proximity of the star-lit heavens. Or go into Owens Valley with its sublime views of Mt. Whitney and the towering Sierra Nevada, then on into Death Valley, the strangest place in the world, now easily accessible from Los Angeles.

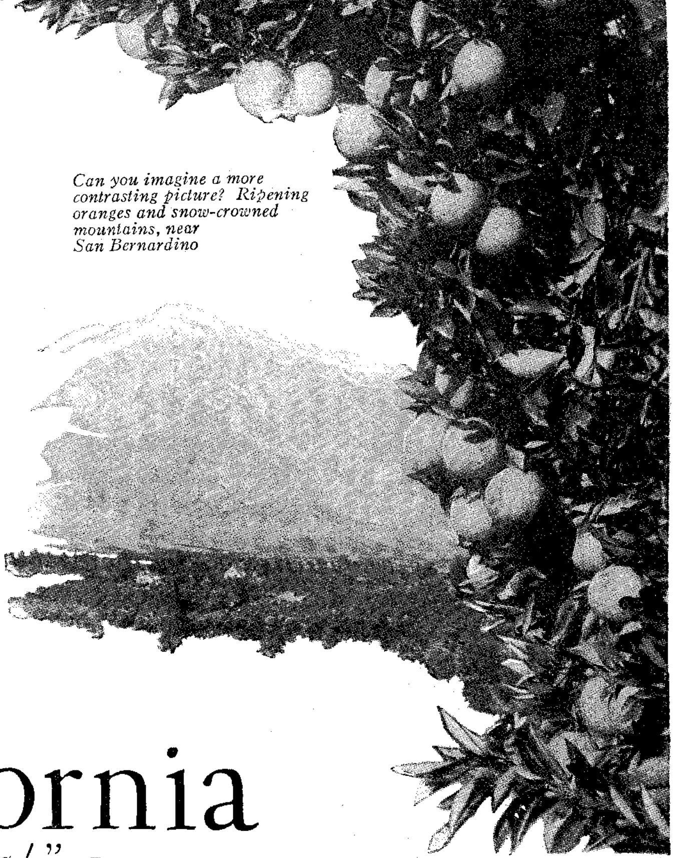
Even in winter you can enter the Yosemite by the All-Year Highway and return along the shores of the rippling, blue Pacific, passing such charming spots as Santa Barbara and Ventura. And you'll surely want to know San Diego, Orange, Riverside, and San Bernardino. Each has its distinctive fascination. To visit them you motor through the great orange-producing regions.

See, too, the remarkable growth of Los Angeles—metropolis of the Pacific Coast. You will marvel at the industrial development of Los Angeles County—one of the country's richest in natural resources. This county in 1926 produced live stock and agricultural products valued at $116,500,361, its wells pumped 122,584,276 barrels of oil, and its harbor handled 22,094,976 tons of shipping.

So much to see, so much to do in this great, joyous land. But, you can be just as busy—or as quiet—as you like. Rest or play to your heart's content.

Come *before* Christmas, if you can.

Enjoy an entirely new kind of a holiday. Think of Christmas under orange trees with gardens abloom with roses and poinsettias—and snow-covered, mile-high mountains for a background! Pasadena's Tournament of Roses is given New Year's Day. The Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament is due January 6th, 7th, and 8th.



Can you imagine a more contrasting picture? Ripening oranges and snow-crowned mountains, near San Bernardino

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America!"

WE HAVE issued a complete book on vacations, 52 pages, illustrated, telling just what you can see and do in this strange land. Send the coupon for your copy.

Ask your nearest ticket agent now for more complete information. Ask him, too, about seeing the entire Pacific Coast in connection with your trip here—San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane.

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. A-10, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

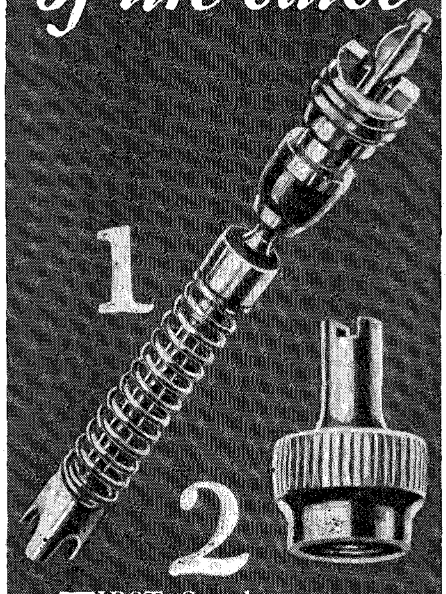
☐ Los Angeles ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange ☐ San Diego
Riverside ☐ Ventura

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

City____________________ State__________

Do Two Things and seal the air at mouth of tire valve



FIRST: See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every tire valve.

Second: Make sure you have an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap screwed down tight on every valve.

Should the valve inside become worn or damaged, this cap prevents escape of air at mouth of valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside.

Always carry extra Schrader Valve Caps and Valve Insides in your car. Both are sold in red metal boxes of five at 25c a box.

Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.
Brooklyn
Chicago Toronto London

Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844
TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

go through by the Allies, altho Germany was then already cut off from the rest of the world.

To prevent the Japanese from entering the war Baron von Maltzan offered them the cession of Tsingtao on his own responsibility, but the Home Imperial Government failed to sanction this step.

During the early part of the war Baron von Maltzan served as First Lieutenant in the Mecklenburg Dragoons. In the spring of 1917 he became a representative of the Foreign Office at general headquarters, and later represented the Chancellor at the Eastern front. On account of his energetic opposition to the Baltic annexation plans of certain high military officers, he was to be disciplined. His adversaries did not succeed in getting him discharged from the service, but he was sent to the legation at The Hague.

There it fell to his lot, at the close of the war, to be the one selected to persuade Kaiser Wilhelm II to abdicate the throne. The incident, as told to the Associated Press by a friend of the Baron in Berlin, is as follows:

Baron von Maltzan in November, 1918, was first secretary at the German Legation at The Hague, and as such was dispatched by Minister Rosen to Amerongen Castle to obtain personally the signed formal renunciation of the Kaiser to the throne. For three days Baron von Maltzan was a guest of Count Bentinck, but the Emperor declined to receive him. On November 28, the Baron, tired of waiting, declared he would pack his grip and return to The Hague to report to the Berlin Government that the Emperor had declined to sign the official renunciation to the throne, announcement of which had been made on November 9.

As the Baron was about to bid adieu to Count Bentinck, he encountered the ex-Kaiser, who wore a gray field uniform, in the hall of the first floor of the castle. The exiled monarch halted as Baron von Maltzan bowed, and looking sharply at him said in an injured voice: "You too belong to the rascals of the Foreign Office who cheated and lied to me throughout my reign."

Baron von Maltzan replied: "I beg pardon, but as far as I am concerned, I do not deserve this reproach. May I respectfully remind you of the observations I made to you in 1914 on my return from Peking, when I pointed out Germany's wrong policy in Eastern Asia. Furthermore it was I who, as representative of the Foreign Office on Germany's Eastern front as early as the summer of 1917 at Vilna, pointed out the necessity of a separate peace with Russia."

The former Kaiser reflected on these words and then shook hands with the Baron, saying: "Come with me into my study—you are to have my renunciation."

After the collapse of the Hohenzollerns, the Baron was recalled to the Foreign Office at Berlin, where Foreign Minister Hermann Mueller placed responsibilities in his hands which soon made him one of the most prominent figures in the German diplomatic service. We are reminded by *The Herald Tribune* that—

He became particularly prominent from 1920 on, when he was successively chief of the division of Eastern affairs in the German Foreign Office and then for two years Permanent Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, serving under various Foreign Ministers during the years when Germany was painfully struggling to reestablish her shattered international relations. As an expert on Russia, Baron von Maltzan was considered chiefly responsible for the conclusion of the Rapallo Treaty in 1922.

During the prolonged negotiations which resulted in the adoption of the Dawes plan, Baron von Maltzan enthusiastically supported that "vast and ingenious scheme," as he called it, and the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* counts it among his claims to a place in history that he used his powerful influence with the conservatives of his own class in Germany to bring about its acceptance and success.

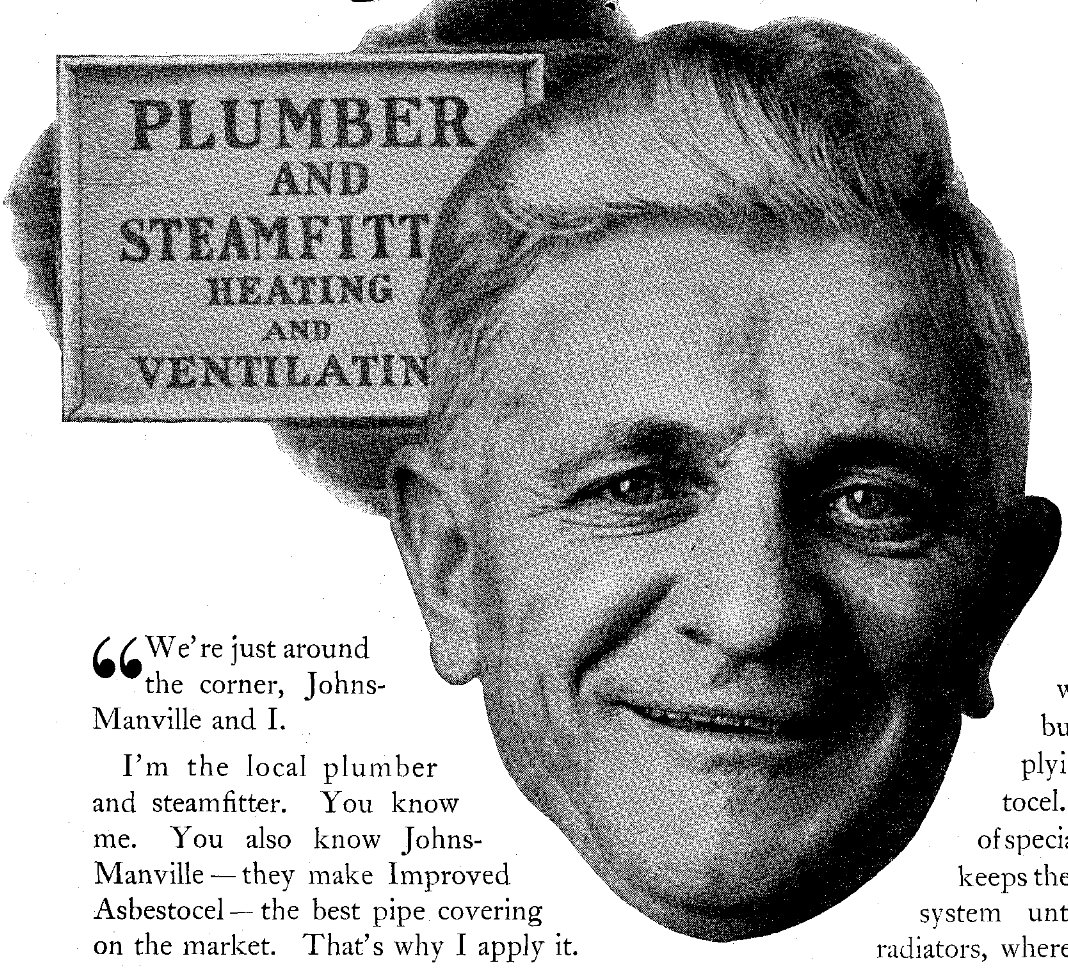
When Baron von Maltzan was appointed Ambassador to the United States in 1925, succeeding Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt, the war was still near enough to make his position difficult; yet it was here that he achieved his greatest triumph, we are told, by restoring something like the old cordial feeling between the two nations. "He found German prestige at Washington far below par," *The Evening Star* of that city declares. "He left it high. The rancors of the war vanished during his ambassadorship. It was in tangible degree his merit to have waved the wand that scattered the mists of irreconcilability."

His predecessor, we are reminded by the Providence *News*, "had made a stupid blunder by refusing to pay the usual flag honors when Woodrow Wilson died." Hoping to wipe out that unpleasant memory, Von Maltzan took a bold step in the opposite direction by flying the German flag over his embassy on Armistice Day last year. It provoked a storm among the German Nationalists at home, including his own Junker clansmen, who attacked him violently for "dishonoring the German nation." His reply was that he had dishonored nobody, but had honored the day which brought peace to Germany as well as to the Allies. "The episode did not cost him his post, as it might have done," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "As a trained diplomat he must have foreseen the possible consequences of this courteous gesture. Perhaps he did, thinking the risk worth while in behalf of friendlier relations with a late antagonist."

The causes of his success at Washington are summed up by *The Christian Science Monitor* in these words:

In the eyes of Americans, Germany was not rich in colors—a somber gray prevailed—but Von Maltzan came smiling, and the whole aspect of his country changed. The embassy again knew gaiety and hospitality. Of an aristocratic family, the Baron was, nevertheless, democratic in his attitude toward the people he met in Washington. He was sympathetic and tactful, making his manner conform to that of the person with whom he talked, yet never losing the dignity that appertained

"We can save you several wagonloads of fuel"



"We're just around the corner, Johns-Manville and I.

I'm the local plumber and steamfitter. You know me. You also know Johns-Manville—they make Improved Asbestocel—the best pipe covering on the market. That's why I apply it.

When I say we can save you several wagonloads of fuel—I mean just that—not just shovelfuls, or tons, but wagonloads!

Listen to this:—I've put Johns-Manville Asbestocel on some heating systems that were bare and some that were covered with lame-duck pipe covering and the house owners have saved as much as three tons in one heating season.

Multiply three tons by the number of years that you're going to live with your furnace and radiators and you're going to save coal by the wagonloads.

There's no 'perhaps' about it either.

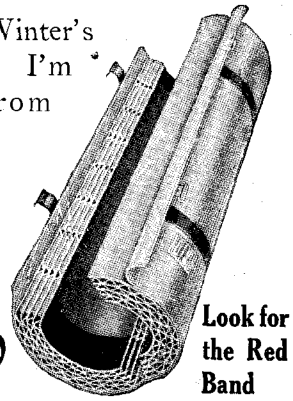
So, if you want a warm, comfortable, livable home next winter—not the kind of an ice house you remember last winter—let me get busy in your cellar applying Improved Asbestocel. It is a pipe covering of special construction which keeps the heat in your heating system until it gets to your radiators, where you want it.

When you spend a dollar for fuel—oil or coal—you want a dollar's worth of heat and comfort delivered to your radiators.

Leave it to Johns-Manville and me. We'll get it there.

But we must start now. Winter's just around the corner and I'm going to be pretty busy from now on.

Telephone me—I'm your local plumber—to inspect your heating system and give you an estimate. It's a lot cheaper job than most people suppose."



Asbestos

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Improved Asbestocel *pipe covering*

THE PIPE COVERING WITH THE RED BAND

If you want the name of the nearest plumber applying Asbestocel, send this coupon to us.

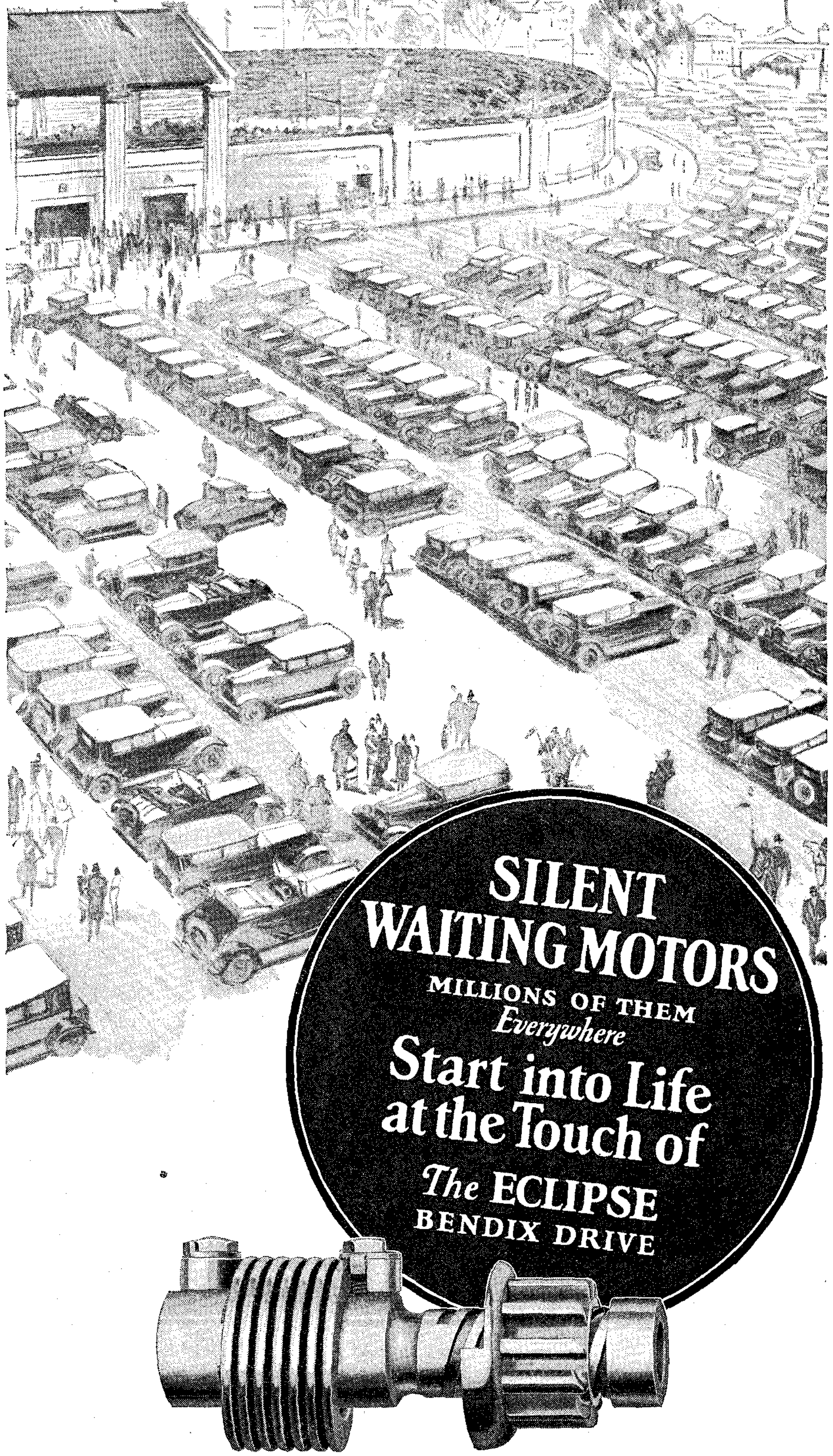
JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
292 Madison Avenue, New York

Kindly tell me where I can get Improved Asbestocel.

Name..............................

Address..............................

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE



"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.
Eclipse Machine Company, East Orange, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

to his office. He disarmed with his charm and friendliness those who were inclined to harbor resentment against the Germans. His calm demeanor and genial disposition won him many friends, and German prestige has risen in consequence.

What he once said in appreciation of Vice-President Dawes, at a banquet in his honor, might well be said of him:

> "When skies were gray
> You came our way—
> That's why we love you."

A NEW NAME FOR SWISS CHEESE WHEN IT'S REALLY SWISS

SCANDALS in the Swiss Cheese Family, the reformers sadly admit, have made it almost as notorious as the Swiss Family Robinson. It is not merely that a ring of cheese around a hole bigger than a silver dollar, and filled in with mustard, as the New York *Evening World* complains, has done duty for years as a Swiss cheese sandwich. Worse remains to tell. There are so many good imitations of Swiss cheese that nobody can tell whether he is eating holes imported from Switzerland or from Kamchatka, from Norway or Wisconsin, from Berne or Boise, Idaho. It is with intent to clean up this particular scandal, we are told, that the Swiss makers of Swiss cheese in Switzerland have adopted a method of self-defense, as a result of which, from now on, if you wish to eat real Swiss cheese with imported holes, you will have to eat the kind with "Switzerland Cheese" stamped on the rind, for that is henceforth to be its official name.

As this is a free country, the Louisville *Times* admits it has hitherto supposed that the word "Swiss" could be applied *ad libitum* to "any group of holes surrounded by a lacework of hard slick cheese." The time for such liberties, however, is now gone. As the Boston *Transcript* explains so clearly, "Swiss cheese" from this time forth will be any kind but Swiss. Or, in the words of the St. Louis *Times*, the only genuine Swiss is "Switzerland." It is a little confusing, but perhaps the following statement sent out from the office of the Consul General of Switzerland, in New York, will remove that dizzy feeling:

> Swiss cheese made in Switzerland will hereafter be known as Switzerland cheese to distinguish it from the Swiss type of cheese imported from other European countries, and also made in America.
>
> The change was made by the Switzerland Cheese Association, a cooperative society which comprises milk producers, cheese manufacturers and exporters in Switzerland, having the governmental right for the exportation of Swiss cheese. The new name has been recorded with the International Patent Union and the United States Patent Office, and will in future be stamped on the rind of the cheese.
>
> The change of the name to Switzerland

cheese was made necessary because of increasing shipments to the United States of the Swiss type of cheese made in other European countries and sold as "imported Swiss cheese," the public therefore being led to believe that such product was genuine Swiss. The new designation was chosen in order to protect the American consumer as well as the reputation of the cheese made in Switzerland.

These shipments last year amounted to 2,000,000 pounds; but as the name "Swiss cheese," under which this particular type of product has become generally known, could not be copyrighted, the Switzerland Cheese Association was compelled to adopt a new name. The first shipment with the name Switzerland stamped on it arrived on September 1.

This development in the cheese world is interesting not only to cheese-lovers but to all observers of sales methods, remarks the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, continuing:

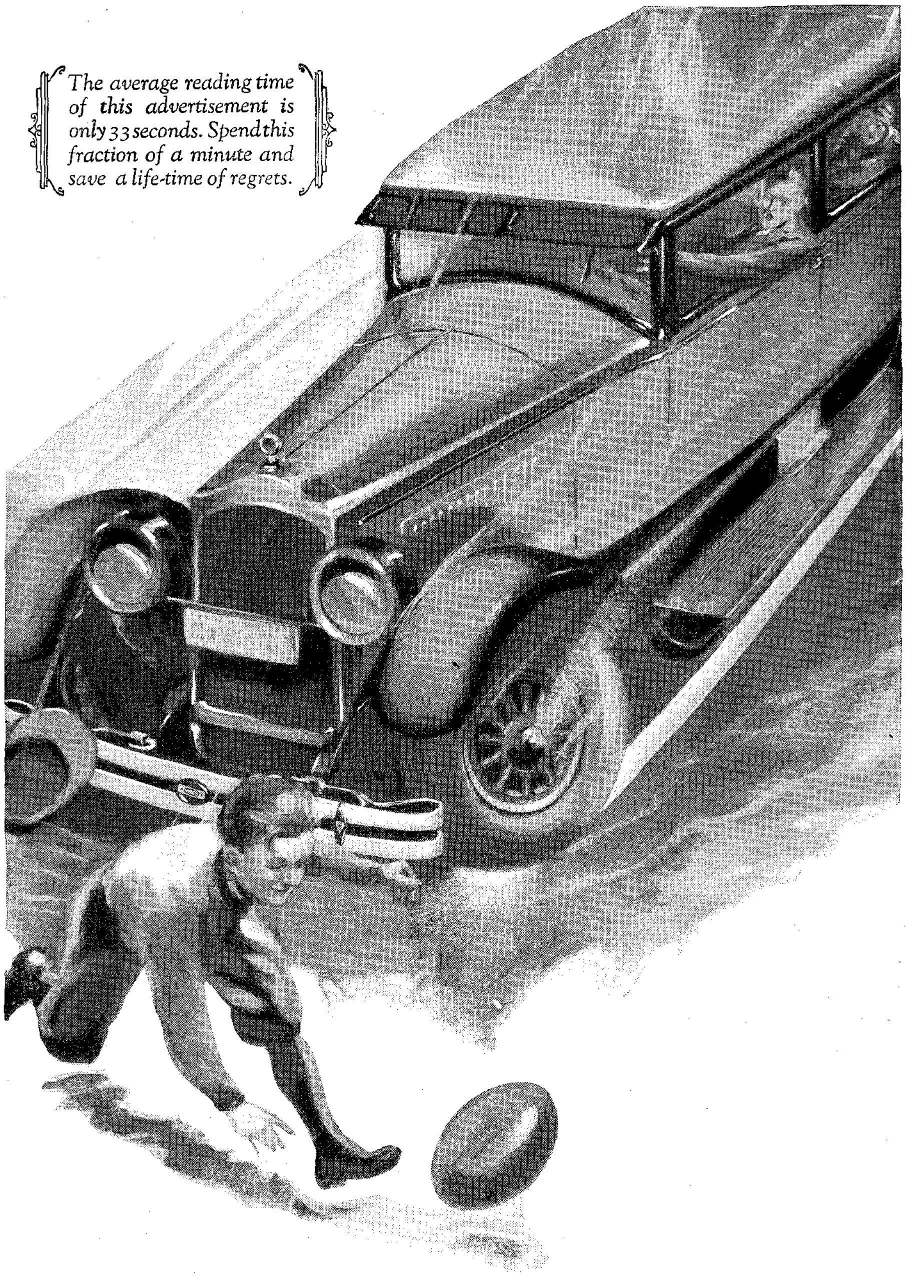
> The Switzerland cheese industry was confronted by the fact that its product had gained such world-wide favor as to cause the manufacture of the same product in many other lands, all under the original Swiss name. Switzerland possest the cheese prestige but lacked much of the cheese business. How to turn its prestige into money was the problem.
>
> And the problem was solved, probably by some bright advertising man who suggested a new name, which should be distinctively Swiss and yet should not be the word "Swiss," and which should be protectable against infringement. Probably Switzerland's cheese industry will make millions of dollars in the long run by the use of this simple sales idea.

Dairy communities throughout the United States are discussing the subject. One Wisconsin paper, the Mt. Horeb *Times*, cries in alarm that "the whole State of Wisconsin has been beaten to it!" It goes on to say:

> The importance of this move can not be ignored by the State of Wisconsin if we want to remain the center of the cheese industry. The only way to do is to produce the finest quality cheese, then by judicious advertising convince the public that we can produce a better product, and so have the preference on the market. The power of an advertising campaign conducted along proper lines is a tremendous molder of public favor. We must get busy and hold the business at home.

Ohio, which has developed a considerable industry in Swiss cheese making, takes the matter more philosophically. "Swiss cheese may be really Swiss only when abroad," says the Columbus *State Journal*, "but the American Swiss has many friends, and doubtless will retain its popularity." We read further:

> Hereafter the imported cheese will bear the brand of Switzerland and be sold under that name, to mark more clearly the distinction between imported and home products. The foreign makers insist no one in this country can make real Swiss cheese. But the fact remains that for years men in America have been making it. The trade likes it, sales are increasing, and chemists find little real difference in the two products.



The average reading time of this advertisement is only 33 seconds. Spend this fraction of a minute and save a life-time of regrets.

THE boy is fearfully reckless. He chases that bounding pigskin, regardless of reason or caution, into the path of grave danger.

But what of the driver who comes sailing along on a wet pavement? For all the care he takes, he might be alone on a dust dry road in the country.

What if his car won't stop in time? What if it keeps on skidding ahead? His four wheel brakes and balloon tires won't make the blow any softer if he bowls over the careless boy.

Use extra caution on skiddy days. Have WEED Chains on the tires to grip the road, and drive more carefully. Then you will reduce the likelihood of a heart breaking skid accident.

ACCO
A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc
in business for your safety

Be Prepared for Early Winter

Buy your WEED Chains now. Don't wait for the first sleet or snowstorm. Don't delay until one day when so many stand in line to get their WEEDS. Be prepared.

Wet Rubber *Slips* —
WEED CHAINS *Grip*

A GREAT BANKER AND HIS FIERY BAPTISM

THE FLAMES WERE NEARING THE BANK—the "baby bank of San Francisco, so called because it was less than two years old on that fateful morning of April 18, 1906, when the business district of the Pacific coast metropolis was being ravaged by the fire that followed the historic earthquake of that year. Every other important bank building had been overwhelmed, and its treasure made inaccessible, at that time of the stricken city's direst need. As a writer in *The Banker's Magazine* puts it, "All that had been of real or material value suddenly became a shapeless mass of twisted, burning rubbish." And now the "baby bank"—the Bank of Italy—was "up against it." The flames were within a block of it, and racing madly from building to building. Such was the situation at noon when the founder of the bank, Amadeo P. Giannini, "after walking for miles through the maze of desolation," reached the spot where his ambition and untiring energy had borne fruit in the shape of a thriving young bank—prized guerdon of the son of an Italian immigrant, whose youth had been spent in the fierce early-morning competition of the produce-commission business along the docks, where the boats come in before dawn, "laden with fresh foodstuffs from the Sacramento Valley." We are now quoting from an earlier article in *The American Magazine*, which opens with the statement that "one afternoon in the middle of 1920, a New York financial paper announced that, for the first half of the year, the increase in deposits of a certain bank in California had outstript those of every other bank in the United States. New Yorkers—who pride themselves on being in the financial hub of the universe—blinked their amazement. Many of them never had heard of the Bank of Italy, the Pacific coast institution which had hung up the record. Had some new Lochinvar come out of the West to challenge the financial honors of the East? Was this Bank of Italy a foreign institution? What power was behind it? What was the secret of its growth?" Answers to these questions, constituting "one of the most amazing romances of finance in the history of this country," are given by a number of writers, including Preston S. Krecker; who tells us in *Commerce and Finance* that the Bank of Italy was "almost literally born in the throes of the great San Francisco earthquake of a little more than two decades ago." Returning to that exciting adventure in banking, we quote an article by B. C. Forbes, in *Forbes Magazine:*

Photograph by Baye

HE HELD THE PURSE-STRINGS

In San Francisco, after the big fire, A. P. Giannini (above) was the man with the cash, having salvaged the treasure of his bank.

His fledgling institution, please remember, was then only a year and a half old. How could it best serve the stricken inhabitants? That was the question given first and dominant consideration by Giannini. One writer thus graphically and accurately described how Giannini faced the emergency and caused his institution to rise Phoenix-like, from the ruins, stronger and more popular than before:

"Hastily commandeering two horse-drawn rigs from his old commission house, he loaded one of them with money and securities. In the other he had the forethought to place a supply of all the blank forms and stationery to resume business without delay.

"Where could he take his valuable cargo? Oakland was across the bay, with a jagged wall of flames between; to reach the stronghold of the Presidio it would be necessary to travel many miles through a district where pandemonium reigned. He decided to proceed down the peninsula to "Seven Oaks," his San Mateo home, and there bury the treasure. So the caravan set out, accompanied by two soldiers and several trusted employees.

"The next day, while the ruins of his bank were still smoldering, Giannini addrest a circular letter to all his depositors, telling them that a good part of their money was immediately available in cash. In addition, he offered to lend money to all those who wished to rebuild structures wiped out by the fire. Despite the confusion, most of those letters reached the persons for whom they were intended. Hundreds of people took advantage of his loan offer, with the result that the North Beach section around Telegraph Hill—the Italian quarter—was the first area to spring up from its own ashes.

"By setting up a desk on the docks while the fire was still burning, and putting a clerk there to take deposits from the commission men, Giannini was the first banker in the city to reestablish his business. In the midst of the chaos following the conflagration, he hung out the "Bank of Italy" sign on the home of his brother in Van Ness Avenue (a street which the fire and shock had spared intact), and opened a "calamity-day book." Records show that of all the fire victims to whom Giannini lent money, not one failed to repay the full amount loaned."

Banking calls for foresight, for business prescience, for ability to analyze economic trends. Giannini demonstrated convincingly that he possest these qualities months before the fatal 1907 panic broke loose. Returning from a trip to New York and other Eastern centers, he informed his associates that he was convinced serious financial trouble was brewing. And he issued orders that the bank husband its stock of gold. It quietly paid out paper currency and stored large and still larger supplies of the yellow metal, until the vaults of his own bank were filled to overflowing, and space was obtained in the vaults of another bank.

When the panic engulfed the country, banks everywhere found themselves obliged to limit or stop entirely gold payments and, in many instances, clearing-house certificates were resorted to. The Bank of Italy, however, stood up strong as a rock, meeting with shining gold every demand made by its customers.

The Bank of Italy's action quickly became the talk of the city, and such a troop of new depositors were attracted that their deposits, often in gold, enabled Giannini to let the bank where he had stored his overflow use it for its own purposes.

Similarly, when the World War came along, the Bank of Italy was so strongly fortified that it not only was able to subscribe for large sums of Liberty Bonds—it carries about $50,000,000 Liberty Bonds as its first line of reserve—but it never had to send a dollar's worth of its paper to the Federal Reserve Bank to be rediscounted.

Since "nothing succeeds like success," it is perhaps not astonishing that other banks in California and elsewhere have been energetically and rapidly acquiring branches.

Meanwhile, Giannini was extending his banking operations in other directions.

The success of his operations in California inspired the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York to invite and urge him in 1911 to establish a bank there. At first he refused, because he still had much creative work to do at home; but in 1918 he consented to go if the members would raise $1,500,000 in stock from not fewer than 1,000 stockholders. This sum and more was readily subscribed by over 1,000 individuals. The East River National Bank was acquired, Dr. A. H. Giannini (A. P.'s brother) was induced to move from California to New York to take the presidency, and this institution has grown from resources of three and a half million dollars at time of purchase to over $20,000,000.

And yet, we are told, A. P. Giannini has declared, "I am not a millionaire, and I have no hope or expectation of being one." Something of his temperament may be gathered from this early episode, after he had placed his commission business at the head of its line on the Pacific coast:

When thirty-one, he arranged to retire from active business life. He had earned and saved a modest competency, and he

a family matter—it's 25¢

"Made my teeth whiter and saved me $3"

If you use a tube of tooth paste a month (and most of us do) you save $3 a year by using Listerine Tooth Paste, the remarkable new dentifrice which costs but 25c for the large tube.

It is the answer to the millions who have asked: "Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c instead of 50c?"

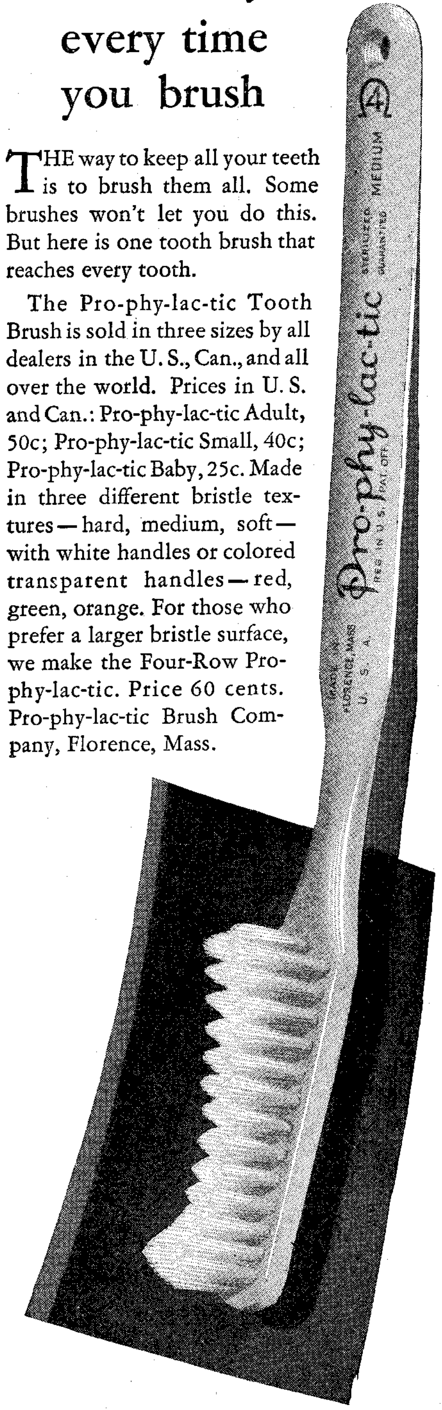
Who knows better than the makers of Listerine, after a half century study of tooth and mouth troubles, how to prepare such a dentifrice?

We promise you that it will clean your teeth whiter in quicker time than any dentifrice you've ever known—due to the presence of a new and gentle polishing agent.

Ask for it at your druggist's. Note how it cleans—and how it refreshes your mouth. See how much it saves you during a year—particularly if your family is a large one. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

This tooth brush *reaches every tooth* every time you brush



THE way to keep all your teeth is to brush them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But here is one tooth brush that reaches every tooth.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is sold in three sizes by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Prices in U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Four-Row Pro-phy-lac-tic. Price 60 cents. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

pictured for himself a quiet life. His share of the firm he turned over to his associates on easy terms, allowing them to pay him out of the profits as they accumulated.

So up-and-doing a young man, however, did not long remain in lazy retirement. One or two real-estate opportunities arose which were such sure money-makers that he took hold of them. One profitable deal led to another. Almost unconsciously he was finding it easier to become busy than to retire.

He accepted an invitation to become a bank director. Little did he dream that this apparently insignificant incident was to lead to the making of epochal banking history in this country.

On acquiring insight into how things were being run, he brought forward what he regarded as an important and necessary recommendation. The powers dominating the institution refused to act. Giannini tried to convert them to the need for adopting his suggestion. They turned him down pointblank.

"Then I'll start a bank of my own and run it according to the principles you refuse to adopt," was the ultimatum he fired at them.

Forthwith he proceeded to fulfil his vow.

And now? Mr. Krecker tells us in his *Commerce and Finance* story that the Bank of Italy, founded by this son of a fruit-pedler, has become "the largest bank in the country outside of Greater New York, with more branches than any other American bank"; also that "in capital assets it has only one superior, the great National City Bank." Under the title, "The Bancitaly Group," Mr. Krecker writes:

> One of the very first State banks to take advantage of the passage of the McFadden Banking Act, authorizing admission into the national banking system of State banks operating branches, was the Bank of Italy located in San Francisco. Immediately upon enactment of the new law that bank applied for and received a national charter.
>
> Behind the Bank of Italy is the Bancitaly Corporation with even larger capital assets and far-flung ramifications.
>
> The combined capital resources of those two institutions and controlled banks are approximately $230,000,000. That huge aggregation of banking capital, virtually under one management, makes these affiliated institutions the most powerful private banking system in the world. None even of the "Big Five" banks of England can show any such tremendous capital assets.
>
> This great concentration of banking power, with its wide-spread ramifications, has been subjected to bitter attack and criticism. It has been termed by some a "money dragon." Others have spoken of the system as an "octopus" whose tentacles grip the Federal Reserve banking system and threaten to destroy it.
>
> Are such characterizations justified? What exactly is the Bank of Italy group? What are the aims of those who founded it? Seeking an answer to these questions which are agitating the banking community to perhaps a greater extent than is

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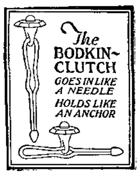
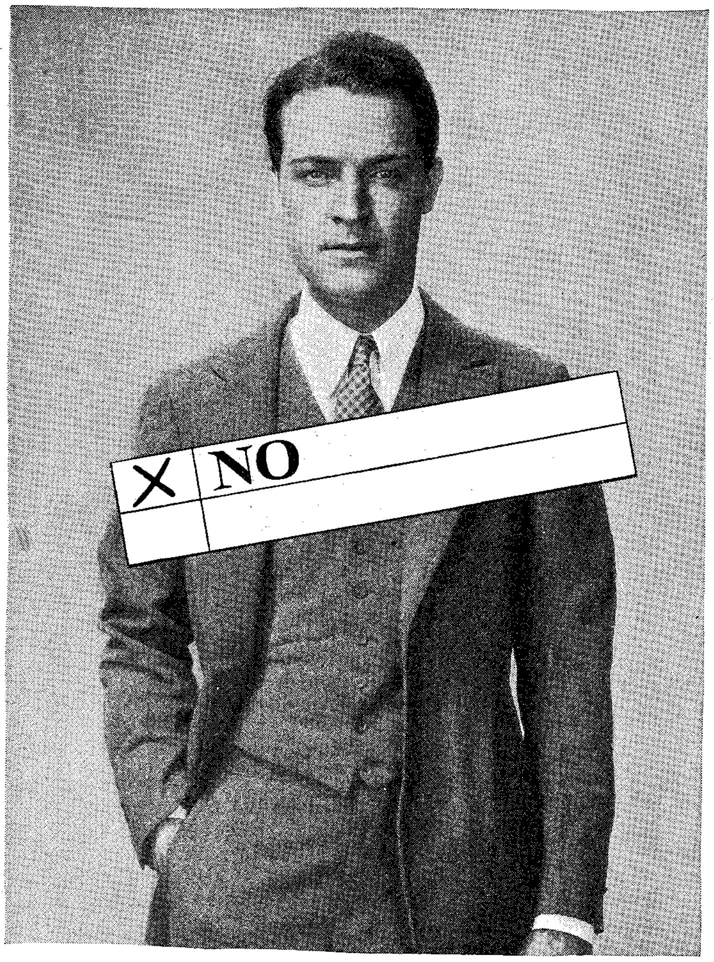
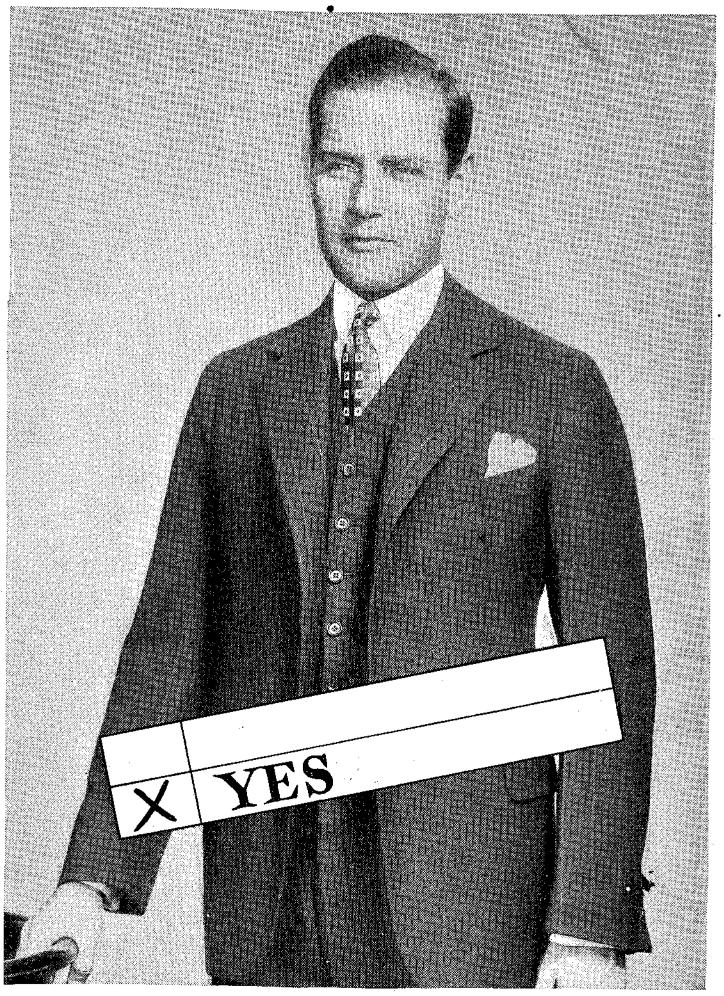
Others $8.50 to $50



The eyes have it!





SHAKESPEARE was right—it's just plain human nature to judge by appearances—and most of us are human.

Let's take you, for instance. Aren't you apt to cast your vote for the fellow who *looks* like a winner? *Certainly!*

It can't be denied, fresh, clean, well groomed clothes *do* help a man to win—*every* man—*you included*. That is why *regular* dry cleaning is getting to be a habit with more and more people. It is so easy, nowadays, to keep clothes at their very best. For the modern dry cleaner is a magician when it comes to pepping up dejected suits. He puts sprightly "newness" back into crumpled naps—he banishes spots and blotches—he removes every particle of drab, grimy dust. He makes clothes eager to face the world's inspection!

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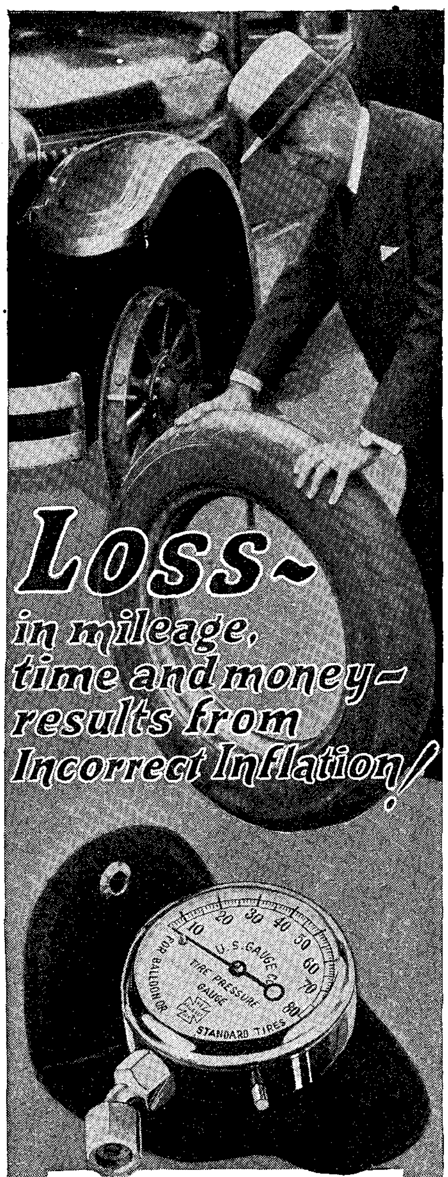
Published in the interest of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

CLOTHES *DO* HELP YOU WIN

—Dry Clean Them Oftener!



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

generally known, I obtained an interview with Dr. A. H. Giannini, who has charge of the New York business of the Bank of Italy group as President of the Bowery East River National Bank.

Dr. Giannini is a doctor of medicine. He gave up practise, however, to join in his brother's great banking enterprises.

"Tell me how you happened to create the Bancitaly Corporation," I asked. "Was not one big bank enough?"

"Formation of the Bancitaly Corporation" (he pronounced the word "Bancitaly" with a soft "c") "was not our idea. It was suggested to us by Italians here in New York. Before we organized our banking corporation here, there was no chartered bank of an Italian character in New York. The only Italian bankers were private bankers. They had come in along with Italian immigrants years before and served the Italians who flocked to this country and were glad to do business with bankers who spoke their own language. The second generation of Italians, however, preferred to do their banking business in a more modern way. They had heard of our success in San Francisco with the Bank of Italy. They invited us to come East and conduct a bank here. We replied that if they would form a banking company we would come East and run the bank for them. They formed the Bancitaly Corporation, and we started it in business in 1919.

"Does your family control these two banking institutions?" I asked.

"No," replied Dr. Giannini, "nor do we want to control them. We are running these banks for the benefit of the stockholders. We are in a position where the shareholders could throw us out if we did not conduct their business properly. That is the way it should be and the way we want it to be."

Another feature of this unique institution—"one which differentiates it from any other large bank the writer ever has heard of"—is the creation of a system whereby employees can become participants in the profits. Reading on:

When the plan was announced in 1924, the president, A. P. Giannini, said that the ultimate purpose was to enable employees to own the bank. At the same time he declared himself in favor of rotation in office, including that of president, and resigned from the presidency, as he said, "to give the younger fellows a chance." He became and still is chairman of the bank's board.

The Bancitaly Corporation undoubtedly owns a larger amount of diversified bank stocks than any other institution in the world. It is said that there is not an important bank in the United States in which it does not own at least one share. Its interest extends across the northern border into Canada, where it has holdings in the largest banking institutions of that great Dominion, including the powerful Bank of Montreal, Bank of Canada, and others.

Now follow the Bancitaly across the sea, and there you will find another vast web of financial interest stretching from England all over the Continent of Europe. The famous Bank of England is on the Bancitaly Corporation's list. That corpo-

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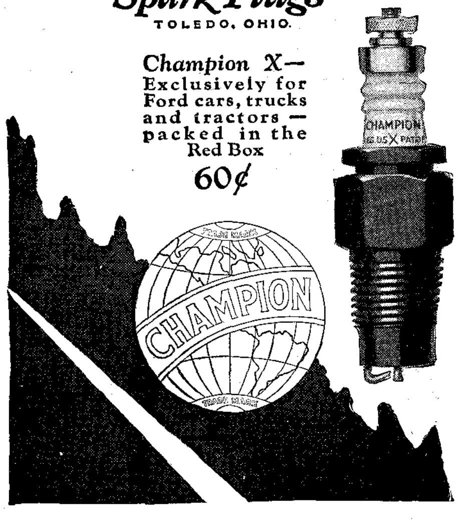
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ration also owns shares in the Bank of Scotland and the Bank of Ireland.

The Giannini banks have been attacked from two angles, first, the branch banking feature and, second, the bank-stock investment policy. In both instances, the underlying thought is that they tend to create a banking monopoly. The Bank of Italy for years was denounced by the foes of branch banking because of the creation of a great chain of branch banks in California. As is well known, strong opposition to branch banking exists in this country. Happily, the issue has been at least temporarily composed by the passage of the McFadden Banking Act. Under it we never will have any great expansion of branch banks except in cities where they are needed.

The banking laws of the country do not prevent common ownership of bank stocks, tho restrictions are placed on interlocking directorates. Does that fact constitute a menace to our banking system?

That is very doubtful. I put the question of accumulation of bank stocks as a possible road to banking monopoly to Dr. Giannini.

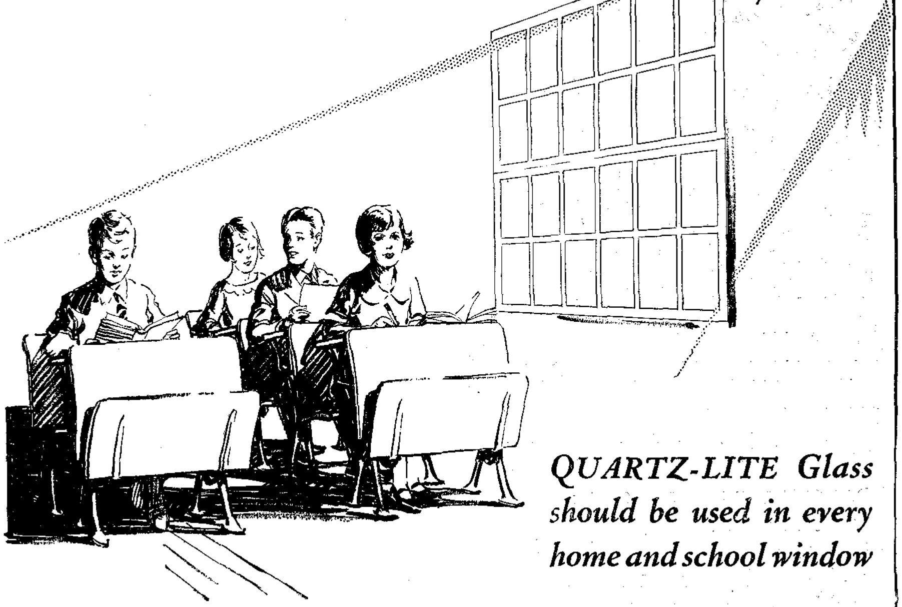
He smiled incredulously. "The thought is too absurd to give it serious consideration," he answered. "Think for a moment what a vast aggregation of capital would be required to obtain stock control of any dangerously large number of banks. Why, capital investment of our Bancitaly Corporation is a mere tiny drop in the bucket of banking share capital outstanding. Consider, for instance, the market value of bank stocks of the large institutions. Then, too, consider how very difficult it would be to acquire sufficient stock in the good banks to be able to control them.

"Everything we do is open and aboveboard," continued Dr. Giannini energetically." We have nothing to conceal. We do not want to form a banking monopoly and even if we did want to do it, we could not. These stories are started by our enemies. Some people seem to regard us as foreigners. We are American citizens, born and brought up in this country. I served the nation in the World War. The name Bank of Italy was chosen, in the first instance, because we aimed to serve the Italian community of San Francisco. That bank is not an Italian bank any longer in any sense of the word. It is an American bank, national in name, scope and character, just as it claims to be."

I asked Dr. Giannini how it happened that the Bancitaly specialized in bank stocks as investments.

"We buy bank stocks because we consider them one of the best kinds of investment in the world," he instantly replied. "Is there any other form of security where the Government periodically examines the books of a corporation and ascertains whether it is conducting its business along sound lines? Examination of bank-books by State and Federal bank examiners is a sort of guaranty of the stocks of those banks, is it not? What more would you wish in making an investment than to know the Government is keeping a check on it? As practical bankers ourselves, we are in a position to learn how other banks conduct their business. When we see that a bank is well managed and that its business is on a sound basis we feel safe in buying its shares. The security is not only safe, but history shows that bank stocks over a period of years enhance in value. The yield usually is small, of course, but it is always reasonable and besides we do not need to worry about the investments of our stockholders being safe."

Young growing bodies need these essential rays



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

ALLEZ-OOP! THE DAREDEVIL LEAP OF DR. CARVER'S DAUGHTER

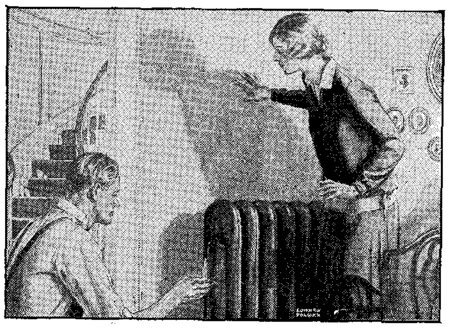
LORENA, the Girl in Red, and her wonderful horse are about to do the high dive at a New England country fair. Seemingly a tiny dot of scarlet, there she stands, thirty feet above the soles of your shoes, as described by George Brinton Beal in the Boston *Post.* From her perilous perch she surveys the crowds ringing the race-track below, where the horses are dashing through the last heat of the afternoon races. Perched on one of the slender rails that rim her lofty platform on two sides, the girl is taking what may be her last look upon the world. But let Mr. Beal tell it:

> In a minute or two, up that long, narrow, elevated runway that ends in the tiny platform at her feet will come rushing a horse. It is her job to spring upon the back of that madly careening animal, set her head just right and hang on, until they both land in the gleaming tank of shallow water below.
>
> If everything goes all right, it is a great act. According to Lorena, who is, in private life, Miss Lorena Carver, daughter of the noted plainsman and champion rifle shot of the world, Dr. F. W. Carver, who died recently at his home in Sacramento, it is a good job, if you hold your head right. If you don't, well there's another Girl in Red, that's all. If you hit the tank with your head held rigid, the force of the concussion will break your neck with accuracy and dispatch. But that is really the least of your troubles.

Once, and not so long ago, Miss Carver had the most thrilling jump of her whole career, says Mr. Beal, continuing:

> That time her final survey of the surrounding countryside nearly followed her into eternity. She made her jump to the horse's back successfully. Over the edge of the platform he started. Then, in the flash of a second it happened. She slipt swiftly over the side of the horse. Frantically, but with calculating hands, she sought a fresh grip . . . and got it! But she was underneath the horse!
>
> She felt the beating rush of the wind pounding on her back. She heard the cries of the frightened crowd. Through her mind flashed, not the often fictionized flash-back of her thrilling career, but the one single, flaming thought—"So this is the end." With a crash horse and rider hit the water. She clung desperately on. Then came blackness.
>
> "I thought I was dead," she explains, telling of it. "I opened my mouth, it filled with water. I decided that I was still alive, even my wildest dreams of the hereafter failed to include a heaven filled with water. I opened my eyes, and struggled to the surface. By some miracle of chance, or whatever you want to call it, I had let go of the horse just as we struck the water and succeeded in rolling out of the way of his deadly, plunging hoofs. I wasn't even scratched.
>
> "Am I afraid? No. In my life there has never been any fear. I fear nothing. I have given the subject a lot of attention, and it seems to me that there is really no

Now *before* WINTER Comes



MAKE THIS *one* SIMPLE CHANGE
—save 1/3 of your fuel

BEFORE winter cold sets in, before you begin wasting 1 out of every 3 tons of coal (or gallons of oil) *unnecessarily*—call your local heating and plumbing shop and have them make this one simple change in your steam heating system. Have them replace the air venting valve on each of your radiators with a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve. You will get amazing new comfort.

You can have hot radiators 3 hours (not 30 minutes) after fires are banked. You can get up steam in 15 minutes (not an hour). Think what this means in comfort and convenience. You can bank the fire after dinner and still have piping hot radiators when you go to bed at 10 or 11. You can have three quarters of an hour more sleep in the morning—and get up steam by the same hour—7 or 8—as before. What is more *you cut your coal or oil bills 1/3.*

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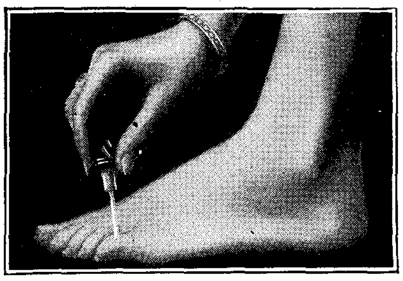

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fear in any one's make-up, but an anxiety to have it over with, no matter what it happens to be, or how terrible it may appear in prospect."

Miss Carver was brought up with horses, we are told. After the plains had been turned into farms, leaving Dr. Carver, like Othello, without an occupation, he made it his life work to train his famous diving horses. And, as Mr. Beal assures us—

Almost without exception his riders have been his own daughters. They start becoming personally acquainted with their future flying-companions. Then they acquire the art of diving and swimming, sometimes with the horses, sometimes by themselves. Then the great day comes when another Carver girl is to make her first dive aboard a horse.

In all respects save one, it will be a pattern for all her future dives. That one exception is that, at first, the jump is made from a very low scaffolding and the distance is increased as horse and rider get better acquainted with each other.

The Carver girls have made hundreds, probably thousands, of dives. And they still live to tell the tale. They are known throughout New England, where Lorena, in particular, has made many thrilling appearances, being last seen at the Topsfield Fair last year. During the winter both she and her horses were familiar sights in and around Medford, as they wintered at Combination Park.

Possibly at the very next country fair you attend, you will see their slender scaffolding just beyond the judge's stand on the race-track, and along about sundown the great moment will arrive.

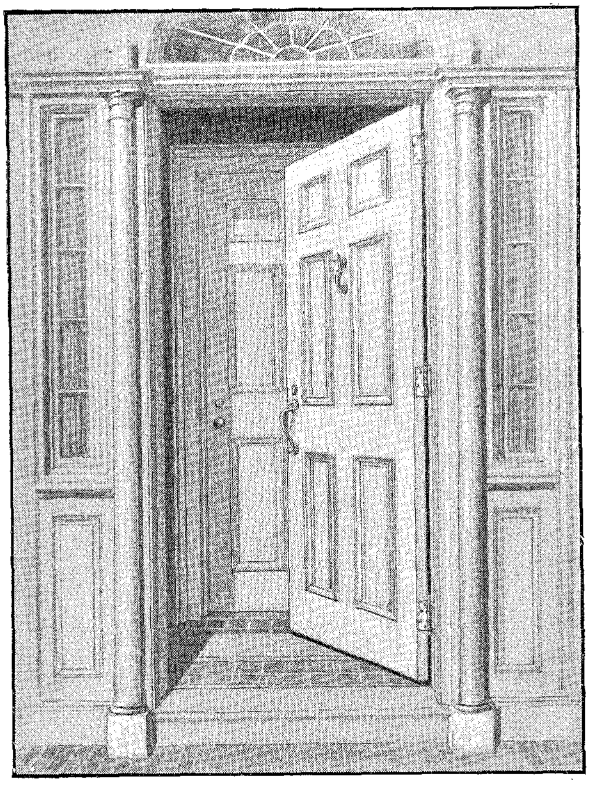
"I've always lived for adventure," she told the Boston *Post* writer, "looking for one thrill after another." She continues:

"I have tried aviating, high diving, auto racing, in fact, everything that promised a thrill. Aviating was thrilling at first, then you came to depend upon your machine doing just what you expected. Auto racing is sensational, you depend upon your machine to do your bidding, but you don't know what the other fellow is going to do. High diving is a thrill, but you depend on your own ability, and you know that you are going to hit in a certain place, and in a certain position every time. But this job is different.

"Imagine yourself sitting on a shaky, frail scaffolding, watching a horse tearing up a steep runway and you wonder, 'Will I be able to mount her fast enough or will I perhaps slip and be dragged under her feet?' At last, after what seems an age, she reaches you, then with a sigh of relief, you are on her back ready for what comes. She dashes madly to the edge.

"Again you wonder is she going over without stopping, or will she stop and steady herself. If she performs as she should, she will stop, look one side and then the other, set all her muscles for the great leap and you find yourself sailing through space.

"Even then the thrills are not over; at times you feel that nothing can keep you from going over the horse's head and if you have ever had that happen to you as I have, four times in my riding career, you can know what a real thrill is. But by almost superhuman strength you manage to stay on till you reach the water. Sometimes if you do not strike it right, you get pretty badly shaken up."



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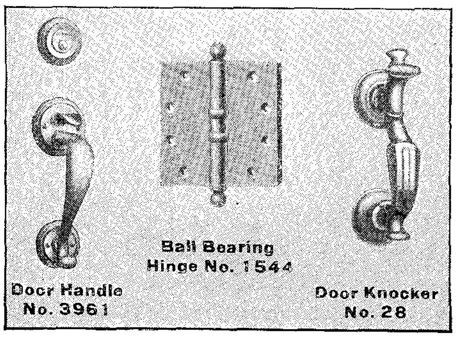

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SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION • CONTINUED

SOME DIET FADS AND THEIR DANGERS

THE science of dietetics, advanced as it is in research, has not made equal progress in practise, we are told by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg in his magazine *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.). Ill-informed of the results of scientific investigation into foods and feeding, the average citizen either follows his own capricious appetite or is at the mercy of whatever dietetic fad may cross his path. Dr. Kellogg pays his respects especially to two fads that have in them elements of value, and that happen both to begin with the latter F— namely, Fasting and Fletcherism. He writes:

While there has been developed within the last fifty years a real science of dietetics, based upon solid foundations in physiology and physiologic chemistry, practical dietetics with the laity, and to a great extent with the profession, is still chiefly empirical. We are still following fancy, whim and precedent in making our own bills of fare, and too often, also, in feeding our patients. In dietetics we are still, to a large extent, following fashion rather than physiology.

Biologic eating is at least as essential to health and efficiency as is physiologic breathing. The human body is a mechanism. Its functioning, its durability, are as much dependent upon care and conditions adapted to its needs as are performance and durability of an automobile. The average man shows his incapacity as a chauffeur of his corpomobile by bringing his machine to the junk heap when it ought to be at the very acme of its useful activity.

That something is wrong with our current eating habits is shown by the fact that when we ask a man to do anything requiring maximum efficiency, we have to put him in training for some days, weeks, or even months, to condition him. The typical primitive man is always in training, because he lives physiologically. According to Roth, practically every man of the Zuni Indian tribe could make Nurmi quicken his pace in a running contest. We have not yet solved the problem of regulating our lives under civilization so as to supply the compensations needed to make us at least as healthy and as hardy as savages, in spite of the facts that scientific research has unfolded to us within the last fifty years respecting the cause of disease and the conditions that make for health and longevity. If scientific findings were applied to human living with the same scrupulous care as they are applied to industry, such research would undoubtedly do as much for human beings as it has done for domestic animals and plants, and not only raise the average life span to one hundred years—as Lauder Brunton predicted—but triple and quadruple the useful output of human life. We compel our horses, cows and other domestic animals to live biologically, to meet physiological requirements; why should we not give ourselves an equally good chance for health, long life and efficiency?

The nutrition laboratory has in recent years studied every problem relating to human feeding with such definite and comprehensive results that it is now easily possible to feed human beings, both the sick and the well, in a manner to meet physiologic and therapeutic indications. The great light that has been thrown upon the digestive functions within the last twenty-five years has led the way to progress in the treatment of digestive disorders far exceeding all that was known before.

A practical application of all this knowledge to the bill of fare of the average citizen would undoubtedly add to his comfort and efficiency and lessen his chronic miseries. Unfortunately, the average citizen who interests himself in dietetics does not know where to go for sound information, and is likely to be entrapt by any fad that happens to be at the moment on the rising tide of popularity.

One such fad that is just now doing considerable harm, altho never likely to become extremely popular, is fasting. Some years ago fasting was heralded and widely exploited as a cure-all for chronic maladies of every sort. Persons who are overfat as the result of overeating may very properly lessen their food intake, but a reduction of weight below the normal standard by a horizontal cut in the bill of fare is positively dangerous. Vital resistance is lowered, and the way is opened for a recrudescence of the latent tuberculosis which is lurking in the system of the average citizen awaiting a favorable moment for development. A fast is a highly destructive process, in which the vital machinery may be seriously damaged.

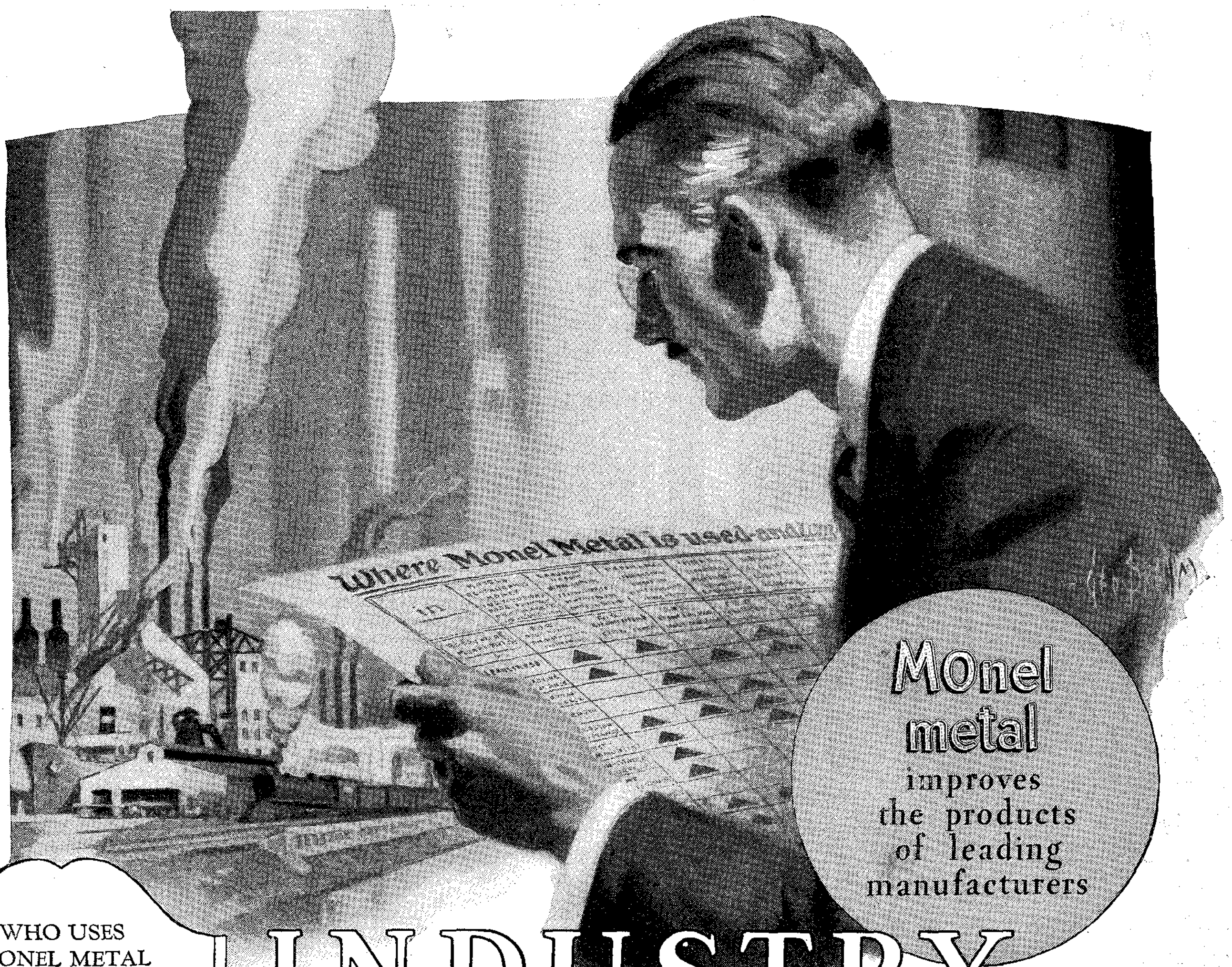
Women, especially those below forty years, should be warned against reducing their weight except under the care and advice of a competent physician. In the arrangement of a reducing diet, care must be taken to provide an ample amount of protein, the caloric reduction being made by lessening the intake of fats and carbohydrates. The intake of salts, vitamins and roughage must be ample. Neglect of these precautions inevitably results in a definite and often serious injury.

Prolonged fasts are never necessary, and do real harm. They do not purify the tissues. They cause a reabsorption of bile and other excrementitious elements. Food is a natural laxative. Fasting causes stagnation throughout the whole intestinal tract. The blood and tissue fluids, instead of being purified, are polluted by the reabsorption of bile and of putrefaction products.

All the possible benefits of a complete fast may be secured by the great restriction of the intake of protein and fat for a few days. By making the diet almost wholly carbohydrate for a few days, the intestinal flora is changed, the liver is well stored with glycogen, while the body is well supplied with the energy needed to maintain heat and bodily activity without drawing upon the tissues.

Another fad that did much harm in its time, as well as much good, is Fletcherism. About twenty-five years ago Horace Fletcher discovered the importance of thorough mastication as an aid to digestion and nutrition, and started out on a world-wide mission in behalf of a chewing reform. Mr. Fletcher's fascinating personality, and his great skill in broadcasting his theories, soon secured him quite a following. As his disciples increased, his enthusiasm grew. In due time "Fletcherize" and "Fletcherism" were discovered by the lexicographers, and Mr. Fletcher felt that he was immortalized.

I was willing to assist Mr. Fletcher because I had for years exhorted my patients



INDUSTRY

in its war on waste has adopted Monel Metal

WHO USES
MONEL METAL
AND WHY!

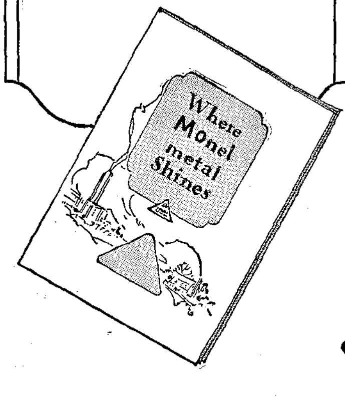
Frigidaire, General Electric Co., The American Laundry Machinery Co., The Liquid Carbonic Corp., Crane Co.—these are but a few of the widely known manufacturers who use Monel Metal in their products.

But you should remember this: Manufacturers use Monel Metal to give you—the customer—better quality, and longer service in the equipment you buy. For Monel Metal combines in the one material—

rust-immunity—
corrosion-resistance—
lasting attractiveness—
cleanability—
toughness with strength—
long life.

From time to time, there will appear in this publication, more information about why these manufacturers have adopted Monel Metal for diversified uses.

Let us send you a sample of Monel Metal, together with interesting booklet entitled "Where Monel Metal Shines".



THERE is a national trend toward thrift—toward wiser spending. Industry, through its engineers and laboratories, is scrutinizing methods and materials to find new ways of lengthening equipment life—new ways of reducing yearly costs.

The engineering metal

Industry has accepted the reports of its engineers and adopted Monel Metal for thousands of different uses. Industry has proved, to its own satisfaction, that it is an established engineering metal. It has also proved that wherever used, Monel Metal reduces waste.

How Monel Metal saves

In the twenty-five years of its existence—through use in power plants, coal mines, industrial plants, in the household—in every type of service—Monel Metal has always proved dependable.

A metal that never looks old

Long before the modern hotel had assumed its present size and importance, Monel Metal was demonstrating its superior properties as a material for food service equipment.

Even before International Nickel's engineers had brought Monel Metal to its present state of gleaming perfection, Monel Metal was already demonstrating that it has that rare property of being ever bright and clean.

Monel Metal's natural properties—now, as always—enable users to reduce cleaning costs.

Where you should use Monel Metal

In your own war on waste, you, too, will find many conditions demanding the use of Monel Metal. Your architect or sheet metal worker will tell you how to Monel Metal-ize your home, and the manufacturer of standard equipment will furnish Monel Metal if you ask for it.

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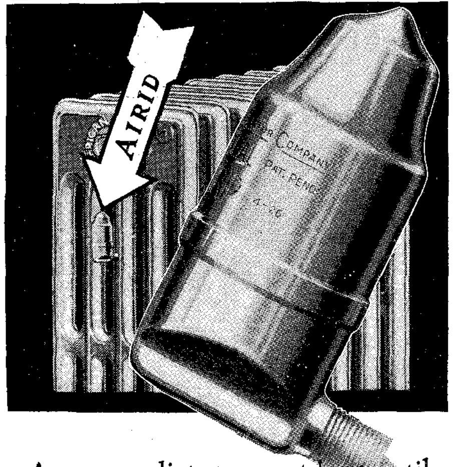

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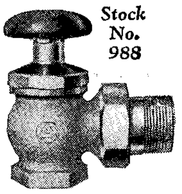

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

to chew thoroughly as an essential factor in biologic living. But I soon found myself in trouble because of a new discovery made by Mr. Fletcher, and one that he regarded as of such vital importance that he made it a leading feature of his philosophy. Having observed that when he masticated thoroughly he ate much less than formerly, he cultivated constipation by discarding all roughage from his diet, laying down as a rule that everything that could not be liquefied in the mouth should be rejected.

Mr. Fletcher himself suffered greatly from chronic toxemia. His tongue was heavily coated and his breath was highly maladorous. His dentist informed me that his teeth were decaying more rapidly than in any case he had ever seen. Prof. William James, who was at one time one of Mr. Fletcher's most enthusiastic supporters, said to a friend, "I tried Fletcherism for three months. I had to give it up. It nearly killed me." Mr. Fletcher himself died as a result of chronic bronchitis, doubtless aggravated, if not chiefly caused, by chronic toxemia.

Mr. Fletcher rendered some service to the science of nutrition by his chewing experiments, and especially by persuading Professor Chittenden to undertake his famous research on the protein ration in 1902, but he spoiled his campaign by cultivating and recommending constipation. His cult has become nearly obsolete, and his name will doubtless disappear from the dictionary; but, unfortunately, the idea that he exploited, that indigestible food elements are unnecessary and undesirable, is widely prevalent, and not alone as the result of Mr. Fletcher's teaching.

METERS TO CURE THE "WATER HOG"

WATER-WORKS superintendents and engineers are endeavoring to cope with diminishing water supplies and the mounting cost of operation, which are seriously eating into revenues and earnings, says Charles Ade, writing in *Western Waterworks* (Los Angeles). These conditions, he says, are becoming more apparent, due to increased overhead, demands for increased wages, increasing cost of materials, machinery, supplies and repairs. Particularly does this increase refer to new extensions, covering pipe, trenching, laying, lead, yarn and labor, plus the service pipes and connections. He goes on:

> To all of this must be added the increase in the cost of fuel. Even lubricants, packing, waste, and every known commodity used in a pumping plant has double or tripled in cost. Added to all this, possibly, is the waste of improper and improvident mismanagement and inefficiency, especially in the small-town plant wherein it is next to impossible to pay the proper and adequate salary due a first-class, painstaking superintendent or general manager.
>
> I often wonder how superintendents really make both ends meet, and keep up their operating and operative expenses, also pay their current bills of maintenance cost.
>
> It is quite apparent that a superintendent who can operate plants of the

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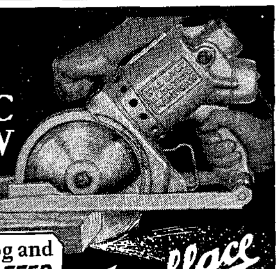

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size from 100 up to 250 consumers successfully, and show even a very small net profit at the end of the year, is deserving of the plaudits of the entire citizenship of his town for being able to hold the structure together, and not have it fall into the hands of a receiver.

The operative costs of water, of course, largely depend upon the source. Fortunate is the town that has a fine open water supply of large capacity, located near a suction lift, so it can be delivered by one pumping process to hill elevation, tank or tower; but wo betide the town whose supply is only to be obtained from very deep wells, by deep-well pumps or air-lifts, in which this supply is deposited in ground reservoirs, perchance to be cooled, or for sand settlement, or has to be aerated to get rid of sulfur contents, or if it has to be taken from a lake or river so polluted that sedimentation, filtration and chemical purification has to be resorted to, and then a second pumping process has to be used to lift it. Under such conditions, the cost and general expense is so magnified that every drop must or should be accounted for.

As we ascend the scale in number of water consumers, and the revenue increases, naturally the burden of responsibility is lifted from the operator's shoulders to a greater or lesser degree, but even under this enlarged operation, there ensues an ever greatly increased condition, namely, water waste, that the superintendent has to contend with, which is likely to eat vitally into the revenues, unless it is carefully watched and contended against.

Water waste is the greatest microbe that ever attacked a water-works system. It is to be found and located mostly in the "water hog," a species of careless and indifferent water consumer. He is that individual who, under a flat-rate system believes strictly in "getting his money's worth," and he generally does it. Leaks in his plumbing fixtures spell nothing to him; in fact, he loves to hear the trickle, trickle of the water drip, and the gurgle of a water toilet is music to his ears, as he thinks he is getting even with the water-works department. A flat rate spells losses to the water-works department of any size plant.

The water waste in cities, towns and villages throughout the United States is simply stupendous. If left to go on, a water-works plant, no matter how well equipped and operated, never can reach the extreme heights of its profitable operation. The introduction of a universal meter system, injected into or attached to the terminal ends of all water arteries, is the only cure for this water-waste microbe.

The very oldest users of meters are today their strongest adherents.

It is estimated by competent authorities that anywhere from 25 to 60 per cent. of all water supplied by an unmetered plant is absolutely wasted. In many cases it runs as high as 100 per cent. In other words, the water wasted is equal to the water used.

Some of the chief causes of water waste are:

1. The flat or scheduled method of selling water.
2. Leaks in pipes or fixtures.
3. Disordered flush tanks in water toilets.
4. Urinals continually running.
5. Opening faucets to prevent freezing.
6. Allowing water to run through hose indefinitely, full stream or partially closed, after using.

"It's Fun to keep Fit this new Way"

Wrigley

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CHICAGO, November 24th,
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Battle Creek, Michigan

Mr. H. H. Babcock

Dear Sir:

I have one of your "Health Builder" machines in each one of my four homes - Chicago, Illinois, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Pasadena, California, and Santa Catalina Island, California.

My idea is that it is the missing link for the busy business man. I use the machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in perfect physical shape.

I have shown the machine to a great many of my friends, all of whom now have them in their homes.

You have produced the only mechanical exercising machine that has come under my observation.

Very truly yours,

Wrigley

KEEN business men realize the importance of keeping fit. They know the right kind of exercise is absolutely imperative. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., speaking about the Battle Creek Health Builder, says: "I have one of your 'Health Builder' machines in each of my four homes. I use this machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in perfect physical shape."

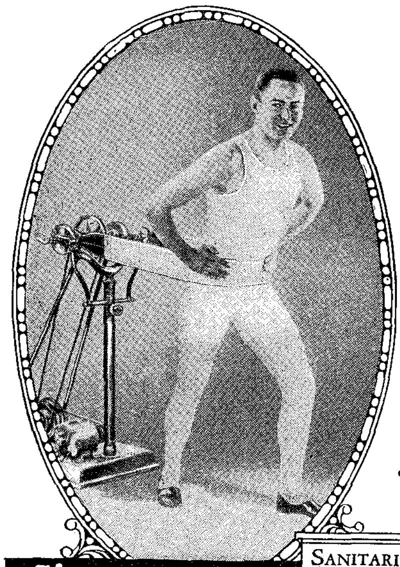
Keep physically fit — radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your own home—*without any effort.* Thousands are doing it.

Oscillate Your Way to Health

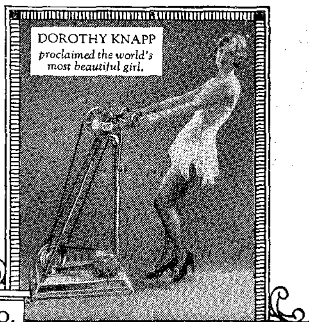
The rapidly oscillating girdles of the Health Builder give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

Over 50,000 men and women of all ages have used the "Health Builder" for health improvement upon the recommendation of their physicians! Used daily in countless private homes, large medical institutions, athletic clubs, gymnasiums, ocean liners, and by numerous physicians in their practice.

Send for "Keeping Fit in 15 Minutes a day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises. Sanitarium Equipment Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



The Battle Creek SunArc Bath and "Mechanical Health Horse" are also made by the manufacturers of the famous "Health Builder."



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Secretary

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

7. Wasting water in washing vehicles, sidewalks, etc.
8. Continuous flow of water at troughs or fountains.
9. Defective circulation in hot-water systems.
10. Testing rough plumbing in new buildings.
11. Cooling water circulating through gas-engines.
12. Leaks in split wrought-iron pipes underground.

There is a record in hand of a man who had a flat rate of $75 per annum. A meter was slipped on his pipe and it was found he used $102 worth of water the first quarter, this based upon a fair and equitable rate. This was in a small town. Now, everybody is on a meter in that town.

It will take very little urging or placation on the part of a water-works utility to get their consumers to readily agree to being placed on a meter, if the idea is properly and truthfully presented to them. I have in mind a certain town in Texas, whose citizens fought meter installation, persistently. However, upon recent proper presentation by the Mayor and superintendent, they have been absolutely won over to the meter idea.

The writer hopes to direct the attention of civil, consulting and waterworks engineers in general to the existing condition of water losses, to the end that they will recommend the installation of meters, thereby cutting down water consumption.

SIDESTEPPING HEART-DISEASE

MORE persons die in the United States from affections of the heart, we are told, than from any other one cause. The following warnings, with accompanying advice, which appear in *The Bulletin* of the Toronto Department of Health, should therefore interest every one. The prevention or control of heart disease, says *The Bulletin*, requires the cooperation of the family physician, the parent, and the school authorities with the Department of Public Health. It goes on:

Our hope in these cases lies in the early recognition of any heart involvement. If this is found, the patient should have a more or less prolonged rest in bed, with an ample supply of fresh air, sunlight, and proper food; the rest to be followed by graded exercise.

Inasmuch as there is a close relationship between rheumatism, chronic tonsillitis or diseased tonsils, adenoids, and heart disease, also between diseased teeth and gums and heart involvement, if we are going to hope to reduce our mortality from heart disease in middle life, we must begin with childhood in which, in a large percentage of cases, the foundation is laid for the chronic heart diseases that claim so many in the very prime of life.

This means that following all attacks of the acute communicable diseases a careful examination of the heart should be made, and, if any involvement of that organ is recognized, slow convalescence is essential. Unfortunately this frequently places the family physician in an awkward position,

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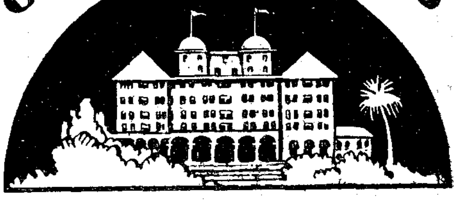

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as he is rather fearful that his patient may think that he is making a long case out of a short one. However, it must be borne in mind that most of the disastrous results, whether they be immediate or remote, of rheumatism, diphtheria, scarlet fever, septic sore throat, diseased tonsils, diseased teeth, and gums, or, in fact, of all septic conditions, are dependent upon the degree of heart involvement; this in turn largely depends upon the rest and care given the heart until its recovery or until sufficient compensation is developed to enable it to carry on under careful instructions. Hence the necessity for ample convalescent home accommodation for all such cases, and it is important to bear in mind that cases can be cared for in convalescent homes for practically one-half of what it costs in hospitals.

It must be apparent that we must have adequate control and care of all communicable diseases. There should also be supervision of all contacts in what is referred to as the "rheumatic family," inasmuch as there can be little doubt that with rheumatism, as with cancer, it is quite possible that we inherit a predisposition at least. While one member of a family may have had a rather severe attack of any of the diseases referred to, there may be others who have had milder attacks and yet who have heart complications which have, up to that time, given rise to no serious symptom.

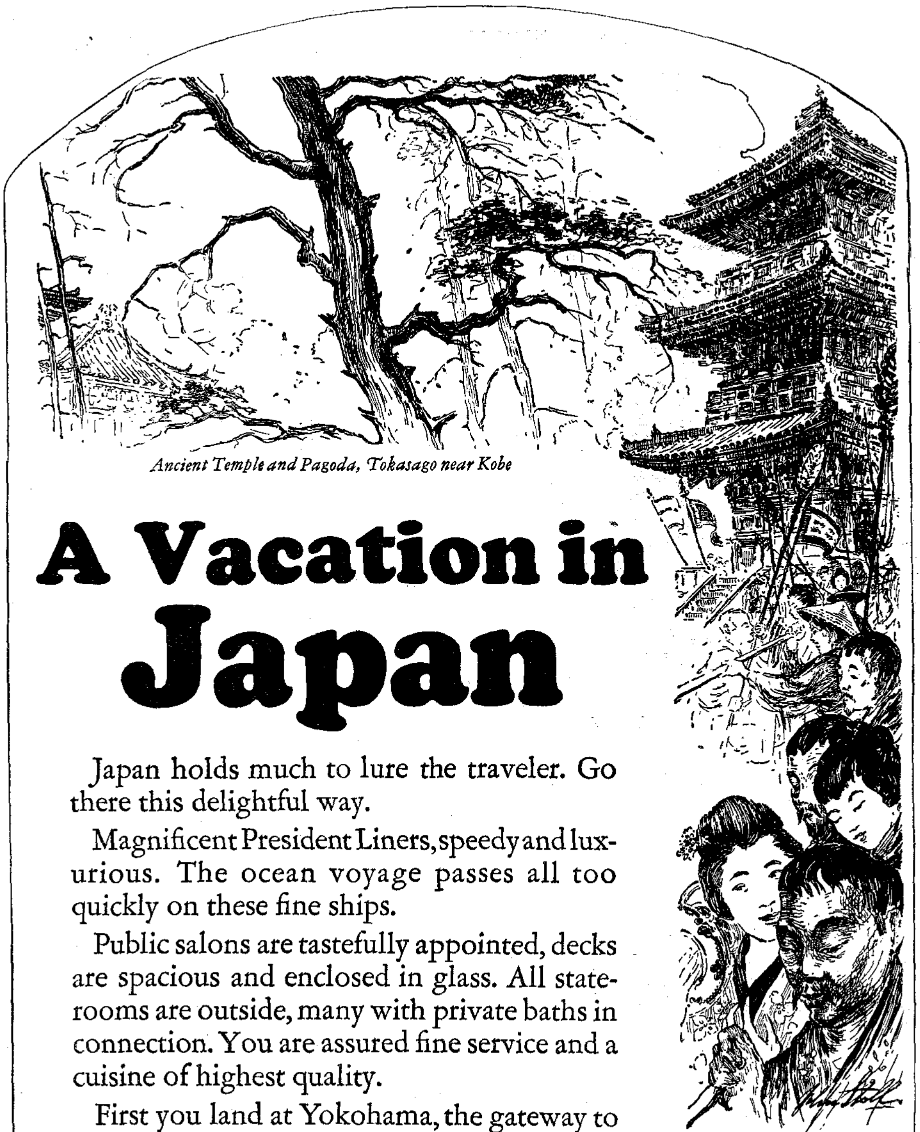
Then there is the extreme importance of the foci of infection, such as those already referred to—the tonsils, adenoids, the various sinuses and accessory cavities of the nose and throat, abscesses at the roots of the teeth, etc.

In addition to this, it must be remembered that, after all, the most potent factor we have in safeguarding ourselves against disease is the natural resisting powers of our bodies. These can only be kept at the maximum by surrounding ourselves with all conditions essential for the developing of physical fitness, such as an ample supply of food, intelligently selected, which should constitute a properly balanced diet, plenty of fresh air, and sunshine, rest, sleep, with all proper hygienic surroundings. Those that are predisposed or susceptible to rheumatism should avoid damp climates and damp houses.

For the active cases of heart disease, if they can not be properly cared for in their homes, they should be in a convalescent home, inasmuch as the most important factor in connection with the treatment of these cases is rest. The heart is the one organ in the body that never rests. The only time that it gets anything approximating rest is in the recumbent posture, or when we are lying in our beds, with a mind at ease. The necessity for this rest can best be understood when we realize the fact that with every contraction of the heart under normal conditions a pressure equal to twenty-five pounds to the square inch is exerted on the large vessels immediately after the blood leaves the heart, that this is repeated from seventy to eighty times every minute, and that the blood is forced along at the rate of ten inches per second.

It must be evident that if we have an inflamed heart muscle or lining membrane or membrane surrounding the heart, like the inflamed joint, or inflammation in any other part of the body, our hope for improvement must primarily depend on rest, or quiet as nearly approaching rest as we can possibly secure, for the diseased and inflamed organ.

If you are approaching middle life, do



Ancient Temple and Pagoda, Tokasago near Kobe

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Japan is rich in contrasts—colorful kimonos and rickshaws—modern buildings and industrial activity. The people are gay; there is a festival at every season, unique sights, 20th century comforts.

Go on to Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, each fascinating and different, offering the interested visitor new scenes and experiences. China, the essence of the Orient, maintaining its ancient charm. Manila, city of many races, situated so strategically at the crossroads of the Pacific.

Go now.

An American Mail Liner sails every two weeks from Seattle for Japan, China and Manila.

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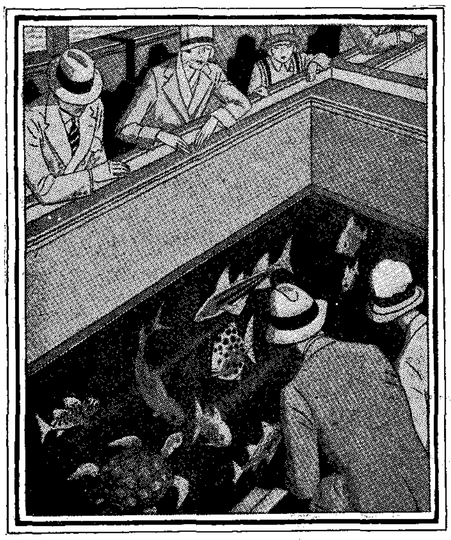
Dime Bank Building . . . . Detroit
110 S. Dearborn Street . . Chicago, Ill.
1519 Railroad Avenue South Seattle, Wash.

"... eighty feet beneath our boat, we watched the fishes play!"



The largest springs in this country surge upward from the earth, forming a deep, still pool of water. Here, eighty feet beneath the glass bottom of a boat, a new world opens before your eyes. Distinctly you see fishes—marvelously colored, fantastically shaped. Slow-moving turtles graze peacefully on submarine meadows. Nowhere else in America can you find a body of water of such clarity, revealing so complete a picture of under-water life, as the Silver Springs at Ocala, in the Jacksonville river-country!

Hundreds of lakes in this district are connected by streams, forming a single great system of waterways on which you can cruise for weeks. Golf courses invite you into the warm outdoors. Mile upon mile of bridle paths urge you to explore. Paved roads, radiating from Jacksonville, carry you past level fields and blooming groves and gardens. . . . St. Augustine, less than forty miles away, is a city of the Middle Ages. New Smyrna, Fernandina and St. Johns Bluff are storied places. Ancient fortifications carry you back into the Sixteenth Century, when Spain and France still struggled for North America.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

not fail to have your family physician make a careful examination of every organ in your body at least once a year (say on your birthday), and in this way make sure that every organ is functioning properly.

INVENTIONS, SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL

INVENTION will never become a monopoly of "big business," according to Edward F. Chandler, consulting engineer and Vice-President of the Research Engineering Corporation of New York. Despite the importance and the services to productivity of the great industrial and engineering laboratories, it is after all to the "free-lance" inventor that we must look for most of the new and independent devices. What is now needed is available machinery for investigation to prevent the investor from putting his money into all sorts of "wildcat" schemes. Mr. Chandler, in an interview printed in the New York *Times*, enumerates six stages through which he says an inventive idea must pass. They include the creative stage—the concept of an idea and its reduction to some form of record; the development stage, which takes in experimentation, research, and calculation; the protective stage, during which a patent is sought and granted; the industrial stage, with consideration of economic manufacture or use in industry, production costs, equipment, raw material, etc.; the commercial stage, which deals with market conditions, competition, price and profit range, methods of marketing, advertising, etc.; and the financial stage, which takes up methods of handling, and the required capital. Mr. Chandler is further quoted:

> Each of these six stages calls for specialized knowledge based upon experience, and the decisions reached in each case should be backed by mature judgment and an intimate understanding of existing conditions. Further, all six stages must be kept in mind throughout the entire period the invention is under development. Different types of inventions require different treatment, depending upon whether we are dealing with a product that has to be manufactured and marketed, a process that is to be applied to a production system, and so on.
>
> Many inventions fail because the patent that is supposed to afford protection is worthless. In fact, experience would seem to indicate that most patents as originally issued are defective. This is frequently due to the inventor not fully realizing how different his device will be when ultimately perfected. Protection is of utmost importance; otherwise the inventor has nothing to sell.
>
> It is estimated that about 85 per cent. of the industrial wealth of the United States is based directly or indirectly upon patent rights. It is not unusual to find a group or syndicate of able business executives all in for varying amounts on some impractical inventor's dream that would be great if successful, but which any skilled technician could prove worthless. None of these men

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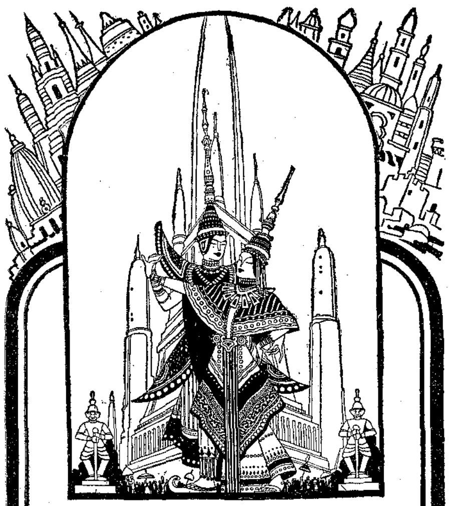

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would buy a bond or a piece of real estate without thorough investigation, but when it comes to patents and inventions, they throw all precautions to the winds, and gamble.

The inventor is not to blame. He can not help conceiving ideas, nor can he help it if he finds himself working in some art of which he has no first-hand knowledge. Fortunately, the tendency is away from the old-school type of inventor and toward the trained research worker, who, backed by the underlying laws of mechanics, physics and chemistry and surrounded by the latest scientific equipment, pursues an idea with the precision and tenacity of a specialist.

The modern inventor's profession is inventing along approved scientific lines. Invention is recognized by "big business" as a necessary phase of the industrial undertaking, and is encouraged and carried on in a systematic and well-organized manner.

Nevertheless, all valuable inventions are not conceived in the laboratories of big business. Workers in a given line are kept so busy and become so imbued with the traditions and limitations of their own shops that the urge to be radically original is stifled.

It is the so-called free-lance inventions that afford the basis for new and independent enterprises. At the same time, it is these inventions, of which one in a hundred may be worth while, that money is continually being wasted upon because they are not accorded the necessary facilities for systematic and economically sound development.

HOW TO GET RID OF THE SLUM

EXACTLY what is a slum? And what is to be done about it? These questions, so far as they apply to London and other cities in Great Britain, are discust in *The Lancet* (London) in the light of books and articles recently published in England as contributions to their solution. What the writer says, or much of it, applies also to our own large cities. It is hardly possible, the writer points out, nor does he deem it strictly necessary, to define exactly what is meant by a slum. The fact that the term is cognate both with the word "slump" and the German word for mud sufficiently indicates the dual aspect of the problem which it creates. He goes on:

> While, as Mr. G. H. Duckworth writes in a special slum number of *Garden Cities and Town Planning*, the slum inhabitants are not necessarily very poor or necessarily bad; they are usually thriftless, irregularly employed, rough in their manners, and unclean, thus constituting a social world of their own. On the physical side, disease flourishes in slum surroundings. Sir John Robertson compares two artizan areas in Birmingham of approximately the same size, in one of which the houses are bad, and in the other fairly good. The former has a birth-rate of 33 and a death-rate of 21, compared with 24 and 12 in the latter. The infant mortality among the badly housed population is almost double, the death-rate from measles more than treble, from diarrhœa quadruple, than that of the better-housed district. Taking typical slum areas in three county boroughs, Dr. Fremantle finds the death-rate from tubercle in each case to be more than twice

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

that of the rate in the whole city. But the slums are not saddled with physical disease only, for, as he says, it is in them that the dregs of mankind converge in the most decadent houses and the least delectable districts, men and houses together constituting the slum; the casualties of modern life are sucked down into it by the thousand and fasten on it a reputation from which both men and houses suffer, until recovery becomes beyond repair. That, at all events, is not too lurid a picture of the situation in London.

In the same issue of *Garden Cities*, the editor, Mr. W. L. Hare, puts together figures drawn from official sources during the five-year period, 1920-24, giving a more exact picture than can be found elsewhere of the present state of insanitary housing. He says:

> During this period seven and a half million houses were inspected by local authorities under various acts and regulations, when one and a half million of them were found to be either unfit or not reasonably fit for human habitation. Something like one and a quarter million houses were rendered fit in obedience to the authorities, leaving 174,426 whose condition was more serious. Of these, 12,690 were ordered to be closed, but 3,023 were reopened on being rendered fit, the "fitness" being presumably a temporary quality. Of the condemned houses only 3,111 in the five years under review were actually closed, and on the positive side 3,898 dwellings in all were supplied in place of demolished slums, making a miserable credit balance of only 787 houses. At this rate of progress elimination of the unhealthy area will not be a question of years but of generations. Nor is the abolition of the slum easily amenable to the solution of providing alternative dwellings. The cry of the slum-dweller is ever to be rehoused in cottages on the same site, for by removing a man from his work, hours are wasted each day in traveling. Cottages however, can not be built in cities, and these people have an instinctive dislike to the block buildings which would make it possible to provide them with adequate homes near their work, preferring to have a bit of yard and space to keep poultry or rabbits. Scottish experience, furthermore, shows that in tenement dwellings children are kept indoors at the expense of their health and spirits, and it is certainly a sound principle that in all rehousing schemes the main object should be ease of access to the open air in the interests of the children rather than proximity to work in the interests of the breadwinner. A practical difficulty, however, lies in the fact that in London and the big cities the passenger traffic at the rush hours is already approaching its limits, and no doubt the final solution will be found in the "grand policy" of the Garden Cities Association, which consists in the removal of a certain body of industries, along with the population serving them, to satellite towns on rural sites.

The problem is not as hopeless as is supposed by those who hold that the slum-dweller carries the slum to whatever surroundings he is moved. Experience in Glasgow has convinced Dr. A. S. M. MacGregor that rehousing does eliminate the

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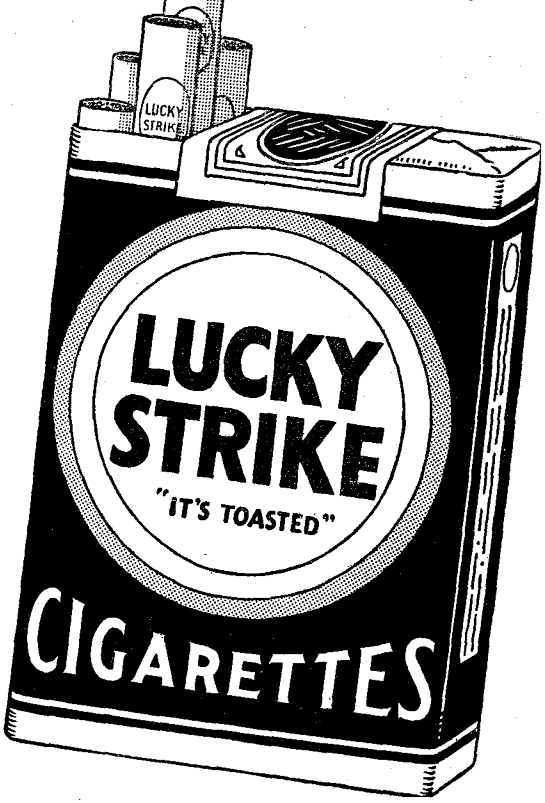

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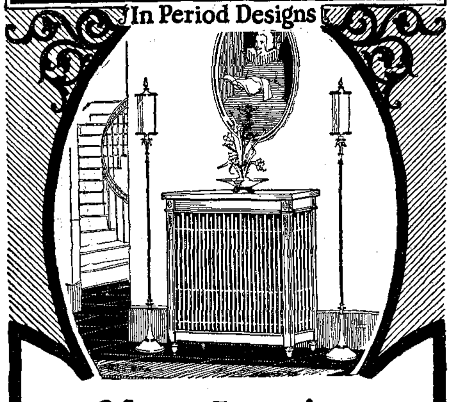

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

greater part of their "slum qualities." Out of 835 removals the results were reported as very good in 510, and only 44 were "dirty" after the change. Unhappily, even in their present state, the slums are often lucrative property, and to buy them up at market value would be almost prohibitive in cost. Moreover, it is untrue to say, as many people do, that nothing can be done to improve conditions until money is found for the reconstruction and removal of dwellings. The problem is not one of building alone. Even assuming, as Mr. Chamberlain does, that a very large proportion of workers must continue to live near their work in present-day industrial centers, there is much to be hoped from enlightened management of house property.

MEN WHO SHUN PUBLICITY

THE objection of certain New York medical research specialists to having their work described and commented on in the daily press is noted with surprize, admiration and a little disapproval by *The Evening Post* (New York), in an article reproduced in *Science*, of that city. This attitude is not uncommon among serious investigators, and is due to premature exploitation, to which they properly object, rather than to any reluctance to serious treatment of their work by the press when it has been reported by them to a scientific body in technical form. *The Post* begins with praise, and reserves its gentle chiding for the conclusion of its article, which runs as follows:

> In this day of personal horn-blowing it is refreshing to come upon a group of men who are doing great things, yet who shun publicity as they would the plague. As a matter of fact, they would not shun the plague. They are engaged in a fight against cancer, which is far more persistent and no less deadly.
>
> There was an account in Thursday's *Evening Post* of the work accomplished by physicians of the Memorial Hospital, to which Edward S. Harkness recently gave $250,000 for the purchase of four more grams of radium. From this publicity Dr. James Ewing, director of cancer research at the hospital, shied as tho one were asking him to give a trapeze performance.
>
> There is a deep-seated prejudice against publicity, the heritage of many of the ablest men in the medical profession, which plays its part in the suppression of information which should be presented to the public. One of the most important reasons for this feeling lies in the constant flood of "claims" which second-rate scientists make of "discoveries" and "cures." Some of these announcements are made through overenthusiasm and some through a desire to take advantage of the public's ignorance of science.
>
> Hence the practise has grown up among men of science of not making public announcements of their findings until they have been presented before groups of leading men in the profession, who can discuss and criticize them in the full light of scientific knowledge before the public

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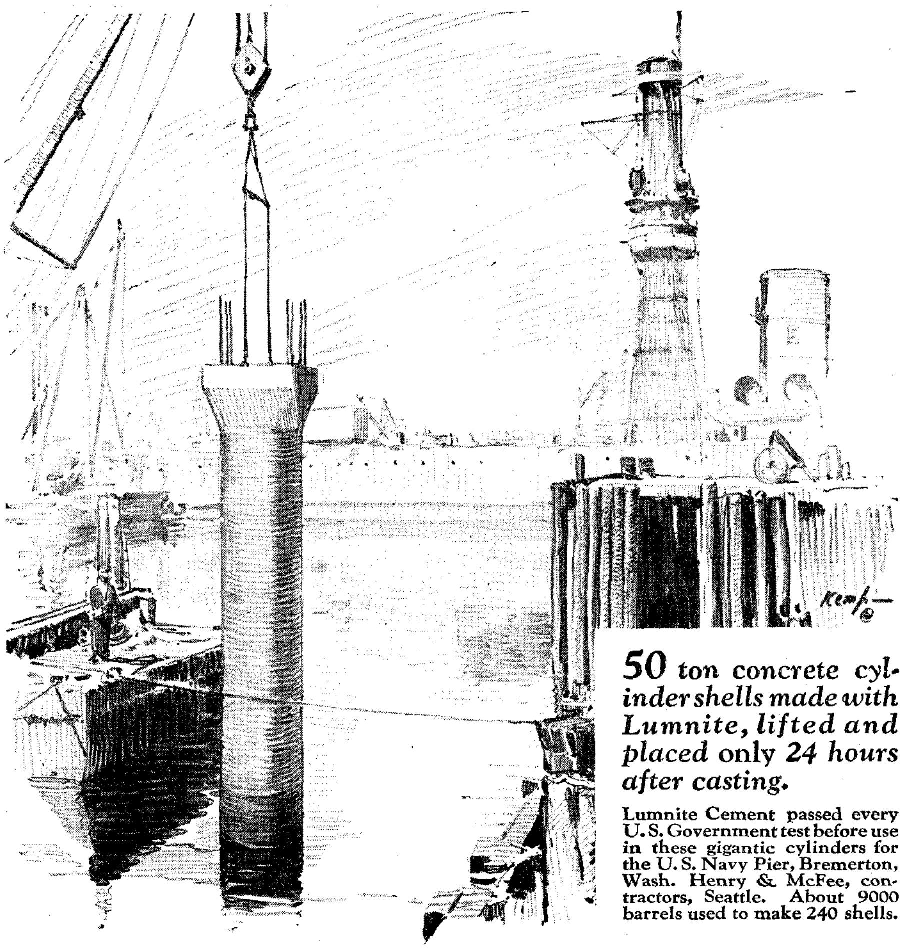
is informed. This is a wholesome procedure. But the fear of publicity is carried too far when leading men are afraid to speak for publication even after their work has been tested in the scientific society's conferences and in the laboratories of coworkers, simply because they fear criticism from members of their own profession.

It is largely because of the reticence of the men best qualified to speak that those not nearly so well qualified occupy so much of the newspaper space devoted to science. It is also partly because of this reticence that publicists have conceived the notion that the public wants its science information jazzed up and distorted. The public never was so hungry for authentic information as it is to-day. If men of science were to speak freely where they find a disposition to report news of science sanely an *entente cordiale* between science and journalism would be established which would be of inestimable value to both—and to the public.

HOW MUCH OF US IS NECESSARY?

A MAN'S arms and legs, a kidney, a lung—various other parts of his anatomy—may be removed without actually killing him. What would be left of us if everything not absolutely necessary to life were lopped away? This curious question is taken up in detail by Dr. Henri Bouquet in *Lectures Pour Tous* (Paris). Dr. Bouquet shows that the remnant would be a sad one indeed; and yet it would be a living creature, able to eat, breathe, and think, even if it could not walk, see, or speak! Writes Dr. Bouquet:

> There has been much discussion regarding the possible existence of useless organs in the human body. Some have been discovered that would seem to deserve this title, such as the tonsils, the appendix, the canine teeth, wisdom teeth, etc. Those who admit that these are superfluous formerly explained their presence by saying that they represent organs that were useful to our ancestors in the zoologic line, and that they have simply outlived the function that they then performed. This opinion has been modified somewhat. It has been thought that the tonsils are a sort of microbe trap judiciously located at the entrance of our great visceral cavity; that the appendix plays something of the same rôle at the other end of the digestive passage, etc. Continuing to reason thus, we may finally succeed in explaining nearly the whole problem, and while many biologists continue to hold the old opinion, others have concluded that every organ of the body still has its uses.
>
> But what is useful is not necessarily indispensable, and in the enumeration of the organs that have not this latter quality, every one may agree. In this case we do not have to philosophize about final causes or evolution, but more simply to adduce proof—which is much less dependent on the personal equation. We are forced to admit, if we take cognizance of facts, that a considerable number of persons whose tonsils or appendixes have been removed, continue to live normally, and that many of our friends have never cut their wisdom teeth, or have lost their canines, without suffering any harm. There are thus organs that are not indispensable to life; it remains to find out which they are. It would seem the most logical method to enumerate the organs that can be lost surgically or through



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

illness or accident without seriously inconveniencing their owners. These should not be losses that may be borne, but that actually have been borne.

Let us begin with the outside. Neither arms nor legs are actually indispensable. Persons without them are at the mercy of caretakers, who must feed and clothe them, take them out, and do everything for them that they can not do for themselves—but they are not dead, and their pitiable infirmity is perfectly compatible with continued existence.

After the limbs, the sense-organs. How many blind and deaf person go and come, and do their work? Hindered, of course, in the exercise of their profession, but alive and even in perfect health. The American, Helen Keller—has she not written remarkable books?

Now let us penetrate into the depths of existence. We find at once that most of man's important organs are in pairs; that he has, for instance, two lungs and two kidneys. If one fails, the other carries on. Many a tuberculous person breathes with one lung. There are certainly numerous men who have but one kidney, and examples may be cited of those who have lived long and actively under these conditions.

This is all very logical and natural. Let us now consider the single organs. Here we shall learn something new. The digestive system begins at the mouth. As for the teeth, a good dentist is all we need. The tongue is far from being indispensable. The tonsils are frequently removed. The stomach? a useless bit of equipment. We know plenty of cases where it has been completely removed. In this case a curious thing occurs—the beginning of the intestine dilates, little by little, as if to replace the missing stomach. This can, of course, serve only as a storage reservoir; it can not furnish the special secretions of the stomach. But physiologists have shown that without a stomach food may be digested.

After the stomach, the small intestine. Of this, a part may safely be removed. So long as the upper portion remains, where the bile and the pancreatic juice flow in, without which no food can be digested, all may go well. As for the large intestine, surgery has lately shown us that it may be entirely done away with.

We have noted that it is urgent to preserve the part of the intestine where the bile enters. This then would appear to be a secretion of the first necessity. But the importance of the reservoir where it accumulates is open to discussion.

We must keep at least one lung. To conduct the air to it, a larynx and a windpipe are required. But the former may be replaced artificially. The whole larynx has often been removed for cancer.

One kidney is enough, as we have said. Must there not also be a bladder? An excellent thing, no doubt; but one can live without it.

Of course we can not remove the heart. It is an organ that would appear strictly indispensable. We can not say the same of the arteries through which it pumps the blood. The number of these that can be ligated without danger is considerable, and the same is true of the veins. The most extraordinary thing is that it has been found possible to tie the two carotids, which carry blood to the brain. The arterial system is so constituted that

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all its branches are united by canals called "anastomotic," which form a veritable network. When the blood finds its normal passageway blocked, it makes a detour.

There remains the nervous system. It is made up of three parts—the cerebrospinal axis, including the brain and spinal cord; the great sympathetic, silent but fundamental, which controls the vegetative life, and, finally, the peripheral nerves.

Remove the brain? Not, of course, as a whole; but patients deprived of a part (perhaps half of it) have survived well. The war furnished notable instances. The English surgeon, Horsley, had an ape from which he removed one whole cerebral hemisphere with no other result, he says, than to "improve his character"!

The great sympathetic also is not forbidden territory. Surgeons take out, to remedy grave circulatory troubles, those of its fibers that serve this or that important artery, such as the aorta. I believe that one operator of high reputation has even removed the whole solar plexus.

What, now, have we left, as indispensable? Part of the brain, the spinal marrow, most of the great sympathetic, the heart, the largest blood-vessels, the esophagus, the small intestine, the pancreas and liver (even small bits of these have been taken out), one kidney, the glands of internal secretion—too little known yet for us to take liberties with them—and that is about all. Not much, surely, compared with the complex and noble edifice of the human frame! Here is the essential man, thinking, breathing, digesting—in a word, living. What a remnant!

Of course a man would really be dead before we got him down to this ultra-simple expression. The enumeration, nevertheless, is instructive. It shows how far medicine and surgery have gone in their work of saving the pieces.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE LITERARY DIGEST"

Published weekly at New York, N. Y.

For October 1, 1927.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Managing Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Business Managers, The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.

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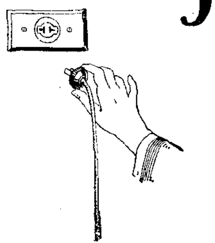
WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1927.

[Seal]

ROLLO CAMPBELL,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1928.)



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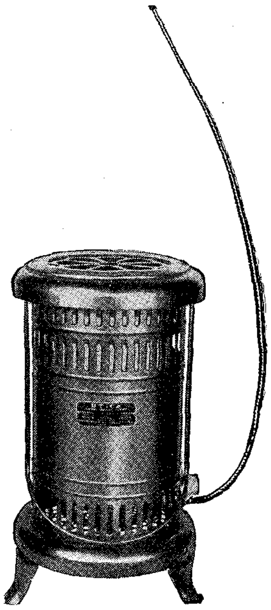

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THE RESERVE BOARD'S CHANGE OF GOVERNORS

CONSIDERABLE POLITICAL as well as financial significance is seen by observant editors in the change just made in the Governorship of the Federal Reserve Board. And the New York *World* is one of several dailies to point out that the choice of Roy Archibald Young of Minneapolis to succeed Daniel Roy Crissinger, resigned, ought to help eliminate the feeling in the West that the Reserve System is run predominantly in the interest of the East, and also to allay the resentment in the same section aroused recently when the Board (by vote of a majority including Governor Crissinger) ordered the Chicago Reserve Bank to fall in line with the other banks in the system and reduce its rediscount rate against the wishes of its directors. Mr. Young comes from the Governorship of the Minneapolis Reserve Bank, which did not reduce its own rate until after the Chicago reduction, and so it is thought that his appointment will mean a majority against the Reserve Board policy of overruling the regional banks. And many newspapers hope that the change in Governors will prevent an uprising against the Federal Reserve system in the next session of Congress.

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THE RETIRING GOVERNOR

D. R. Crissinger, who retires as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, to enter private business.

It may have been only a coincidence, as some press accounts assert, that Mr. Crissinger, Governor of the Board since 1923, resigned in order to enter a Washington investment house and "make some money" only a few days after the loud protest from Chicago over the Reserve Board's unwelcome orders to the Chicago Reserve Bank's directors. And it may have been only a coincidence that his successor is a Westerner, supposedly in sympathy with the Chicago view-point. But commenting editors, as a rule, take little stock in the "coincidence" idea. The Baltimore *Sun* even goes so far as to say that the appointment of Mr. Young to head the Federal Reserve Board "means that Chicago has won the fight over the discount rate." Without going so far as this the South Bend *Tribune* thinks the change of Governors "will have a tonic effect on the Middle West's financial structure." It will be a great thing for the Federal Reserve system, suggests the St. Louis *Star*, "if the new Governor of the Board can keep his Western atmosphere enough to realize that all of the banks and all of the money are not in New York, nor all of the nation's industries in Wall Street." And the Washington *Post* speaks for a number of papers which hope that the appointment of the Minneapolis man will prevent an acrimonious reopening of the row over the Reserve Board in the next session of Congress.

Aside from the rate controversy the Young appointment is well received in the financial community. Mr. Young, who was appointed to the vacancy made by the Crissinger retirement from the Board on September 21, and was designated as Governor on October 4, is a man of forty-five, who made his start in the banking profession as a messenger at the age of eighteen. He moved up through several Michigan banks, and he entered the Federal Reserve organization as an assistant in the Minneapolis Reserve Bank in 1917. He became Governor of this bank in 1919. Incidentally, he gives up a salary of $25,000 a year as Governor of a district bank to accept one of $12,000 as head of the whole organization. One of his friends quoted in the New York *Times* says: "Young will be the real Governor of the Federal Reserve system as long as he occupies the place." The other members of the Federal Reserve Board are Edmund Platt, Vice-Governor; Adolph C. Miller, Charles S. Hamlin, Edward H. Cunningham, George R. James, and, ex-officio, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Comptroller of the Currency J. W. McIntosh.

International Newsreel photograph

THE NEW GOVERNOR

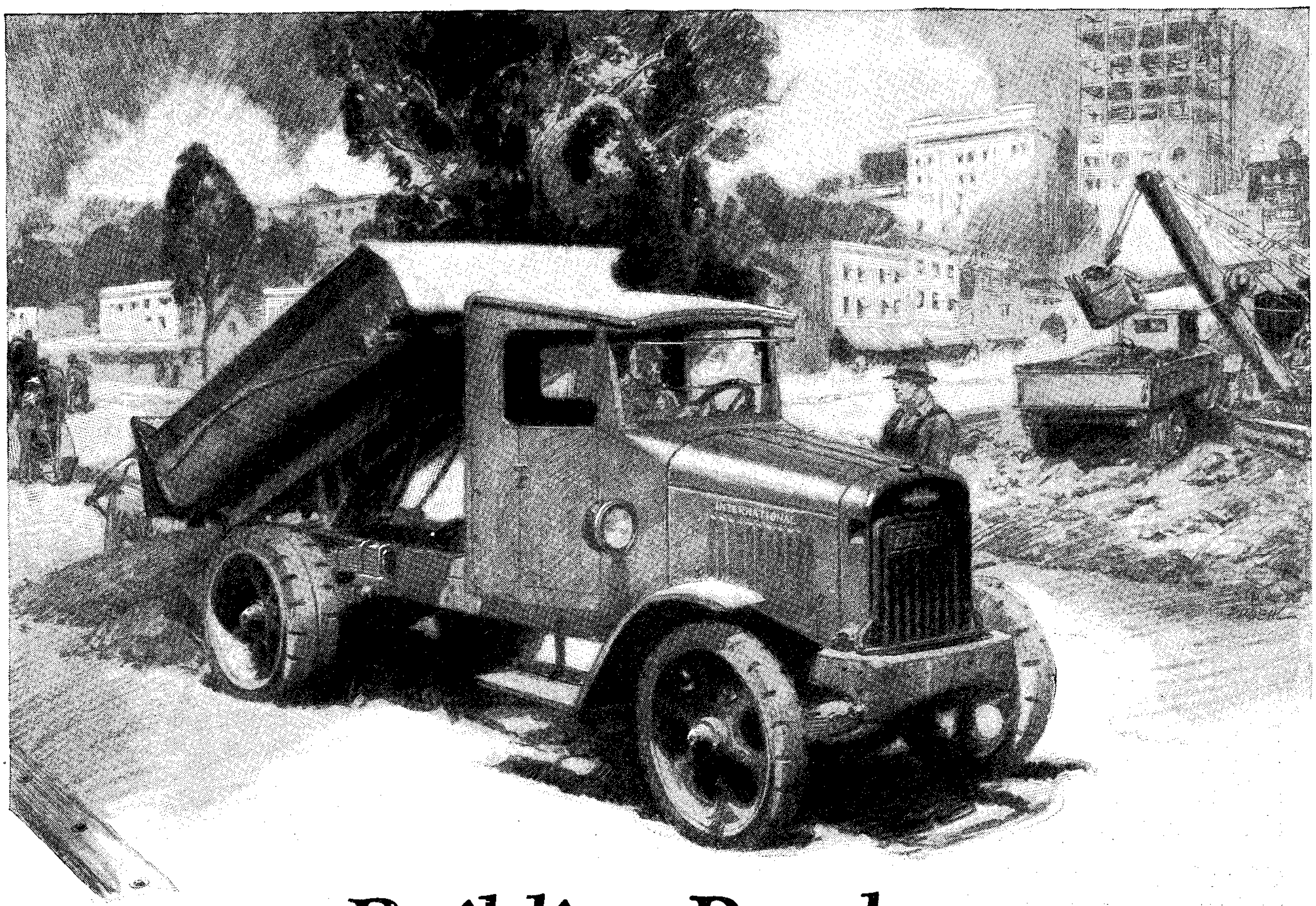
Roy A. Young, of Minneapolis, who has just taken office as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board.

Sharp criticisms of the appointment of Roy A. Young are not altogether lacking. The Democratic Cleveland *Plain Dealer* looks upon both Crissinger and Young as country bankers holding office for political reasons, reflecting that it is not hard to explain the new appointment "when it is remembered that the President has just returned from the Northwest, and that Young has been head of the Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, home of Secretary Kellogg, for several years."

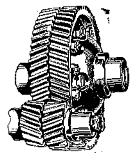
New York bankers generally, we read in *The American Banker*, "do not believe that Mr. Young's addition to the Board would cause any change in the rate policy." The Des Moines *Register* hears that "all the real hints are that this will involve no change, that Young is a Mellon choice, and that while his experience has been as Governor of one of the regional Reserve Banks he was and still is in line with the Federal Board's program of a 'stimulating' financial policy to meet the international situation." "Nothing fundamental is affected" by this appointment in the opinion of the Houston *Chronicle:*

> The West likes to think that it fares better when a Western man is in authority, just as every other section does under similar circumstances, but that feeling is largely a survival from our days of sectionalism. It is quite possible that a Westerner will be a devotee to policies just as inimical to those generally favored in the West as any Easterner could be. For instance, we have a Kansan as Secretary of Agriculture, but no one thinks he speaks at all from the Western view-point. His hands may be the hands of Kansas, but his voice is the voice of Coolidge industrialism.
>
> As time goes on we will have to pay a great deal more attention to what men are and what they stand for, and a great deal less to what section of the country they hail from.

But prevailing press opinion considers the appointment highly



Building Roads and Reputation



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

significant. In Minneapolis, according to a dispatch from that city to the New York *Times*, it is "interpreted as indicating to some extent the wish of the Administration to give the inland Northwest representation on the body which directs the affairs of the Federal Reserve system":

> The naming of the Northwest man is considered likewise as a move to insure agriculture, the dominant industry of the Northwest and Midwest, an important voice in the management of the reserve banking system. The national Administration has come in for some severe criticism because the spring wheat States of the inland Northwest have not been represented on either of the Government's major administrative bodies, the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

In Chicago, the center of dissatisfaction with Reserve Board rate policy, the appointment of Mr. Young seems highly popular. The presence of Mr. Young on the Board, in the opinion of the Chicago *Evening Post*, "acts as an unmistakable warning to the group which forced the recent cut in the Chicago rediscount rate that, if the Administration was not out of sympathy with the action, it at least found the protest against the centering of too great power in the Federal Reserve Board an unmistakably emphatic and important one":

> The advocates of decentralization are now in the majority on the Federal Reserve Board—a sufficient assurance that the various Reserve groups will be allowed a reasonable latitude in administrative matters, save in a period of national emergency.
>
> Whether the change in Reserve personnel will avert Congressional inquiry and action in December remains to be seen. If the banking act is amended to clarify the rights of both the Federal Reserve Board at Washington and the member banks, it should be done carefully. In times of panic or national peril, broad authority for the board to act might avert a long chain of unfavorable consequences. On the other hand, barring such emergency, the member banks should be allowed unmistakably to conduct their affairs as district trade and money conditions prescribe.

"Good strategy," the appointment of Young in place of Crissinger seems to the New York *World:*

> It should do much to remove the feeling in some parts of the country that the Reserve system is run mainly in the interest of the East. It should also go far toward eliminating the resentment aroused in the West when the board recently ordered the Chicago Reserve Bank to reduce its rediscount rate against the wishes of its directors.
>
> The Minneapolis bank, from which the board's new governor comes, stood with the Chicago institution against any reduction, and put its own rate in line with the others only after such action had been forced on its Chicago neighbor.
>
> By this change of governors the board now has a majority which is opposed to the fixing of bank rates at Washington. Mr. Young's appointment, therefore, may be regarded as a victory of the regional banks over the board. It may be more than this; it may mark a definite check toward centralizing tendencies, so that the system will remain Federal in fact as well as in name. Moreover, with the board thus reconstituted, Congress may show less of a disposition to meddle and to inject politics into its administration, and that is a highly important consideration.

Sentiments much like these are exprest by a host of representative dailies including the New York *Times*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Atlanta *Constitution*, and Chicago *Tribune*. In the Northwest the Duluth *News-Tribune* takes the appointment as "a happy solution of an unpleasant situation," and adds that it is also "particularly happy" for Minnesota and the Northwest:

> This great agricultural section of the country has never been directly represented on the Federal Reserve Board. This neglect has been resented, and it is with a great deal of satisfaction that this section views the appointment of a native son to the head of this important body.

It may be, remarks the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "that President Coolidge selected Mr. Young to be executive head of the Federal Reserve system because Mr. Young is from the West, and more particularly from the Northwest, but the geographic consideration can be only one factor determining the choice. The President was more moved to his selection by what he knows of Mr. Young's character as a citizen and of his ability to 'make good' in this new rôle as he has 'made good' in all his rôles, including that of messenger boy in a country bank."

And such a financial authority as *The Wall Street Journal* inclines to the opinion that Mr. Young's record in the Northwest during the years when that section was going through troublous times financially because of agricultural depression was the main factor in bringing about the appointment—"it was a situation calling for great tact and careful handling, and the successful outcome no doubt impress Mr. Young's qualifications upon Secretary Mellon who, it is understood, recommended the new appointee."

But another special authority on business and finance, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, understands that the appointment of Mr. Young is "privately looked upon in Wall Street as a move calculated to halt the development of inflationary tendencies." It is said to reflect the wishes of an important section of a banking community who "have something of a horror of the idea of inflation":

> The steady rise of security prices into levels never even approached before, and the recent upturn in commodity prices, have combined to give this group a more

aggressive policy than it had before, with the result that the appointment of a Western banker has received commendation here to a much larger extent than would otherwise have been the case.

Editorially *The Journal of Commerce* declares that Governor Young's first duty "will be to make a general survey of existing Board policy":

> He will find various methods and projects that have apparently been the reflection of the special interests which have been so influential in board activity of late and others whose legality is dubious or worse. He will need to devote himself to a general clearing up of the status of the Board if the prevalent condition of criticism and loss of influence is to be corrected. In this difficult work he ought to have the hearty and cordial cooperation of all bankers, both in and outside of the system, who are not blinded by their personal ambitions or prevented by the sensitiveness of their pocket nerves from seeing things from the national point of view.

Any change of policy, reasons the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "need not take the form of a reversal and the adoption of less liberal discount rates in the Federal Reserve system." Only—

> The time, at all events, is opportune for considering whether the low-interest policy has not gone far enough and whether the advantage gained in checking the flow hither of foreign values is not seriously offset by the speculative tendency that low money rates have tended to promote.

FRENCH MONEY FOR OUR ROADS

A CAMPAIGN is afoot to have most of the $417,000,000 which France owes the United States for materials purchased after the Armistice distributed to the individual States to build World War memorial highways. The American Motorists Association and also the Keystone Motorists Association are back of the plan, which is to be urged on Congress at the coming session. Mr. J. B. Weeks, who is head of both organizations and leading the movement, explains, according to a New York *Times* dispatch in Philadelphia, that 90 per cent. of the total sum owed will be sought, and would be distributed among the States in proportion to the amount of Liberty Bonds bought. He suggests that the other 10 per cent. be used to build permanent interstate roads leading to the National Capital. Dr. S. M. Johnson, another official of the Keystone Association, is quoted in *The Times* as saying:

> The main benefit accruing to us from our participation in the World War, in addition to the quick ending of the war, was the impetus thus given to the improvement of highways, but in failing to properly capitalize this asset we have committed the stupendous economic error of the age.
>
> It is too late to correct what has already been done, yet it is a fact that some of the $400,000,000 worth of road materials which the United States sold in France for twenty cents on the dollar was resold to syndicates which resold the same at pyramided prices in Chicago, New Orleans and elsewhere—equipment which we should have had for

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ALMOST every puppy contracts worms within a short time after birth. These intestinal parasites infest practically all dogs at all ages. They cause untold suffering and frequently endanger life. They drain a dog's energy and weaken his system, leading often to fits, distemper, and other fatal diseases.

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Is your dog a puppy? Then he needs Glover's Worm Capsules or Glover's Vermifuge monthly. For older dogs, give regularly four times a year. Used and highly recommended by famous dog fanciers, breeders, kennel men and by thousands of other dog owners.

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Glover's Laxative Pills	65c

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Glover's Kennel and Flea Soap brings absolute freedom from fleas. Beautifies the dog's coat and keeps his skin healthier. Contains nothing injurious to any dog regardless of age or breed. Try it.

25 cents a cake

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

nothing. Some of it was used to build and repair roads in France. All of it went into the permanent assets of France. It had nothing to do with saving France from the enemy. It was purely a commercial transaction.

Later, France purchased $17,000,000 worth of surplus war property in this country for which she executed obligations of $1,000,000 each, bearing 5 per cent. interest. France has never defaulted in payment of this interest, and two years hence, when the notes mature, she undoubtedly will pay or execute negotiable securities.

The allocation of 90 per cent. of the money would mean paying to each of the States the following sums:

New York	$97,352,820	Georgia	$2,964,870
Pennsylvania	41,283,000	Virginia	2,889,810
Illinois	25,520,400	Tennessee	2,852,280
Massachusetts	22,518,000	Oklahoma	2,777,220
Ohio	21,392,100	Louisiana	2,664,630
California	15,762,600	Colorado	2,364,390
New Jersey	12,384,900	West Virginia	2,251,800
Michigan	9,757,800	South Dakota	1,876,500
Missouri	9,382,500	Maine	1,775,160
Iowa	8,256,600	North Carolina	1,741,390
Minnesota	7,506,000	South Carolina	1,396,116
Indiana	7,393,410	Mississippi	1,388,610
Wisconsin	7,205,760	Florida	1,354,833
Texas	6,755,400	New Hampshire	1,369,845
Oregon	2,214,270	Delaware	1,276,020
Dist. of Columbia	1,801,270	Utah	163,430
Alabama	1,745,140	North Dakota	1,125,900
Arkansas	1,463,670	Vermont	923,238
Connecticut	6,380,100	Idaho	919,485
Washington	3,737,988	Arizona	788,130
Nebraska	3,715,470	Wyoming	525,420
Kansas	3,677,940	Hawaii	375,300
Kentucky	3,490,290	New Mexico	337,770
Maryland	3,377,700	Nevada	334,017
Rhode Island	3,227,580	Alaska	127,602

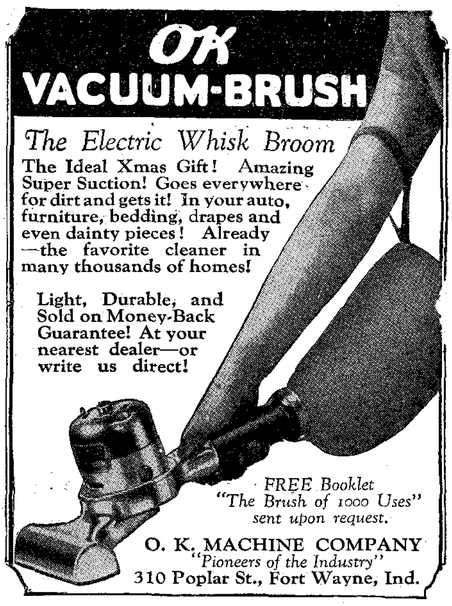
Whether Congress will ever agree to any such scheme of division, the New York *World* seriously doubts, and it adds:

Regardless of the method of apportionment, the plan is open to another objection. The $417,000,000 debt was incurred in the purchase of war materials left on our hands in France after the Armistice. The materials were obtained by the United States from the proceeds of its war loans and war taxes, and there is good reason, then, why the receipts from sales should be applied to the war debt. So far the Treasury has rigidly adhered to the rule of applying all moneys realized from the sale of surplus war properties to the retirement of the debt. That is a wise policy. To divert any such funds to other purposes would be to establish a bad precedent.

Winding up the Ingersoll.—Robert Ingersoll was famous for the library of infidel books which he possest. One day a reporter called on Mr. Ingersoll for an interview, and among other questions, asked: "Would you mind telling me how much your library cost you, Mr. Ingersoll?" Looking over at the shelves, he answered: "Well, my boy, these books cost me, anyhow, the governorship of Illinois, and perhaps the Presidency of the United States!"—*Contact.*

Watchful Waiting.—Sam sat on the sunny side of the tree, the perspiration running down his face. "Boy, why don't you-all seat yo'self on the shady side?" his friend asked him.

"That's all you knows 'bout nature," replied Sam. "By and by sun's goin' to be on that side, and then Ah won't hab to move."—*Christian Register.*



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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 30.—Leon Trotzky, a leader of the 1917 Russian revolution, and M. Vuyovich, one of his chief aids in the opposition against Joseph Stalin and the Central Communist Committee, are expelled from the Communist International for challenging Stalin's rule and discipline.

October 2.—A conference of ninety-four Chinese delegates, representing sixteen denominations, vote to abolish all denominational lines in Protestant foreign mission work in China, and organize the Church of Christ in China, according to a dispatch from Shanghai.

Seventy-five thousand Pan-Germans hold a demonstration in Vienna in favor of Austria's union with Germany.

October 3.—Eight hundred soldiers and officers in Mexico City, led by two Presidential candidates, Generals Arnulfo Gomez and Francisco Serrano, revolt against the Calles Government in Mexico.

The Spanish Government semiofficially announces the suppression of a revolutionary conspiracy and the arrest of all the conspirators.

October 4.—General Francisco Serrano and thirteen of his followers are executed for their part in the revolt of the garrison in Mexico City against the Calles Government.

DOMESTIC

September 29.—Eighty-five people are killed and approximately 5,500 homes and business structures, covering 250 blocks, are destroyed in St. Louis, Missouri, by a tornado.

September 30.—Virgil Vandagrifft, President of the Indianapolis Board of Public Works, is indicted by the Marion County grand jury on a charge of violating the Indiana securities law.

October 1.—The six months' coal-mining suspension in Illinois, which threw more than 70,000 men out of work, is settled by acceptance of operators and miners of the Jacksonville wage scale.

October 2.—The Roosevelt medals for distinguished service have been awarded, it is announced, to Gen. John J. Pershing, for the promotion of national defense; Secretary of Commerce Herbert C. Hoover, for his work for the relief of Belgium and his relief work in the Mississippi Valley; and to John Bassett Moore, Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice, for his record as a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague since 1913.

October 3.—The French Government's reply to the protest by the United States against the new French tariffs, made public in Washington, says that "it is not a question of engaging in tariff-bargaining negotiations; it is only a question in exchange for the particularly favorable régime of the French minimum tariff of obtaining for certain articles of French exportation a less prohibitive tariff than that to which they are subject at present."

October 4.—President Coolidge says that the United States has only one material difference with France, and that is the question of tariff discrimination and that France does not grant this country the same treatment as that accorded the most-favored nation.

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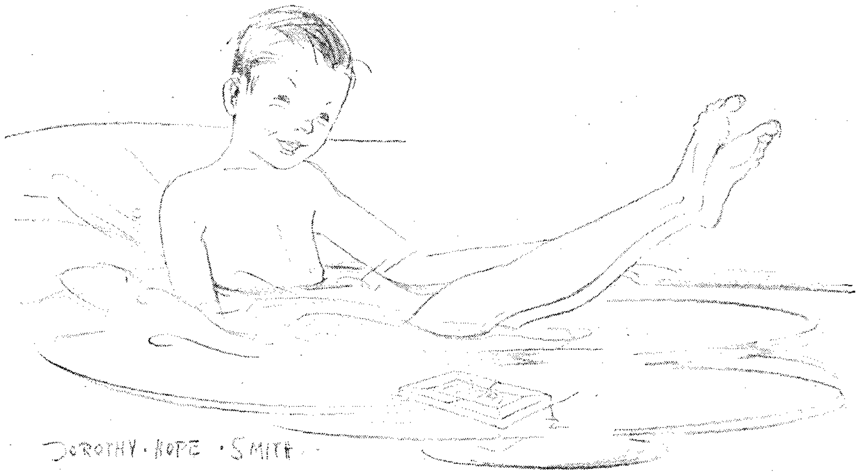

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Sure Dope.—Sweety—"What is the cure for seasickness?"

Salty—"Give it up."—*Our Navy.*

Rah! Rah!—"How do you play hookey from the correspondence school?"

"I send them an empty envelop."—*Boston Transcript.*

Also the Double Eagles. — DAILY THOUGHT: For wheresoever the caress is, there will the eagles be gathered together. — Matthew 24: 28. — *Arizona Daily Star.*

Power of Suggestion.—Tom—"Why are your socks on wrong side out, Bob?"

Bob—"My feet were hot and I turned the hose on them."—*Epworth Herald.*

Her Fire-Alarm. — First Stenog—"Did you observe Fire Prevention Week?"

Second Ditto—"Yes, I got into the office earlier; the boss was getting sore."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Domestic Pet.—Some people are worrying how to keep the wolf from the door; others are figuring out how they can throw it out of the house before it has pups.—*Kingston Whig-Standard.*

Lively Keepsake. — Jacobson's first term was by appointment of the Council after the conviction of Councilman Joseph J. Fitzpatrick of the Thirteenth District on charges of accepting a bride.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Back to Nature.—Excellent course in voice culture by Professor Feuchtinger, not soiled; cost $100; sell $50, or exchange for small pigs, or what have you? Address 3-49-86, *The Times.* — *Ad in the Seattle Daily Times.*

Good Kindling.—"It is said that paper can be used effectively in keeping a person warm."

"Yes, I remember a thirty-day note once kept me in a sweat for a month."—*Christian Evangelist.*

Engaging a Booster.—"When I started in life," said the successful man pompously, "I resolved that my motto should be 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

"Excellent," murmured a listener. "There's nothing like starting with a good backing."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Sauce for the Gander.—A small boy had slapped a little girl. The teacher was quick to rebuke the youngster.

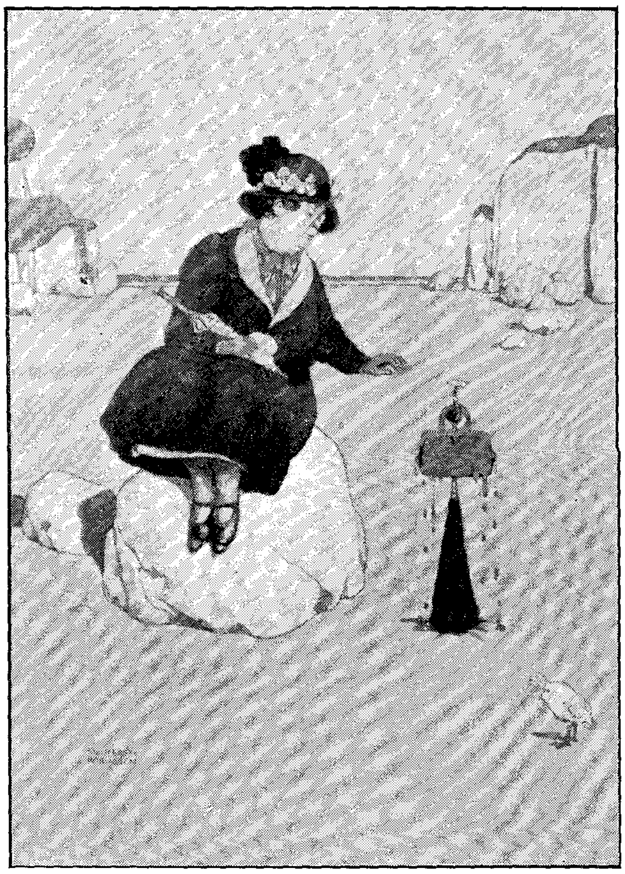
"Jackson," she said, "no gentleman would strike a lady."

The boy was all ready with his reply. It was: "Well, no lady would tickle a gentleman."—*Christian Advocate.*

Bring Your Alpenstock.—To Rent—Apartments. $130 UP. Walking Distance. 20 Stories.—*Ad in the Chicago Tribune.*

Antique Bambino.—"Babe" Ruth's previous record of 59 was established in 1721.—*—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Getting Even.—The meanest man to-day is the husband who'll shave the back of his wife's neck with the razor she's used to sharpen a pencil.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



"GIVE AND TAKE"

Gentleman who has inadvertently been swallowed up by a quicksand shows great consideration in passing up to his wife her return ticket.

—W. Heath Robinson in *The Bystander* (London).

All Broken Up.—He told of the viewpoint of the engineer, how he sits in the cab of his engine with one hand on the throttle and the other glued on the track ahead.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) paper.*

Sirloin Steak for One.—The old gentleman tumbled over a five-barred gate just in time to save himself from the angry bull. "You brute," he spluttered, shaking his fist at the animal, "and I've been a vegetarian all my life."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

And Don't Forget Those Dues.—Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging, and carpet-beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gouty-looking gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood.—*New York Sun.*

Fresh from the Foundry.—Everything new in antiques.—*Ad in the Lexington Herald.*

Custom Made—Neighbor—"Yes, but I 'ad the last word wiv him. I sez to 'im, I sez, 'You're as ugly as if you'd been measured for it.'"—*Punch.*

Lady Want a Cracker?—BIRD CAGE and parrot offered by refined young lady having green feathers and yellow beak.—*Ad in the Salt Lake Tribune.*

Spreading Knowledge.—Q.—1. Are oysters fish?

A. (on another page)—1. Wife of Jacob, mother of Joseph and Benjamin.—*Toronto Daily Star.*

Sad Reminder. — Wife — "Every time you see a pretty girl, you forget you're married."

Hubby—"You're wrong, m' dear. Nothing brings home the fact more forcibly."—*Air Station News.*

Oh! See the Dicky Bird.—Two experiments in this line are noted by the papers, one conducted by a man in Brooklyn, his machine having four wings like a bird.—*Editorial in the Indianapolis Star.*

Esteemed Colleague.—Messenger (to newsboy)—"Who's the swell guy ye was talkin' to, Jimmie?"

Newsboy — "Aw, him and me's woiked togedder fer years. He's the editor o' one o' my papers."—*Life.*

Needless Wear and Tear.—Sandy MacPherson, after being shown to his room in a hotel, looked from the window and noticed a large illuminated clock in a tower across the street. He stopt his watch.—*Toledo Blade.*

Face the Music.—FOUND—By wife returning from vacation, a lady's brooch in the back of husband's car. Owner may have same by paying for this notice, identifying property and admitting ownership.—*Alpine (Tex.) paper.*

Slight Obstacle.—Wife (who has caught her husband squandering a penny on a fortune-telling machine)—"H'm! So you're to have a beautiful and charming wife, are you? Not while I'm alive, Horace—not while I'm alive!"—*London Humorist.*

Tender Memory.—Mrs. Shimmerpate, just back from Europe, said to Mrs. Beanbrough:

"I just couldn't bear looking at the ruins in Italy. They made me homesick for my husband."

"Homesick for your husband?"

"Uh huh. You know, Henry has fallen arches."—*Youngstown Telegram.*